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M.D.

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MEMOIR

OF

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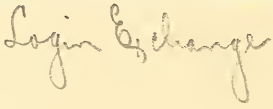

La médecine est en effet le plus beau de tous les arts, puisque la santé est le plus grand des biens corporels, mais c'est à la condition que la médecine soit exercée honorablement et que le médecin soit orné de toutes les qualités de l'esprit et du cœur : la médecine est un véritable sacerdoce; c'est de plus une science qui touche à toutes les autres sciences; elle exige donc impérieusement et la culture intellectuelle la plus étendue et les plus nobles sentiments. — Daremberg.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION. — THE LATIN GRAMMAR SCHOOL UNDER MASTER GOULD. — ENTRANCE AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

Jonathan Mason Warren was born in Boston on the 5th of February, A. D. 1811, at the house, No. 2 Park Street, then occupied by his father, John Collins Warren. His mother was Susan Powell Mason, daughter of Jonathan Mason; and he was their fourth child. So well known is his honorable descent, — so long and so thoroughly were members of his family identified with the history of their native State under every form of patriotism, devotion, and public spirit, — that it is hardly necessary to mention that he was the grandson of John Warren, Hospital Surgeon in the War of the Revolution and first Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard College, and the grand-nephew of General Joseph Warren, who died on Bunker Hill.

The early years of Mason — for thus his relatives and chosen friends invariably were wont to call him — moved quietly on under his father's roof, and seem to have brought forth little that, so far as he was concerned, deserves notice. Even those who knew him best are unable now to recall any words of his which would have justified the inference of future renown, or any deed that suggested precocious talent. This was undoubtedly due, in part at least, to the position in which he was born and to the circumstances which thereafter long surrounded him. These

were not such as to foster prematurely any manliness that might have lain dormant within him. His boyhood was remarkably uneventful, and the emergencies that so often promptly stimulate the growth of character were in his case altogether wanting. The very calm and comfort which attended him prevented those striking peculiarities that might have sprung from a closer intercourse or a rougher collision with the world. No aspect of life, whether social or domestic, could have been much more void of incident than that of New England during the early part of this century, especially in such prominent and thrifty families as that of Dr. John C. Warren. Resting on a basis of sound prosperity, naturally conservative and averse to change, these were distinguished by a kind of tranquil and dignified well-being, which dwelt apart in an atmosphere of its own and shed light from but few facets. They were thus exempt from the stirring schemes and aspirations, social and other, which in our day are begotten by mutual rivalry and contagious friction from without, and are borne in upon us with resistless pressure from countless sources. The progress of the country in those days was comparatively slow. Though dimly conscious of grand possibilities in the future, the people were dilatory in bringing their new forces to bear, and while gathering strength for an onward movement, seemed, as it were, arrested for the time by the very splendor of the prospect that lay outspread before them. The past had still a powerful influence; and the inevitable craving for peace after years of revolutionary turbulence naturally did much to repress that radical unrest, that grasping ambition, which afterwards came in like a flood. Happily nestled in this tardy and faltering advance, Mason encountered nothing that would urge his abilities rapidly to the surface, or increase the tenacity of their hold.

In the fall of 1820, when he had not yet reached the tenth anniversary of his birth, Mason entered the Latin

Grammar School, then located on School Street, where the Parker House now stands. He there became one of nearly two hundred pupils under the instruction of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, who was then at the height of his reputation as the most accomplished scholar and the ablest teacher of his country, and who was thoroughly well fitted by taste and culture, no less than by natural talent, to excite respect for classical lore in the minds of all intrusted to his care. This object he sought to attain, not so much by the use of corporeal means, the *ferulæ tristes, sceptra pædagorum,* as by the influence of his steadfast example and the contagion of his own enthusiasm. The famous head of a now famous institution, Master Gould had filled this position since the spring of 1814. Having entered Harvard at the mature age of twenty-three, after the conquest of obstacles that would have daunted many a less resolute nature, he had applied himself to the ancient authors with all his energies. Every sympathy of his being had lain in that direction from the beginning. Even long before the close of his college course he had become so distinguished for scholarly acquirements that soon after he became a senior he was earnestly solicited by the town authorities to take charge of the Latin School, which at that time had sadly fallen away from its old repute, and do his best to restore its sinking fortunes. Thus urged, and with the consent of the Faculty, who were wisely willing to give him his degree notwithstanding his proposed withdrawal, he accepted the offer. Thus far he had more than justified the estimate of his abilities. Under the new management the school had developed fresh and abundant vigor, and its prosperity had become at once assured. No such success had been achieved during all its history as that which had followed the policy of Master Gould; and the popularity that naturally accompanied it he was now enjoying. Among his pupils were many sons of the best-known and most respected Boston families, not

a few of whom were afterwards to figure prominently both in public and in private life. The names of Dwight, Lawrence, Bowditch, Phillips, Appleton, Cabot, Inches, Gray, Perkins, Sargent, Gardner, Wigglesworth, Motley, Prescott, Sumner, Hancock, and numerous others no less eminent, which were then to be seen on the rolls of the institution, will serve to show its celebrity under Master Gould's administration, and the quality of Mason's associates during his attendance upon its teachings.

In all that related to the study of the classics Mason could not have been more favorably situated. No similar academy in the land offered such peculiar advantages, or more cogent incentives to good scholarship. If he had inherited even a moderate partiality for the languages and literature of antiquity, his teacher would surely have warmed it into a glowing fire. Master Gould's fitness for his office revealed itself not only through his zealous devotion to its purposes, but through his untiring efforts to impart a similar ardor to his pupils. He had a deep-seated admiration for the beauties of the old writers, both as to style and matter, while a certain innate vein of poetry enabled him to appreciate them with a nice and correct discernment. A classical education, he wrote, "conduced more than any other yet discovered to refine the mind of man, to imbue him with a purer taste, to elevate his thoughts, to exalt his hopes, and finally to render him a virtuous and consequently a useful member of the great family to which he belongs." So strong was his belief in the truth of this utterance, that it impregnated his whole life and inspired his every act. He was endowed with a fervid ambition, and regarded success as a duty. Opposition only served to stimulate him to renewed exertions, and obstacles he regarded but as the steps to higher things. His influence was also greatly increased by a sanguine temperament, which led him to ignore the possibility of failure. Always seeking new paths to excellence,

he was careful to encourage every form of merit, in whatever class of society it might reveal itself. Having broad and far-sighted views as to educational progress, he was eminently just to all. Thoroughly patriotic and scorning what he termed "the supercilious sneers and ill-judged remarks of foreigners," who reproached America with its want of learning, he did all in his power to blunt the sting of this reproach by promoting a literary taste and advancing a scholarly spirit among the youth of his time. When, in addition to all these qualities, one learns that he was a man of singular purity of character, of commanding presence and notable courtesy of manner, it will not be difficult to understand the sources of his influence and the peculiar prestige he conferred upon his position.

Shortly after Master Gould had taken charge of the Latin School his energies received a still stronger impetus from the arrival of certain Englishmen, whose advent he was not the man to regard unmoved. The most prominent of these was George Manners, Consul for Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the first of these officials sent to Boston by British Majesty after the end of the superfluous War of 1812. He was an admirable scholar, a graduate of Eton and of Oxford, and endowed with a peculiarly genial and polished demeanor. Mr. Gould soon made his acquaintance, and frequently conferred with him on matters of mutual and professional interest. The glowing accounts he received of the system of instruction pursued at Eton, Harrow, and other prominent English schools naturally excited a desire to raise his own to an equal degree of efficiency, and he was not slow to take steps towards this object. Mr. Manners was shortly followed by another of his countrymen, who came in a shape more defiant and aggravating than any that had yet crossed the path of Mr. Gould. This was John Carlton Fisher, LL.D., also claiming to be an Oxonian, who had been invited across the Atlantic at the instance

of Edward Everett and other Boston gentlemen, for educational purposes of their own. Under their patronage he proceeded to open a private school, which was attended by Robert C. Winthrop, and several other sons of eminent citizens, who were of the opinion that Oxford-born Greek and Latin might confer a richer, finer, and more enduring flavor than the homely acquirements of Master Gould.

As to the scholarship of Dr. Fisher, there seems to have been no doubt; and his school was at first a success. Being thrown upon his own resources, he saw the need of promptly asserting himself and defining his position, while his enterprising temperament led him to press hard upon his chief rival. At length he issued a challenge to the classical lights of the metropolis, proposing that they should compete with him in a translation of Gray's Elegy into Latin verse. As there was no response to this, Dr. Fisher complacently published his elegant elaborations in one of the city newspapers, that all Boston, and perhaps a part of New England, might become aware of his taste and learning. Whatever may have been Master Gould's reasons for declining this ordeal, we may safely conclude that it did not arise from fear of the result. In temperament he was a born athlete; and had he met his rival in the field, would undoubtedly have shown himself equal to the occasion, and none the less that a public contest for his own household gods would naturally have brought out the best that was in him. As it was, he felt the stimulus of renewed exertions and a more earnest devotion to his work.[1]

[1] In the Boston Daily Advertiser of Aug. 9, 1882, appears the following account of Dr. Fisher: —

"The origin and history of Dr. Fisher's school is remembered by a still surviving pupil, and his account is thus given: 'A few Boston gentlemen, unwilling to send their sons to the public Latin School, then under the management of Dr. Gould (Master Gould at that time), met together and agreed to send abroad and import a Latin scholar to teach their sons. Among these gentlemen were the following, as nearly as can be remembered at this time: John Welles and Samuel P. Gardiner, Esqs., of Summer Street; Mr. Winthrop and Charles Bradbury, of Hamilton Place;

At the time of Mason's entrance the Latin School was reaping the benefit of the activity thus evoked. Seated on an eminence never before attained, its fame excited the just pride of the citizens and a lively concern for its further progress. Its judicious system of education had already produced a number of brilliant scholars, while others as full of promise were coming forward. Master Gould left no means untried to urge his pupils on to their work, and to deepen the interest he had excited. For the success that crowned his efforts, not Boston alone, but the whole country, has reason to be thankful, since these efforts finally culminated in the scholastic glory which still clings to the names of Winthrop, Emerson, Hillard, Sumner, Motley, Dixwell, and others of hardly less repute, who first received from Master Gould the living light with which they were to illuminate the length and breadth of the land. This general thirst for classical learning which now pervaded the community was quickened into still more vigorous development by private aid.

John Richards, an English gentleman; William Sullivan, of Chestnut Street; Harrison Gray Otis; Colonel John T. Apthorp; Edmund Dwight; Theodore or George Lyman; and we think the names of Perkins, Grant, Prince, Ritchie, and a few others might be added. On the application of these gentlemen, with the promise of a high salary, an excellent Latin scholar was sent, in the person of Dr. Fisher. He was an English dandy, of middle age, elegantly dressed, a high liver, fond of pleasure, and ill-calculated for the service expected of him. The school was kept in the vestry-room, under the First Church, Dr. Frothingham's, in Chauncy Place. The sons of all these gentlemen were employed in the study of Eton's Latin Grammar, a book on Chronology, and a few other branches, for the space of about two years. At the end of this time it was felt that the tastes and habits of the Doctor were not such as would be likely to lead his pupils to make the best use of their time. Notes were received from nearly all the parents successively, withdrawing their sons from the school; and thus ended this costly and unprofitable experiment. Most of the boys entered the Boston Latin School, and there, under Master Gould, were fitted for college.'"

Whether from ill-luck, neglect, or whatever other source, if the facts of Dr. Fisher's career have been correctly given, he seems to have been in some respects sadly ignored by his contemporaries, and has already become more or less mythical in consequence. After considerable research no evidence can be discovered that he ever was at Oxford, or that he had any right to the degree of LL.D., nor does his name appear in the Boston Directory during the period of his stay in that city, nor can any notice or advertisement of his school be found in the papers of that day. *Stat nominis umbra.*

In the spring of 1820 "a few gentlemen interested in the cause of classical literature, and in the Latin School particularly," raised a fund of $110 annually for five years, "to be expended in prizes for the best performances in prose and poetry in the Latin and Greek languages, and in such other rewards for excellence as may be thought best calculated to stimulate the pupils to exertion, and to keep alive a spirit of emulation and literary ardor through the various departments of the public Latin School in the town of Boston." This experiment worked well; and the ensuing five years witnessed the birth of many productions in ancient garb which were most creditable to their authors. The successful competitors were doubly blessed; for not only did they secure a handsome award, but private liberality furnished the means for their preservation in an enduring form, and they had the satisfaction of seeing their efforts printed in "The Prize Book of the Publick Latin School in Boston," of which Mr. Gould was, naturally, the editor, and to which he often contributed. In this way the fame of the school extended even beyond the Atlantic, and the first-prize Latin Poem for 1821 became known in England. "Proserpina Rapta, auctore Benjamine Brigham," doubtless to the great surprise and delight of the writer, was republished in the London "Classical Journal" for that year *verbatim et literatim*, though it extended to seventy-six lines. The editor of that publication "hailed with pleasure the improvement making in the American colleges in classical knowledge, in the *literæ humaniores*," and added some words of praise which, though not positively intoxicating, were yet highly palatable to those who considered the fountain from which they flowed.[1]

[1] In view of the fame afterwards achieved by the recipients, it is worthy of notice that during the last year in which these prizes were distributed, A. D. 1824, three were awarded to George S. Hillard, and two to Charles Sumner. At the time of the demolition of the Latin School building in 1850, to make way for Horticultural Hall, Mr. Hillard availed himself of the occasion to portray the lasting and magic

In Master Gould's day the memory played an important part as a means of education, and the effects thereof were admirably designed to impress all who observed them. It was his conviction that the pupils' minds should be "stored with fine sentiments and beautiful diction," as he expressed it, "selected from the noblest writers whom the world ever produced. Honor, spirit, liberality, will be acquired by committing to memory the thoughts and words of fine writers, of heroes and of worthies who eminently shone in every species of excellence." Thus urged, his boys learned hundreds of lines from Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, and even Homer, which were always ready to glide with nimble fluency from their tongues. "Capping verses" was daily practised by the older pupils, who left their seats at the close of the session with the melodious measures of ancient poesy on their lips. At times came distinguished strangers, attracted by the renown of the institution. They were welcomed in the language of ancient Rome. Often it was visited by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, who, though in the British navy, had been a Boston boy, had received his education at its schools, and still retained a warm affection for his early home. On one occasion, while he was passing out, the side benches fired salutes of verses in his honor, boy after boy "capping" them with great volubility. As the Admiral reached the door the final "s" of the line they were then repeating was borne to

influences of the old institution in an appreciative essay. To Master Gould he offered a grateful tribute: "The gentleman who was at the head of the school in my day is still living among us. For this reason I cannot speak of him as I would, or express the extent of our obligations to him. Far distant may the day be when we shall be permitted to utter his eulogy; but his own works are daily praising him in the gates, and the character of the pupils whom he has trained is covering his name with silent benedictions." From Mr. Hillard's account of the edifice itself, the pupils must have labored under many discomforts: "Certainly there were no intrinsic charms in the building to commend it to the affectionate remembrance of the boys. There never was anything more bare, more tasteless, more uncouth. The walls were the blankest, the seats the hardest, the desks the most inconvenient, that could be imagined."—*The Boston Book*, 1850.

his ear. Turning with a sudden and happy instinct, he pronounced in ringing tones the familiar opening of Virgil's noble and famous fourth Eclogue, —

"Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus!"

and then, profoundly bowing, took his departure, followed by a unanimous burst of applause from the scholars.

During Mason Warren's boyhood the semi-annual examinations — or "visitations," as they were styled — of the public schools were prominent events, and aroused a general and lively interest among the citizens. Especially was this true of those held in the month of August at the close of the school year, for which the teachers made great preparations and excited corresponding hopes. That of the Latin School naturally took the lead in the popular regard, and, as the bright particular star, was reserved for the last. At this grand ceremonial Master Gould presided — one might more properly say, predominated — with much pomp, and availed himself of the opportunity to magnify his office, to impress the audience, and to feed the pride and curiosity of his friends and patrons with the achievements of the past twelvemonth. The memory then blazed with all its splendor; and the assembled crowd found it hard to suppress their admiration as the boys delivered voluminous extracts from the Greek and the Roman poets, — extracts which, like the words of Galgacus, delivered by Sir Walter Scott under similar circumstances, "did not make the less impression on the audience that few probably understood one word of them." Towards the end of the exercises the medals and other trophies were presented in full conclave; and the lucky recipients, passing from glory to glory, were finally escorted with the other civic magnates to Faneuil Hall. Here they partook of a sumptuous banquet, all the more palatable since they were not obliged to make any further speeches, either in the Latin tongue or any

other. Frequently some of the parts presented on these occasions were composed by the speakers thereof; for Master Gould held that not only the learning of Latin verses, but the making of them as well, was essential to a good education, and accordingly bestowed upon this branch much attention. Thus only, he declared, could prosody be acquired, while the exercise also "gave unlimited scope to invention, and afforded the finest field for the cultivation of classical taste and delicacy of perception." This object he never ceased to pursue with energy so unflagging that while many of his boys distinguished themselves by the breadth and accuracy of their scholarship, the great majority of the lesser lights were able to achieve hexameters and pentameters almost worthy of Milton himself, and could grind out an appointed task with a certain mechanical facility and correctness which it is probable many native Romans never quite equalled.

This system, persistently carried out, led at last to consequences which might have been foreseen. The course followed at the Latin School gradually encroached on that of Harvard College, and many of the graduates from the former discovered, after their entrance at the latter, that the ancient authors assigned to the freshman and sophomore classes were very old friends indeed. Thus it befell that finding themselves for the most part overfitted as to their Greek and Latin, they were soon beguiled into spending their time in comparative idleness, at least during their first terms. This proved so disastrous to their habits of application that in the end they were not seldom outstripped by students from other localities less superabundantly prepared. Moreover, long practice and incessant drilling had sharpened their wits to the utmost keenness. Thus they were quick to detect even a slight mistake, and at a false quantity many of the pupils would start forward with nimble alacrity and rectify it on the spot. Upon their trained ears it fell

like a discord in music; and as even their tutors were sometimes found tripping, they were driven almost inevitably to the conclusion that they knew more than their teachers. This made them pert and audacious, and they were not slow to illustrate their opinions on occasion with some fun and a little malice. Their success did not tend to increase either their deference or their docility. Tutor Felton, afterwards famous as Professor of Greek, was once hearing a recitation, when a discussion arose between him and another instructor as to a certain quantity. It had not proceeded far when the matter was settled by one of Master Gould's alumni shouting out a line from Juvenal which covered the point at issue, much to the vexation of the high contending parties. Even the preliminary examinations in Latin, for years conducted by President Kirkland, were enlivened at intervals by incidents of this nature; and the impending freshmen, young as they were, did not always refrain from correcting on the spot, *magna voce*, the venerable pedagogue, who thus suddenly found himself driven to defend his own intrenchments instead of marching into the ranks of the enemy. This was thought to be very forth-putting and disrespectful, though Master Gould must have exulted over it with much glee in private.

Despite the honorable aims of Master Gould and the fervid heartiness which he infused into his labors, the results of his system as a whole were not all that was expected. Though many notable examples of scholarship were brought forth, yet the conspicuous part taken by the memory tended in the majority of cases to produce effects rather showy than lasting. With all his admiration for the literature of antiquity, Mr. Gould often failed to impress the zeal of his worship with permanent benefit upon his pupils. In regard to the making of verses even he admitted that the process was "so far mechanical that the dullest intellect need not despair of

attaining to accuracy," so much easier is it to mould the outlines of a beautiful form than to breathe into it the breath of life. A conviction of the defects of Master Gould's method at length began to dawn upon the community, and towards the close of his administration a change was already impending. Professors Beck and Follen, Bancroft and Coggswell, had returned from Europe, fresh from the teachings of Göttingen, Heidelberg, and other German universities, and brought with them a great respect for the minute and profound erudition there prevailing. Gradually the superiority of this was acknowledged; and after some discussion it took the place of the more pretentious scholarship in favor at the Latin School.

During Mason Warren's connection with the institution, however, Master Gould not only held his own, but failed to detect any falling away of the popularity that had gathered about him. In 1821 Dr. Fisher was constrained to close his doors for lack of patronage. Retiring to New York, he became editor of the "Albion," having left his *spolia opima* in the hands of the enemy, who slept on the field of battle. As might have been foreseen, most of his pupils passed over to his rival, with such Attic taste and accomplishments as their late teacher had been able to confer upon them. Master Gould now had reason to plume himself on the fruits of his superior pluck and ability, all the more from the consciousness that they were well deserved. He appreciated the force of the saying that nothing succeeds like success. He retained his office till 1828, when he felt called upon to quit his post for other occupations quite as congenial, though of a widely different nature. Strange as it may seem, he was endowed not only with scholarly sympathies and unequalled efficiency as a teacher, but with remarkable business qualities, as was clearly proved by the fortune he acquired during the subsequent years of his

life. Influenced partly by this taste, partly by a sense of failing health, and of consequent aversion to the confinement and monotony of his position, he became a merchant. To the end of his connection with the Latin School he was conscientiously devoted to his work, and it was only at the last that one could detect any signs of drooping energies. Occasionally, when engaged with one of his classes, whose repetition of well-worn passages had become more or less prosaic and uninteresting, drowsiness would supervene. Perchance unwittingly influenced by the illustrious example cited by Horace, "Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus," he would then glide entirely out of the sphere of mental activity into the realms of absolute forgetfulness, yet — so strong was the ruling passion — never did this forgetfulness become so complete but that at a false quantity, or other lapse from classic integrity, he would start at once from his slumbers to fix the offender with his reproachful eye, and bring him to his senses with all the sternness of wonted authority.

Notwithstanding all the examples of homage to the fair humanities and the various influences brought to bear upon his ambition, Mason was but an indifferent scholar. Like Sir Walter Scott at the High School of Edinburgh, he was "rather behind the class in which he was placed, both in years and progress." He was, in fact, at the time of his admission the youngest pupil, and that in appearance as well as in age. He was naturally of a gentle and retiring disposition, well behaved and yet full of exuberant spirits, which in that day nothing had occurred to repress. He was averse to restraint, and fonder of play than of work. His activity was bodily, rather than mental, and did not urge him very strongly in the direction of Greece and Rome. It would have required a much more magnetic fervor than even his irrepressible teacher displayed, to infuse into his mind a love for ancient literature. The exquisite beauty and noble vigor of its writers failed to

awaken a responsive echo, though his instructors sought to hammer their merits into him with repeated strokes and untiring arm. Perhaps he was repelled by the very incessant repetition and persistency of their method. The *genius loci* wore no angelic aspect in Mason's eyes. He found it portentous, hard, repulsive. Tully delighted him not, nor Homer either. Even the piquant charms of Horace palled on his jaded sense under the effect of compulsory admiration oft "full of force urged home." At first he was too young to absorb all these elegances, and even in later years only a faint intimation ever reached him. The Latin tongue always seemed to him rather more dead than alive, and that the sorrows of Dido should have been handed down to this age in long and monotonous hexameters, deaconed out, as it were, in stilted instalments, line upon line, appeared merely an added penalty to one whose woes and sins were revealed through such a medium. Even the elaborate invectives of Cicero against Catiline, and other advanced liberals of his day, lost both strength and point by dint of endless iteration. He felt his own patience quite as much abused as that of the patriotic orator and his senate.

Excited by the impotence of his efforts to impart his own fervor and rare enjoyment of the masterpieces of antiquity to his pupil, the disappointed instructor was from time to time led to make a strong appeal in their behalf. "O Mason!" he burst forth one day in his vexation, when the lad had become confused in his struggles to learn the complicated parts of the verb τυπτω, which lay before him in a shapeless mass like the fossil remains of some megatherium or other preadamite monster, "if you cannot master the tenses of a Greek verb, I fear you will never make your father's place good, when you come to deal with the anatomy of the human body." Whether any particular result ever followed from this apostrophe does not appear; but in spite of the ominous misgiving so

strikingly presented, it was not prophetic, and Master Gould lived to see that though Xenophon, Virgil, and the other beacons of the past were very well in their way, they were not absolutely indispensable to human progress, and that a distaste for their works was by no means inconsistent with success in fields far remote from their influence.

In justice to Mason's early days it should also be stated that though an imperfect scholar and showing few signs of the fulness of his coming development, there was ever apparent to a shrewd observer a kind of reserve force, a quiet consciousness of strength, which later in life expanded into an earnest purpose, high aims, and a devotion to his profession that surmounted every obstacle. He was but another illustration of the folly of attempting to draw from the vague beginnings of youth any inference as to its future. One who knew him well at this period and now clearly recalls him, writes : —

"I should say that Mason did not give evidence of the ability which he afterwards manifested. He took a respectable position, and was deemed a solid, sensible, manly boy, but not particularly quick. His thoughtfulness and self-restraint, however, might well have been regarded as proofs of a depth that was not yet sounded. I considered him a model of good manners, and as having a kindly as well as a courteous feeling to all; never, I should say, rash in speech, but, on the contrary, keeping to a remarkable degree his courage and self-possession."

Mason remained at the Latin School till the end of the regular course of five years. He graduated in the summer of 1825, taking his part — as spectator — in the ceremonies that accompanied the visitation of the school-committee on the 24th of August in that year. These were of the usual splendor, and were attended, as we are informed, "by the City Officers, the President of the University and Clergy, the Hon. Judge Story and other officers of the United States, officers of the Commonwealth, and by many foreigners and strangers of eminence." We also

learn that "the attendance of the Ladies on this occasion exceeded any former one." After the examination was finished, "according to custom, the officers of the city government and other gentlemen invited, among whom were several distinguished strangers, and the lads from the several schools to whom the premiums were awarded, making in all four or five hundred, went in procession to Faneuil Hall, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner provided by Mr. Smith, at which the Hon. Mayor of the city presided. Soon after the cloth was removed, the pupils paid their respects to the committee and retired, amidst the plaudits of their fathers for their good deportment."[1] Though these splendors were mostly lost to Mason, — though he did not march through the streets with the five hundred, and did not even look upon the stately junketing in Faneuil Hall; though he bore no trophy whatever from the field, and served merely to increase the glories that clustered round his chief, — the fact does not seem to

[1] The minute accounts of this event, as they appeared in the papers of the day, notably in the "Columbian Centinel" and the "Daily Advertiser," may now be perused with peculiar interest, from the evidence they furnish of the changes that have taken place during the last half-century. A remarkable feature of the banquet in Faneuil Hall was the toasts, which seem then to have reached their culmination. Though now fallen into comparative neglect, fifty years since they were a prominent attraction at all public festivals. The "Advertiser" prints more than a score of them, "as a proof of the rational conviviality of the occasion." An especial tribute was paid to —

"Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, — a Boston boy, educated at our Latin School, whom neither distance nor absence nor foreign honors can ever cause to forget his school, his town, his State, and his native land;

'Dulces reminiscitur Argos.'"

After the regular toasts came many "volunteers," offered by Judge Story, President Kirkland, and others. Of these, that from "Capt. Wormeley, of His Britannic Majesty's Navy," was *facile princeps*, covering the ground completely and leaving nothing more to be said: —

"Such an institution as we at present celebrate, — may it pervade the universe!"

Although coming from one of the *Danaos*, whose gifts all scholars might justly regard with suspicion, this sentiment must have been sufficiently flattering to his hearers to enable them to overlook its origin. The generous hospitalities which the Captain had been enjoying had doubtless begun to work upon his imagination, and had enlarged the scope of his horizon to an indefinite extent. The aspirations he expressed in behalf of the school must have been perfectly satisfactory, even to the ambitious aims of Master Gould.

have caused him much discontent, and he was well pleased to intrust the fame of Demosthenes and Cicero to his comrades.

It had been planned from the outstart that Mason should enter Harvard upon the completion of his course at the Latin School; but after some reflection his parents decided that for several reasons it would be wiser to postpone his application for admission till two years later. He was as yet both young and small, and, moreover, was hardly as well fitted as he should be, especially in the mathematics and some other elementary requirements. Further preparation would add strength to his body, maturity to his mind, and, it was hoped, would also enable him to shorten his college career by joining the sophomore class. In pursuance of this idea, Mason, on leaving school, continued his studies, in conjunction with two others who had the same object in view and had been with him under Master Gould, — Henry W. Sargent and Theodore W. Snow. The new arrangement was begun under the guidance of Mr. William Wells, who, like Dr. Fisher, had been born in England, but, having come to Boston when young, had fitted for Harvard and graduated there in 1796, at the somewhat advanced age of twenty-three. He had the reputation of a ripe scholar and an able teacher. Early in the present century he had also become a bookseller, and formed a partnership with a Mr. Lilly. For many years they kept a shop on Court Street, and achieved a most creditable position as publishers, by bringing out the works of several ancient authors. This connection lasted till 1827, when Mr. Wells removed to Cambridge, and established there, in the old Ruggles mansion, a school for young ladies. In 1825 he was taking such private pupils as offered themselves at his house on Summer Street, adjoining that of Daniel Webster, though he also was carrying on a private school in Hawley Street, behind Trinity Church, at the

same time. To his residence Mason and his comrades were accustomed to resort daily, from one till two, and also between seven and eight in the evening. Here they imparted to Mr. Wells the acquisitions of the day, as he was taking his tea, and received such instruction as he thought necessary. This "studying out" — which was the expression used in reference to those who were preparing for advanced standing in college — was continued till July, 1827, when Mason and his two associates applied for admission at Harvard. He passed a good examination, and was admitted into the sophomore class without conditions, — a result satisfactory to Mason and presumably surprising to Master Gould,[1] who could have hardly anticipated such an unconditional success.

[1] Seldom has there been a record of more complete achievement than that of Mr. Gould. Rarely has a life been more symmetrically rounded out to the end. Its close was as the sunset of a peaceful day; and the honor, love, obedience, troops of friends that gathered about him revealed the copious ripeness of its fruits. Happy in his past and in his present, he was also happy in the vigorous promise of him who bore his name, and who was destined to illustrate with peculiar significance and success the *sic itur ad astra* of his favorite poet. He was not forgotten of those who had benefited by his labors. On the 4th of May, 1853 (six years before his death), his portrait — the result of a popular subscription — was added to the gallery then in the hall of the Latin School on Bedford Street. Among the numerous testimonials then offered of the respect and esteem which a quarter of a century had not been able to diminish, Mr. Gould had the pleasure of receiving the following from Hon. Charles Francis Adams, which is valuable both from its source and its truth, as the echo of the general voice: —

"Of all the teachers of my youth, and I had many from the circumstances of my frequent change of residence, I recollect no one as having been of any material service to me except Mr. Gould. I came to him in 1817, fresh from a large school in England, where I learned nothing but habits of negligence. . . . Mr. Gould had the happy faculty of acting upon the individual character, as well as upon the general progress of his scholars. He corrected their errors at the same time that he stimulated their good purposes with a degree of tact which falls to the share of few instructors. Had I been steadily with him I should have saved years of later labors to remedy but imperfectly the deficiencies of boyhood."

CHAPTER II.

YOUTHFUL CHARACTERISTICS AND ATTACHMENTS. — LOSS OF HEALTH.

When Mason left the Latin School at the age of fourteen, he was to all appearance as rugged and healthy as any of his family. His youthful bloom had not yet begun to struggle with coming illness and the cares of life, and his elastic spirits seemed the natural overflow of a spring of exuberant vigor, which flushed his cheeks and brightened his speaking eyes. He was a handsome boy, with a countenance clearly outlined, and a form which, though slight, was symmetrical and well nourished. Light brown hair with a strong tendency to curl, and large bright blue eyes, — his most distinctive mark, and at that period displaying no shade of the melancholy which afterwards lent them an added grace, — enhanced a charm of feature and expression which made him most pleasing to the eye and a model of buoyant youth.

It was perhaps but natural that Mason should be the favorite of his mother, and that she should lavish upon him the full measure of an affection which nothing could exceed. When he was well, the endearments of her watchful love were unlimited. Was he ill? She nursed him with many a devoted attention and soft caress, foreseeing his slightest want and gently provident of every possible relief. She summoned her friends to play the music that he liked best. From the rich depths of her tenderness she brought forth stories without end, which dilated even his large eyes with wonder; or again, she

soothed the tedious hours with choice harmonies from her cherished poets. At times she produced a marvellous scrap-book, the work of her own hands, crammed with treasures; or she took from its hiding-place a small red trunk, containing her jewelry and a store of glittering knick-knacks irresistible to a child. Spreading these on the bed, she brooded over him, eager to explain and anxious to beguile. To the end of his days this book and trunk were inexpressibly dear to her son, from these associations. With a longing which all the distractions of foreign travel and even the charms of Paris itself could not efface, he wrote to his mother a request that she would send him the former as an invaluable souvenir of the home she had made so enjoyable. This she did; and he guarded it carefully during his absence, and brought it back with him to Boston. It still bears the autograph, rich in meaning to those who knew him, "J. Mason Warren, Paris, 1832." The little coffer, also, he ever kept in his possession, as a sort of reliquary and reminder of happy days. Shortly before his death he confided it with a few impressive words to his niece, who he was well aware would cherish it for his sake. In his journal one reads this entry: —

"*May* 20, 1867. — Gave to Veronica Dwight the little red trunk formerly belonging to my mother, in which she kept her valuables, and which I have had over thirty-six years."

Thus strong and lasting was Mason's filial loyalty. While his mother lived, they clung to each other with an undying and ever-increasing attachment. She twined herself about the inmost recesses of his nature, and never left that fitting home which he gave her in his heart of hearts; while he adorned her with the abundant graces of his affection and the comfort of his endless gratitude. When she had passed from earth, he threw himself prostrate in his sorrow and gave full vent to his grief, saying, "There was nothing she ever refused me." Her memory,

consecrated by many a tear, he regarded as an inheritance richer than aught earthly could bestow, and to the end he bewailed her loss as beyond all solace.

During Mason's first sojourn in Europe his mother, at his request, had her miniature taken and sent to him. It was painted on ivory, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Warren. Mlle. Lalanne, a Parisian who had gained much fame in Boston by the finish of her work and the perfection of her likenesses, was the artist. From this portrait one can infer another reason for the peculiar warmth of the mother's feeling for her son, in the identity of their features. He had her complexion and her light brown curly hair. The large blue eyes characteristic of him were also hers; and so were the mouth, the nose, the high forehead, the general contour of the face, and even the manner of carrying the head. In one every outline was more or less a repetition of the other. As to all his physical attributes, he was a Mason and not a Warren; and this, of course, formed another tie of strength between them, though, oddly enough, his expression did not at all resemble that of his mother. Still less, however, did he at any age recall his father either in look or lineament, though in certain respects he did bear some likeness to his grandfather, Dr. John Warren.

That Mason was adored by his sisters might well have been inferred. He was ever their gallant friend and protector, with an abiding sense of duty towards them. Affectionate and demonstrative by nature, he was constantly proffering little courtesies most acceptable from a brother, and in numerous ways displaying a deferential politeness peculiarly his own. Doubtless he benefited quite as much as they by the closeness of this intimacy; and to it may be safely attributed a large share of that tact, almost womanly in its delicacy, with which he was even at that early age so amply endowed, and which is so often superior to mere manly wisdom. From this

source may also have come the popularity with both sexes, for which he was afterwards so noted, and which gave him equal rank either as friend or physician with all his patients, of whatever class or condition.[1]

Mason's regard for his brother Sullivan was another instance of that family affection which was so conspicuous in his character. Though slight of form and stature, and nearly two years younger than Mason, Sullivan was daring and mischievous, always getting into scrapes and always in need of a protector. This was his normal condition from his infancy. He favored the tops of the tallest trees, the roofs of the highest houses and barns, the depths of the profoundest waters. Being impetuous and aggressive in disposition, and seldom stopping to reflect, his audacious attacks on boys older than himself often provoked prompt retaliation. Never was an ally more sorely needed than by him, and never was a feeble power better provided in that respect. At every emergency Mason was ready to adopt this rôle, and come forward as defender or rescuer. He helped his brother down; he helped him up; he helped him out. No boy was too old or too large for Mason to assail in Sullivan's defence, and thus many a time did the pair succeed in plucking victory from the jaws of defeat. The Frog Pond was frequently the scene of these fraternal sacrifices. This sacred water was then a widely expanding pool, of ambiguous margin and uncertain bottom. Indeed, the proud Bostonians of that day, who regarded it as the lake on the shores of which the Common was situated, thought it to be absolutely destitute of any bottom at all. It was unpaved and without curbstones, while the accumulated mud of ages displayed a tenacity and richness of which

[1] In a letter from Edinburgh, soon after his first arrival there, Mason writes: "Emily's letter gave me great pleasure. I am happy to find that she remembers 'those little attentions,' as she calls them. I only wish they had been greater. I often repent of my omissions in former days. My love to her. I should like to hear from her oftener."

these degenerate days know nothing. The amphibious animals whose name it continues to bear, despite the numerous efforts of the city euphuists to change it, yet found it an agreeable resort, and the long summer evenings were melodious with the expression of their delight. To Sullivan Warren this was a most captivating retreat, and he probably knew more of its true inwardness than any other boy then living. From its succulent recesses he was often drawn by his brother, dripping with unctuous blackness, like a young Triton in his cups, — an object distasteful and in a measure appalling, though, sad to say, far from repentant. Yet Mason never reproached him, all the more that he rather sympathized with adventures of this nature, and, if the truth were told, was ever ready to take a leading part, should one come in his way, though, he being the elder, the suggestions of the adversary generally assumed in his brain a form of more decided originality. One summer's afternoon, when there was plenty of leisure, and no very satisfactory way of using it, he proposed that they should mount to the upper story of their father's house, and snatch a little surreptitious enjoyment. Bearing the elements of success in the shape of a pail of water and a large syringe from the surgery, they soon reached the scene of action. It was a holiday, and crowds were passing to and fro. Filling the machine, they impelled its contents skywards with right good-will, while, taking care not to expose their sacred persons, they peered through the blinds to watch the effect. This was repeated, till several fastidious and excitable souls on whom the water had fallen knocked at the Doctor's door to present their cases and inquire the meaning of this extraordinary phenomenon. Making a rapid diagnosis, Dr. Warren was not long in forming an opinion as to the nature of the complaint. Determined to strike at the root thereof, he seized a cane and mounted the stairs. The ponderous steps of paternal

vengeance, slow but relentless, were soon audible to Mason and his brother; and the speedy retreat that ensued worked a complete and permanent cure of the whole evil.[1]

The numberless good offices for which he was Mason's debtor were never forgotten by Sullivan. He retained to the last a sense of his brother's untiring devotion which nothing could impair. Ever keenly present to his mind, it outlived long and repeated separations, the cares of life, widely divided interests, and even the pangs of impending death. Years after their youth had been spent, when taking his final farewell of Mason, who had exhausted all the resources of his art to save him, Sullivan gathered force from the depths of his weakness to murmur his gratitude. In hardly audible accents, and

[1] It is worthy of mention that a similar taste for practical diversions was manifested in early youth by Sir Astley Cooper ("the Napoleon of surgery," as he was styled by his countrymen), a fact of some interest in this connection from his intimacy with the Warrens. The acquaintance dated from 1799, when Dr. John C. Warren first visited Europe and began his attendance at Guy's Hospital, where Sir Astley, then Mr. Cooper, already occupied a prominent position. In the following year, when the latter succeeded his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, as surgeon and lecturer at Guy's, Dr. Warren became his first pupil. He was then "a young man of the greatest natural abilities, and almost adored at the hospitals." Though he was ten years older than Dr. Warren, their acquaintance quickly ripened into a friendship founded on congenial tastes and mutual esteem, which never ceased to gain steadily in strength till Sir Astley's death in 1841. In this friendship Dr. Mason Warren participated, and Sir Astley omitted no opportunity to testify his regard for the father through attentions bestowed upon the son. His kindness was extended even to the former's friends; and Dr. Edward Warren, writing to Dr. John C. from London in 1830, says: "I have heard from all the Americans who have seen Sir Astley, that he is constantly making mention of you, and that he treats those who bring letters from you with particular attention." As to the youthful exploits of Sir Astley, we read that "he was the son of a clergyman of Yarmouth, where upon one occasion the church bells began to ring so vehemently as to alarm the inhabitants, who ran in great numbers to the parsonage to inquire of the minister the cause of such terrific peals from the steeple. 'Oh!' said the reverend gentleman, 'I have no doubt it is all the work of that mischievous wag of mine, Master Astley, and his hopeful playmate, Tom Goodfellow.' Accordingly, upon ascending the steeple it was found, as predicted, that the boys were busily at work, full swing, pulling and hauling the rope in fine style, and amazingly delighted at the stir and sensation they were creating throughout the town, and the trouble they were giving to the honest citizens."

they were almost the last he uttered, he whispered : " It is a useless thing for me to say, Mason; but I thank you not only for what you have done for me now, but throughout my whole life." The mutual affection of these brothers nor tongue nor pen could adequately describe. As to Mason it was a motive power of his whole being. Like that divine ardor mentioned by the poet, —

" Quel caldo
Che fa nascere i fiori e i frutti santi,"

it was the source of a thousand generous acts and kindly influences. Nothing could surpass his sorrow and despair when he became conscious that their earthly union was about to be dissolved, in spite of all the hopes, the prayers, the sacrifices, the infinite exertions he had lavished to prolong it. Sullivan's death, which preceded his own by but a few weeks, had a most depressing effect upon him, and he was never the same again. The shock, added to the disease from which he was already suffering, shattered the very foundations of life, and his sensitive nature could not long survive it. They " were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

This unflagging affection for those nearest to him may truly be called the chief mainspring of Mason Warren's career, from his youngest to his latest days. Like a broad stream, its swelling flood pervaded and fertilized his whole being. It was ever the stimulus to fresh exertions and gentle deeds of a beneficence most rare. Enlarging his sympathies, kindling his whole soul into perfect action, promoting a liberal charity towards the failings of others, softening the pains and hardships of life, it bestowed both upon himself and those around him in this world the blessings so often withheld till the next. He was, in fact, a pertinent illustration of the truth which shrewd wisdom has revealed for our learning : —

"One grand, invaluable secret there is, however, which includes all the rest, and, what is comfortable, lies clearly in every man's power: *To have an open loving heart, and what follows from the possession of such!* Truly it has been said, emphatically in these days it ought to be repeated: 'A Loving Heart is the beginning of all knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work, that of *knowing*, and therefrom, by sure consequence, of *vividly uttering forth.*'"

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

With a temperament thus affectionate and impressible, it is almost superfluous to state that Mason was popular and beloved, not merely in his own domestic circle, but far beyond it. His every trait insured such a result. To love and to be loved were to him the very essence of life. His manners were winning, nay, irresistible, from his boyhood. There was a genial contagion in his voice, the grasp of his hand, his look, his simple presence. He had that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. He was one of Thackeray's boys, "brave and gentle, warm-hearted and loving, and looking the world in the face with kind honest eyes." There was a cordial vivacity in his welcome which excited the deepest springs of kind feeling. He charmed his associates from the first, gliding quickly into their hearts by a sort of magnetism, which wrought nimbly upon them and caused them to forget that he was only the acquaintance of the moment, revealing him, in sooth, as the apparent friend of years, for whose return they had long been looking. He was at all times the good fellow and boon companion, the laughing humorist tinctured with a jovial wit that brought no satiety. Gay and sprightly, he was endowed with gentlemanly ways and a self-respect that brooked no liberties. Of exuberant fun, piquant at intervals with a mild flavor

of innocent mischief, he threw himself with a graceful earnestness and the happy abandon of warm-blooded youth into everything that stirred his interest, though he never passed the bounds of courtesy or the limits of becoming mirth. His impulses were habitually correct, and his aspirations such as might have been the creditable offspring of maturer years. He was of perfect veracity in thought, word and deed. Singularly sweet of disposition, he harbored no idea of ill towards others. The atmosphere that surrounded him was like the even kindliness of the summer-time. Incapable of malice or jealousy, he revolted at anything ignoble. He was a "despiser of sorry persons and little actions." He was refined as to thought, word, and speech, while his moral tone was high and clear. Having a delicate organization, his act ever swayed level with his instinct; and conscious of manly aims, he never allowed himself, even when a boy, to be unduly disturbed or provoked to anger. The myriad attractions of his society flowed on with the involuntary impulse of an unfailing fount, and had a strange power to draw forth that answering love and brightness which his nature unwittingly generated, and which he craved with such avidity in return.

> "His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
> That sheds its sunshine."

From his earliest years Mason was of a broad cordial type, rich in promise. All saw in him that which they themselves would gladly have been. There was a certain healing in his friendship. He was a born optimist, with unlimited capacity for quaffing joy from innocent pleasures; an epicurean without taint of luxury or sensuality. To him this was no dead, unprofitable world, but radiant with images of genuine fruition and suggestions of truth and grace. Life was intense, full of a graphic meaning. Merely to be was to him a continual feast. He felt the

charm of music, of flowers, which were peculiarly dear to him, and of every aspect of beauty, animate or inanimate. He ate and drank with a dainty satisfaction wherein was nothing gross. The perfect neatness of his dress was leavened with taste, and in this respect, as in numerous others, the boy foreshadowed the dawning man. Sparkling with happy suggestions, void of every meanness, open, trusting, and ingenuous, profusely scattering the light that seemed naturally to gather about him, he appealed to each one's better part, and never in vain.

As has before been intimated and might well have been inferred, the life of a youth thus attractively gifted and so conciliatory in its conduct, with no antagonisms, no ill-will, no crude harshness to encounter, — a life which adapted itself with equal harmony and sympathy to all, — moved on smoothly, with little of incident to record. "Centred in the sphere of common duties," his early days passed away like soft vernal showers, which, gently descending in glittering rays, vanish in fructifying peace and leave no trace of storm or whirlwind.

Such were the chief features, mental and physical, of Mason Warren during his boyhood; and such they principally continued to be, at least mentally, ever growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength.

Unhappily the fair auspices that had surrounded Mason up to his early manhood and almost until his entrance at Harvard were fated to disappear, and declining health soon began to cloud his prospects of a college course. The more obvious cause of this sad disappointment was dyspepsia, though there were others more remote to which it was also to be attributed. So grave did his condition quickly become, that he had been connected with his class barely three months when he was obliged to leave it.[1] He did not return to his studies, and the

[1] The warmth of Dr. Warren's sympathies and his genial nature led him ever to retain in after life a vivid regard for those from whom he had been thus abruptly

opportunities so highly appreciated and so unwillingly relinquished he never ceased to bewail. For more than a year his bodily forces had been gradually giving way, and a certain weakness of constitution, before unsuspected, had developed itself. The original trouble had been much increased by irregular habits of diet and by injudicious treatment, especially in the matter of medicine, which, though prescribed with most laudable motives, had a very different effect from that designed. During the two closing years of Mason's attendance at the Latin School, he had much to do; and though passing unnoticed for the time, his tasks were probably more than he could accomplish without an undue strain upon his powers. The sessions were more numerous and longer than now, while the boys were also expected to study at home. The work was generally more difficult than at present; and several ancient authors, at this time thought unnecessary or even unprofitable in a preparatory course, were then required to be studied with no slight diligence. There was much cramming, tiresome in every sense to the majority, and barren of substantial gain to all but a few of the most talented and precocious. This extended even to the Latin and Greek grammars, which were enforced *ad nauseam;* and hundreds of dreary rules were committed to memory, — a penance, as it were, which should be only too gladly performed by those for

separated. His feelings for the class of 1830, in which he would have graduated, were strong to the last; and he always took care to attend its meetings, convivial and other, whenever it was in his power to do so. It was his desire to identify himself with its members as closely as if nothing had occurred to end his connection with them. In his journal kept when in Paris, we read, under date of Nov. 30, 1832: "My old classmate, Henry McLellan, has just arrived here from Italy, where he met Susan. She sent me a small cameo ring for auld lang syne. Henry and I passed our class in review. They are now scattered over the world, some married, some still students, while a few are no longer living. They have mostly turned out well." He derived an especial pleasure from being chosen to preside at a supper of the class at the Exchange Coffee House, on the evening of July 17, 1850. When, in 1844, he received the degree of A.M. from Harvard, he welcomed the honor with much satisfaction, as also he did his election into the ranks of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1849.

whom such inestimable blessings were reserved in the end, — a wilderness through which every one must pass who cared to reach the promised land. To all this must be added the peremptory grinding out of hundreds of Latin verses. Of course, but little time was left for anything but the classics; and it may truthfully be said that these were first, the rest nowhere, though, from regard to fastidious utilitarians, certain claims of the English tongue were acknowledged, and attention was professedly paid to reading, writing, and arithmetic. Thus it happened that Cummings' Geography and Euler's Algebra appeared in the multitude of ancient authors, and could be dimly distinguished, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, among scores of the productions of antiquity, ranging from "Viri Romæ" and "Selectæ e Profanis" to the Greek Testament, Homer's Iliad, and the Anabasis of Xenophon. But, on the whole, these moderns hardly held their own; and Master Gould seems to have shown as little consideration for the vernacular in any shape as if he thought, with Dogberry, that "to write and read comes by nature." The natural outcome of this system was that those who wished to make any particular progress in the elementary branches of the English tongue were obliged to seek the means thereof elsewhere, and that at such intervals of time as they could snatch from the more exacting claims of the Muses.[1] With this object in view, Mason and many of his fellows were accustomed to resort to instructors who taught these studies when their school was not in session. One of them was the Mr. Wells before mentioned as having given the final touches to Mason's preparatory studies, who, although an accomplished student and admirer of the classics, was not so entirely joined to his idols as to ignore the claims of other and

[1] This had been the custom when Mason's father was at the Latin School; and his biographer informs us that he entered it "at the age of eight years, going at midday to Master Carter to learn writing and arithmetic."

lesser divinities. To him Mason, two years before he left the Latin School, daily went for an hour or more at noon. As the second session began at two o'clock, the most important meal of the three was neglected; and Mason, at an age when nourishing food was imperatively demanded, often had no dinner at all, or, which was nearly as bad, was driven to allay his cravings with apples, cakes, or gingerbread, or some other delusive and pernicious substitute, snatched and devoured on the wing without regard to the consequences. Such an irregularity could hardly be long continued, even by the most rugged youth, without leading to serious results; and in Mason's case, though these did not make themselves apparent for some time, being partly kept concealed by his nervous force and gayety of spirits, they finally caused a deplorable loss of health. The symptoms had already become quite formidable before any particular attention had been excited by his condition, though his father would doubtless have observed them had he not been absorbed by the endless and exhausting labors which were entailed by his professional reputation, then at its height. And even when he realized the actual state of his son, the means he adopted for his cure were such as to prove in the end almost worse than the disease, and to wellnigh insure his final taking-off, though they were employed with the most earnest hopes of success, and were in strict accord with the prevailing practice of that time. As to medicine, Mason was favored with far too much, while of food there was too little. The views of physicians were then radically different from those now in vogue; and their mistakes were so frequent, albeit entirely unsuspected, that their route might well be said to be marked, like that of the pilgrims to Mecca, by wrecks and whitening bones. The quantity of medicine once prescribed by the faculty and taken by their patients strikes us as simply monstrous. Of this custom, Mason

Warren, with his weak digestion, was to a certain extent a victim; and it is probable that he never entirely recovered from its pernicious effects. It is not strange that later in life, while referring to the evils of the method employed for his cure, he should have remarked to a professional friend, "It is our mission to rectify the mistakes of our predecessors," — a remark called forth not only by his own experience, but by that of thousands of others who had suffered protracted martyrdom and premature decay from this source.

For this the medical profession were no more accountable than the people themselves, who from the earliest period of our history had a weakness for medicine and a firm resolve not to live without it. The blessings it was thought to confer were innumerable, and, as an essential aid to imperfect nature and the results of original sin, could not be over-estimated. Our worthy fathers continually had in mind that ancient precept, "The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them," which, though not admitted by the learned to be the words of inspiration, in the opinion of our ancestors bore the marks of a more than human origin. This feeling was already conspicuous in the time of the Pilgrims, and it steadily gained ground with their posterity for many generations. The early clergy, the colonial governors (particularly John Winthrop, the *Salve Imperator* of Connecticut, with his yellow ointment), even the Presidents of Harvard College, were in the habit of insinuating their peculiar and plausible compositions into the bosoms of their friends and followers. As has been truly said, "They felt that their work could not be complete without sufficient knowledge of the healing art to enable them to meet any emergency which might arise, and to secure the entire respect and esteem of the community in which they lived." Among our more immediate ancestors the profession increased both in numbers

and ability, and so did the resources commanded by its members. The people at large came to think that a tangible and substantial cure could be, and ought to be, provided for every bodily ailment. Naturally they took a large share of the practice into their own hands, and the issue often showed them to be more kind than wise. A preventive policy of a liberal type seemed to them eminently desirable, and this made them quick to detect from afar the signs of coming disease. Whether they were in good health or bad, they took a singular pleasure in dosing themselves and each other, kindly ministering to their mutual needs in no stinted measure, while the children with secret joy sipped what was left in the cup, and cordially toned down their too rugged constitutions. Thus, when blooming youth was snatched away, it often happened that an overdose was the cause of the abrupt demise, though they deferentially attributed it to Providence. The same might not unfrequently have been said of older persons, no longer living, whose gravestones in many an instance might have borne the inscription once certainly recorded with truth, "I was well; I wished to be better, and here I am." Like the physician of Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, they considered it a bad sign when the patient did not perceive that he was ill, and sought to bring the conviction home to him in every available way. In those days there were numerous remedies which enjoyed a popular fame; and among them senna and glauber salts, known as the "black draught," held a higher rank perhaps than any other, as a general panacea and universal detergent. These went hand in hand on their profusely beneficent mission, — an "angelical conjunction," as Cotton Mather might have termed it. In every household with any pretence to a good sanitary status, these elegant extracts were constantly within call. In that of Dr. John C. Warren a nice little saucepan of seductive senna was at all hours kept by the thrifty housewife in a persuasive

bubble on the hob, ready for the first intimations of corporeal derangement. In this way it was thought that a subtle process of cure, even though unknown to the beneficiaries, went steadily and inevitably on; for those who did not take the mixture internally could not fail to imbibe its steaming essence through their pores, and in the all-pervading aroma of health even the transient visitor entertained angels unawares. Of such sanitary provisions as these Mason Warren during his boyhood was favored with even more than the ordinary share, and none the less that, his father being often away in the pursuit of his profession, the fond mother, anxious for her favorite son, naturally sought to make good his absence, and maternal solicitude doubled the dose which of itself was far more than enough.

In addition to these dubious means for the confirmation or recovery of his health, Mason was subjected to a dietetic treatment then popular with a great majority of the profession, — a treatment which now appears quite as extraordinary as the liberal infusion of drugs into his system. Its principal feature was a general abstention from food. Of this Dr. John C. Warren was always a warm advocate, and he never ceased to urge it upon his patients to the end of his career. He regarded it as an essential element in the management of every disease, and omitted no opportunity to commend it to his son. Even while the latter was in Paris, this was often the burden of the letters he received from his father, who regarded the habit of temperance as not merely a cure, but a preventive. Writing in regard to the death of a much lamented young physician of peculiar promise, he observes: —

"I have no doubt that both his attacks were brought on by too free a use of wine and food, and I mention this to you the more distinctly because I feel apprehensive of your suffering in the same way. Young persons confident in youth and strength ridicule the hints and warnings of experience; or if they do not

do thus, they forget them in the ardor of their pursuits. Providence has kindly spared you more than once, when most critically situated. It now lies with you to spare yourself by a life of steady temperance as to liquid and abstinence from solid food."

Again he says: "Eat little and avoid wine. Recollect that health of body and a good conscience are necessary to the accomplishment of great work." In another letter, "Be careful of dinner-parties. Health is easily lost and hardly regained." In Mason's youth his father rode this hobby to excess; and it certainly did not tend to promote his son's recovery from the illness which now afflicted him. His food was slowly reduced in quantity and in quality as his stomach grew weaker, till he was suffered to eat nothing but plain boiled rice with a pinch of salt and a little sugar thrice a day. At last, as he became more and more feeble, even the sugar was denied him, and then, partly from prostration, partly one may well suppose from utter disgust, he could no longer restrain his tears. The consummation of all this would undoubtedly have been the annihilation of dyspepsia and every other ailment then and forever, had it not been decided, as a forlorn hope, to test the effects of a voyage to Cuba. He had now grown so languid as to be unable to sit upright. His emaciation was such that he seemed "nothing but skin and bone and eyes." Too weak to walk, he was carried to the vessel on a mattress, his lustrous orbs still gleaming with the light of young hope, and peering wistfully into the future with spirits that held their own against all his exhaustion. Thus, like David of old, he became "a stranger unto his brethren and an alien unto his mother's children; for the zeal of his house had eaten him up."

CHAPTER III.

CUBA. — NEWPORT. — PROFESSIONAL STUDIES. — GRADUATION AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Mason sailed for Cuba in March, 1828, with his elder brother; and they reached Havana on the 23d of that month. Once on shipboard and beyond the reach of medication and the tactics of maternal fondness, he soon began to revive. Constitutionally he displayed a good reaction, and his naturally sanguine temperament availed him more than a dozen doctors. In his new state of emancipation he could not only eat sugar on his rice, but reject the whole delusion with impunity, and choose the food he liked. Rhubarb and senna vanished with his father's roof-tree; and the sea-air that replaced them proved an admirable tonic, extorting latent drugs from every pore. On reaching his destination he found himself already on the way to recovery; nor did his progress in that direction cease during his stay in the island. April 1, he wrote to his mother: —

"We have now been here a week, and are both in much better health than when we left Boston. My health in particular is so much better, and my looks so much improved that I think you would scarcely know me. I have gained considerable flesh, and suffer very slightly from indigestion in comparison to what I did at home. . . . I gain more and more daily, and hope that in the course of a fortnight I shall be wholly well."

The young men were received into the house of Mr. William Savage, to whom they had taken letters of intro-

duction. They were treated with every possible hospitality, and nothing was left undone to promote the objects of their visit. Under date of April 6, their host informs Dr. Warren that Mason "is in good spirits and exceedingly interesting, and there is nothing that we would not all do for him. . . . They have now been in the island a fortnight, and this morning they drove out to the beautiful coffee estates of Mr. Nathaniel Fellowes, about thirty miles from this city." Dr. Osgood, who was particularly attentive to their wants and devoted to Mason, also writes, April 14: —

"Since his arrival he has gained a great deal in strength and fulness of habit. He has taken no medicine except a few doses of castor oil mixed with hot coffee. We bake the unsifted flour you sent me, and I find it makes very good bread. It is such as the wrestlers used in old times for strengthening the limbs."[1]

The sons continued their stay in Cuba until the end of April, when they took passage in a small vessel for New York, leaving with infinite regret the tropical luxuriance and bland climate of the West Indies. On Mason's arrival home he was hailed as one from the dead; for his friends, and especially his mother, had scarcely expected to behold him again on this side of the grave, so sad had been his condition when they bade him farewell. They rejoiced in his returning life; and it was matter of thankful congratulation, both to them and to him, that during all this illness his spirits had not lost their accustomed buoyancy, while the serene confidence of youth still faced the future with a trust that saw nothing beyond its powers.

[1] This bread was made of unbolted wheat; and Dr. John C. Warren was the first of his profession to set its merits before the world, and insist on its use in a certain class of complaints. In his "Biographical Notes" he thus refers to it: "About the year 1825 I found out the use of bread made of unbolted flour, and introduced it into Boston, though with great difficulty and much ridicule."

As it was desirable that his health should be thoroughly established and not overtasked by too great exertion, Mason spent the next few months in comparative idleness and general recreation. A large part of the summer saw him at Castle Hill, the farm of his grandfather, Governor Collins, near Newport, whither he went with his mother. This was situated on the high and massive uplands, about three miles east of the town, which stand well out in the ocean, towards which they broadly slope in nearly every direction. Nothing could be grander than the view they offer, or more cool and invigorating than the breezes that sweep over them; and, as had been hoped, the reviving air materially aided Mason's progress. In August his mother informed her husband that he was "in fine health, and has gained flesh." "I have been very well since my stay in Newport," wrote Mason, "much better than at any time during the last three years, excepting the cold on my lungs, which I find impossible to get rid of." To this may be added another letter to his father, which shows his moral tone and natural strength of character. It bears date Aug. 21, 1828: —

"You mentioned in your last letter to Mamma your fears and a caution to me against gaming and drinking; against these I think that I am secure, having been sufficiently tried during my residence at the Havana among a gaming and licentious set, and where, when sick with nothing to do, having been often tempted to engage in cards and billiards for the sake of some excitement, I have never consented. My playing billiards at Nahant, to which I suppose you refer, was but for a few times, and then only for the sake of exercise and amusement, but never for gaming. I have been often tempted to drink both wine and brandy abroad and at sea, when sick, but have always abstained from them only after dinner and then sparingly, except claret and water, which for the want of good water was necessary.[1] . . . In permitting me to be my own master so

[1] In this age few can thoroughly appreciate the self-control and independence of character required in Mason Warren's day to abstain entirely from alcoholic

much during this last year, and being so much indulged, I have felt that a great deal of confidence had been reposed in me, and have endeavored that it should not be misused. I hope you will find it not misplaced."

Farther on, in reference to his own disappointed wishes for a college education, he says: —

"I hope that Sullivan will fill the place that was intended for me. His talents are very good, and will entitle him to a high standing if improved. There is nothing that will be of more use to him than good composition, which I myself know from experience. I hope that he will be successful next Monday."

Shortly after his return from Newport, as yet unvisited by the world of fashion, and where "there were not a dozen cottages, and the quaint little town dozed quietly along its bay," another opportunity presented itself of testing that sea cure from which he had already derived such signal benefit. Mr. Horace Gray, a wealthy merchant, was about to sail for Europe in one of his own vessels with Mrs. Gray, an invalid for whose advantage the voyage was to be undertaken at the suggestion of her physician. Having fresh in his mind the result of his Cuban trip, Mason was glad to avail himself of the happy chance thus thrown in his way.[1] The auspices under which he departed were most promising; but, unluckily, the issue was different from that anticipated. Instead of a long absence on the other shore of the Atlantic, at the end of a month, much to the surprise of his family, he again made his appearance

drinks as a beverage. By nearly all his associates such a course was regarded as "a priggish and ridiculous asceticism." He might have been socially tabooed, had it not been for his position and the many manly qualities that entitled him to esteem.

[1] On this occasion, in accordance with a custom that has now fallen into disuse, he obtained a passport from the authorities of his native State, instead of the General Government. It was issued to him as "A Citizen of our Commonwealth, going to Europe," and bears date November 3, 1828, being signed by Governor Lincoln and giving the usual description of his person.

in Park Street, and informed them that so far from improving with the progress of her voyage, Mrs. Gray had grown steadily worse; and her husband, as the only remedy to her acute sufferings, had ordered the ship to be put about in mid-ocean, and headed for home. Though this peremptory change in his plans caused much disappointment to Mason, he gained still further in strength thereby, and the bracing salt breezes apparently completed his cure.

With reviving powers and fresh enthusiasm, Mason now gave himself unreservedly to the vocation he had chosen for his life's work. As to the nature of this vocation he had ever been able to see clearly, and could now have no possible hesitation. In this respect he might certainly be deemed fortunate beyond many of his associates. Not only the circumstances that had influenced him, but his own preferences from the beginning had impelled him in one direction. He was not like his father, who at first hated his professional studies, as he himself declared, and had no peculiar bias for any occupation, but had been urged to surgical pursuits by the stimulus of a good conscience and a stern sense of duty. To his son, on the contrary, it seemed to stand not within the prospect of belief that a Warren should be anything but a surgeon, or could fail to lend his aid towards perpetuating the fame, policy, and traditions of his family. He had imbibed his profession, as it were at the beginning, from the maternal breast, from the very air he breathed, from the silent pressure of a thousand hidden influences, which increased with his years, until he perceived that he centred the hopes of his parents and the prestige of their name. He began his studies under the guidance of his father, who was at that period the most eminent practitioner in New England, a man of iron will, a born autocrat, who ruled the whole professional fraternity with a superb and absolute sway

from which few could hope to appeal with any chance of success.[1]

The advantages thus open to Mason from the outstart were a tower of strength, and in some ways could hardly be overestimated, though they were to a certain degree offset by professional rivalry, or even by envy, jealousy, and personal abuse, arising from his social position and his connection with his father, — injuries which he did his best to ignore till he had asserted his own merits and lived them down. Dr. John C. Warren had now been for fifteen years the successor of his father, Dr. John Warren, in the chair of anatomy and surgery at the Harvard Medical School, then located on Mason Street, — a school of which the latter was the actual founder; and here Mason entered his name as a student in the fall of 1830, though continuing his studies at his father's house, where he not only saw much practice, but was able to contribute no small share thereto himself.

To any right-minded youth thus situated there would have been ample cause for exertion, apart from all considerations of personal profit; and Mason was not one to overlook any reasonable claim upon him, whatever form it might take, or from whatever source it might arise. He was largely conscious of the past, and hence all the more sensitive as to its equitable demands. Everything, in whatever direction he looked, tended to give him the

[1] This vigorous self-assertion and tenacity of purpose, disdaining all competition, were peculiar to the Warrens from their earliest history, and were undoubtedly main sources of their success. They were characteristic to a remarkable degree of Mason's grandfather. Dr. Ephraim Eliot, in his "Account of the Physicians of Boston" who were most eminent in his own day, — that is, at the close of the last century, — observes: "*They did not love each other*, and all were determined to put down Warren; but they could not: he rose triumphant over them all." Farther on he adds: "One night, Dr. Rand returned home from one of these professional meetings, and, addressing himself to me, he said, 'Eliot, that Warren is an artful man, and will get to windward of us all.'" In 1783 Dr. John Warren was attacked by a fever so severe that his life was shortly despaired of by all the profession except Dr. Joseph Gardner, who shrewdly observed, "That young man is so determined to recover that he will succeed in spite of his disease," — a remark amply justified by the patient's reputation, and destined to be further illustrated by his cure.

position of a pioneer among pioneers, — one might say "in the fore front of the hottest battle." Hence success was impressed upon him as a sort of moral obligation, a duty not to be ignored. The past had asserted its prerogatives in a way that he could not overlook as a gentleman, to take no other view thereof; and he undertook the work that faced him with the old ancestral energy, conscientiousness, integrity, and lofty aims.

Mason was proud of his lineage, and gloried in the illustrious name that had been bequeathed to him by the founders of his family. The worthy record of these manly sires, standing out in bold relief against the oblivion of time, had a deep and pregnant influence on his own life from its earliest years. Their glorious purposes and exalted characters were ever before him. Their names were always vividly apparent to his sight as they shone with undying lustre in the firmament where their nobility of soul and spotless aspirations had forever placed them. To him, by reason of their high endeavor, the very air was purer, the sky was clearer, the sun gave forth a brighter lustre. With honest satisfaction he never ceased to exult that he came from the vigorous stock of which nations are made; that his predecessors were good men and true, — men who thought no sacrifice too painful where great principles were at stake, — men who, stayed by the refreshment of imperishable deeds and urged by a divine instinct, wrought calmly on, upheld by a faith that knew no fatigue, no despair, no change, but, confiding in an ever-present hope, looked with assured peace to the world beyond for their reward.

Could Mason live to make so great a name as his still more illustrious, how splendid the return! Here was a prize that might well encourage one to rise superior to the woes of the world and to death itself, while it might gild the very gloom of the grave. It was not to be his

privilege to stain with his life the consecrated ground, like him —

> "Whose devoted faith
> Snatched Freedom's charter from the arms of death;"

but there were other fields of honor to be won, and towards these he moved with no unsteady tread. He foresaw that his career was to be no play. He never surveyed the future through rose-colored glasses. Its demands and its sacrifices, no less than its laurels, were in every shape thoroughly appreciated and liberally acknowledged. It was a debt that weighed upon him with an ever-present sense of responsibility. There should be no dawdling on with aimless aim. He had no right to leave unimproved an inheritance so rich as his. It should be the better for his use thereof. Thus it was by no means entirely from predilection that he gave up everything to his profession. He had other tastes that delighted him well, and the refining tendencies of which might have easily beguiled one not so strongly committed to the claims of duty; but to these he knew he must not yield, since his profession was exacting, and asked for all that his health could bear, leaving no surplus vigor for other studies or accomplishments. Thus he calmly and trustfully buckled down to his labor, setting his face toward the morning, and moving on with a quiet healthy enthusiasm, burning low but intensely, and stimulated by its very purity. For the moment he flung ancestral dignity and pride of place to the winds, and found no detail too distasteful for his energies, provided it could aid his progress. He was ardent with the glow of coming manhood; for returning strength had also inflamed his ambition, — an ambition nowise diminished by the sight of a rising coterie of young physicians around him, of whom several were proving themselves almost his equals in promising talent and in the eagerness of their aspirations.

The simple fact that Mason had deliberately chosen the surgical profession as his own was another fertile source of his success, and gave large promise for his future from the beginning. From his youth up it had been a peculiar characteristic of his mind to regard with pride and a most active interest everything that belonged to him by birth or acquirement, or was in any way closely connected with his daily life. It became identified with him quickly and forever merely from this fact, and formed as it were part and parcel of his very being. This view, once taken, he never lost; and it naturally led him to see all his surroundings through a peculiar medium, and to magnify them into enlarged reality. In his eyes they were exalted into a rare importance simply from their connection with him, and it gave them a right to every form of devotion at his hands. This feeling was widely extended, and embraced not only his family, his home, and every aspect of domestic interest, but his native city, his State, and country as well. He was patriotic and public-spirited in the broadest sense. He was a true child of the soil. Boston was his city, Massachusetts was his State, New England was particularly his country. To each and all of these he was very sensible of certain duties, of which he never could bring himself to be negligent. It should not be his fault if they failed to profit by his designs for their benefit. He would ever do what he could to make these of the best. His love for his profession, especially in later years when his fame was widely extended, was deeply saturated with this determination. He wished to be a representative Bostonian, a representative citizen of his own State, a representative New-Englander. For the attainment of this end he shrank from no toils, no sacrifices. He had always before him a high standard of merit; and success, should he live to secure it, would shed lustre not only on himself but on those others for whom he had striven. His honor would be their honor; and wherever

his name might be borne it would be hailed with eulogy as that of one who had liberal aims and noble objects, untainted by selfish motives of personal aggrandizement.

As Mason progressed in his medical studies he was highly pleased to find himself capable of a good amount of persistent work, both mental and bodily. He was delighted to be able to prove the truth of the maxim that "labor, after all, is the only thing which never palls on a man." He certainly needed no urging to do all that his powers would allow him for his advancement. Thanks to his father, his energies were well directed, and he was never obliged to grope in the dark. The benefit of his father's experience could not be overestimated. To one of his parts nothing was lost, and he soon became more self-reliant and capable of independent action, and thus able within certain limits to free himself from parental or other aid. He gave evidence of a dexterous hand, and of a judgment and sound sense remarkable for his years. It needed no particular shrewdness to discern his rapidly maturing faculties; his intuitions, quick and clear; an unfailing tact and a readiness to eliminate truth from uncertain theories; an unusual capacity for adapting the learning of the past to the uses of the present, and even for shedding on it some piercing light of his own. His prescriptions were also made out with a moderation and self-control remarkable in face of the temptations to which he was exposed. The seed had not only been sown on fertile soil, but was already bearing a harvest. It could easily be perceived that the family name would not suffer at his hands. By the end of three years he had made such obvious progress that hosts of friends, both in the profession and out of it, bore tribute to his talents and promise for the future.

In 1832 Mason graduated at the Medical School, and took his degree on the 25th of February, having just before reached his twenty-first birthday. The class num-

bered twenty-seven, among whom was his near friend Dr. Henry I. Bowditch. The subject of his thesis was "The Comparative Anatomy of the Digestive Organs in the Four Classes of Vertebral Animals,"— a thorough and well-studied essay, written with great perspicuity, as by one who had full command of his material, and had wrought out his conclusions with love of his theme and no small insight into the details thereof. It was rich with quotations from the best authorities of the day, and with many minute facts and observations that showed the anatomical knowledge of the writer. It was, from every point of view, a creditable production, and might even now be perused with interest and profit by any one who sought to know the progress then made in the department of which it treated.

As a proof of the relations existing between father and son, — relations that never suffered the slightest change till they were sundered by death, — a letter of advice is here given, which was addressed to Mason when he was about to begin his preparatory studies. It will serve to show his father's abiding interest in his son's material welfare; the zeal that he felt for the latter's professional progress, and his earnest desire to lay broad and deep the foundations which his own experience had led him to believe essential to solid achievement in this world and peace in the next.

Boston, March 27, 1830.

Dear Mason, — Some things I have wished to say to you at some time I think it best to commit to writing, that they may be more distinctly and permanently impressed on your mind.

I. In regard to your health. The profession you propose to follow requires health, and is favorable to health. Now is the time to fortify yourself, and acquire that vigor necessary to successful and comfortable practice of physic. In order to this you must exercise unwearied caution: (1) As to your eating, never to overfill your stomach, and always select such articles

as are most easy of digestion and calculated to regulate the bowels. These you must learn by experience and observation; and when anything goes wrong come to me. Avoid stimulants of all kinds. (2) Exercise. Athletic exercises are of the greatest necessity and importance to you. Now is the time to get strength, — now or never. Pursue this with constant and unabated ardor. Riding, walking, such gymnastics as you can practise. Frictions morning and night.

II. Studies. Your situation gives you an admirable opportunity for acquiring medical knowledge, if you rightly improve it. In acquiring and storing knowledge the most efficient means is to write down what you acquire every night. This has the double advantage of giving you knowledge and strengthening the mental powers. A person who has not had a college education must take additional pains to invigorate his *thinking* and *reasoning* faculties. This is best done by *writing*. *Authorship* or composition is obtained in this way, and the faculty of writing or composing is indispensable to a medical man. (2) In order to obtain mechanical skill you ought daily to practise something mechanical, however simple, even sawing or cutting sticks with a penknife, and often try your left hand. (3) You may get a vast deal of information from me by seeking it. My mind is so much occupied that I do not think to tell you a thousand things which I have learnt and am willing to communicate. These you must seek. If you make a practice of coming into my room the later part of the evening, it will be useful; for though I am always occupied and often fatigued, I shall be glad to have you come and get out of me what you can. (4) Observe everything closely. You are apt to be too quick and superficial in your views. This must be overcome by exertion.

III. Morals. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, and it will give you agreeable manners. Young men anxious to get on are apt to become sour. But your course is, with reasonable exertions, so plain a one that you have only to labor steadily without being uneasy as to the result. Avoid a reserved and too silent demeanor among your friends and family. (2) In your intercourse with young men, be careful to select such as are of good character and whose conversation may be profitable to you. A man is known by his company. Avoid those who are fond of theatres and dissipation. Whenever you wish to go to the

theatre always speak to me of it beforehand ; and as you know it has been with me an invariable rule to have my family quiet at ten, so never stay out beyond this time without previous communication with me, or, if it be a common party, with your mother. I do not wish to restrain you from any salutary pleasure, but my experience is more than yours and better able to guide. 3. Above all, cultivate a high sense of religious feeling and duty. This is the proper security to morals, and it is the greatest and only resource in trouble. Adhere to the Episcopal Church. Fluctuations are dangerous, and unsettle the mind. Many more things I could say, but fear to burden you ; and so farewell.

Your affectionate father,

J. C. Warren.[1]

[1] This letter strikingly recalls in style and tone that addressed by Dr. James Jackson to his talented son under similar circumstances. No one aware of the cordial friendship that existed between Dr. Jackson and Dr. John C. Warren — and which was so fully and sincerely continued by the former to the subject of this memoir — can have failed to observe how profoundly it was based on a mutual devotion to the same high aims, and especially on the same sympathy for every form of moral and religious attainment. In spite of many patent differences of manner and conduct, the inner lives of these able and excellent men were really modelled after one great type. The truth of this is clearly shown in the advice of each to his son when about to pursue his studies abroad.

"There is a risk of life," wrote Dr. Jackson, "and it would indeed alter the aspect of my future days if I did not hope to have you by my side and to leave you behind me in this world ; but this is the smallest risk by far. Whether we pass a few short years together in this world is comparatively of little consequence ; whether we meet in a better world is of immeasurable importance. This depends on ourselves, on the strict regard to morality which we both maintain ; a morality, in Dr. Holyoke's sense, which includes piety, — a regard to our Maker as well as to ourselves and fellow-men." Again he writes : "In temptation I think you will first think of home, and then cast your eyes higher, — to the home we all ultimately hope for, and to the Father who is better than any earthly parent." Well might his noble son say in reply : "My heart beats and my eyes fill ; my hopes are brightened and my resolutions are strengthened, as I advance, in reading your kind letter of affection and advice. Be assured I will not neglect the opportunities which I am about to enjoy. My constant prayer is to God, that he will give me strength, moral and mental, to improve them to the utmost.'

CHAPTER IV.

EUROPEAN TRAVELS AND STUDIES. — THE CHOLERA. — LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS.

Having advanced thus far in his professional career, Dr. Warren discovered that he had again reached the limit of his endurance; and for the second time his health began to give way from hard work and excessive devotion to his favorite pursuits. He became pale and thin, while his strength slowly failed from day to day. He also suffered much pain, and depression of spirits as well, from dyspepsia, — a disorder which was ultimately to taint his whole life. His appetite grew less and less. Under these circumstances he was naturally led to reflect on the benefits that had accrued from his former voyages, and the refreshment that a similar remedy might still provide for his exhausted forces. Everything was to be expected from a few weeks on the ocean, especially if followed by a prolonged foreign tour, which would insure many a permanent advantage to both body and mind. In addition to this it was now the time, if ever, to carry out his own and his father's plans in regard to a course of professional study in Europe. The latter had laid the foundations of his career by a close attendance at the medical schools and hospitals of London and Paris for more than three years. The inducements offered to a young physician at that period not only yet existed, but had largely increased, particularly in Paris, where the learning and ability of the professors, and the size and appointments of the hospitals over which they pre-

sided surpassed all that could be found elsewhere. Dr. Warren had long felt an eager and irresistible desire to enjoy these superior attractions; and with this sentiment his father had a natural sympathy, the more so from his son's professional ambition and sound principles. An excellent opportunity soon appeared for crossing the Atlantic under promising auspices; and on Sunday, March 25, 1832, Dr. Warren set sail from Boston in the ship "Dover," Captain Nye, with a numerous party of friends.[1]

As the hour of departure approached, both the ship and the pier at which she lay — Long Wharf — presented a scene of much animation, all the more striking from the usual repose apparent on the Sabbath in that locality. Sunday still continued to be observed in Boston with a stringent display of the old Puritanic rigor, and public opinion was impatient of all levity beyond a certain well-defined limit. One might not even smile too broadly in the shadowy presence of the austere founders of the State on that day. Upon this occasion the ordinary bustle caused by the sailing of a large and handsome merchantman would have given rise to no little excitement; but if to this be added the lively chatter and hearty adieux of numberless friends and relatives who had come to see the last of the voyagers, it will be easy to infer that the affair was likely to make an indelible impression on all present, the more so from the social standing of the participants, which was of the very best and magnified it into an event of positive importance. On leaving the harbor, Captain Nye shaped his course for Charleston, South Carolina, where the greater part of his passengers were to land, and where he was to exchange

[1] The list of passengers, as published in the "Advertiser," was as follows: "William Appleton, Esq., and servant; Dr. J. M. Warren; Dr. S. C. Greene; B. D. Greene, Esq., and lady; Misses Greene and Quincy, and attendant; Miss Perkins; H. B. Rogers, Esq., and lady; William E. Payne, Esq.; and Mr. W. S. Bullard, all of this city."

his cargo of Yankee and other notions for cotton, and then make the best of his way to Liverpool. This route to Europe would appear somewhat circuitous in these days of rapid transit from one shore of the Atlantic to another; but at that time it was by no means unfrequent, being required by the necessities of commerce. Dr. Warren spent a fortnight at Charleston, — being seriously ill during a portion of the time, — when the "Dover" was again ready to sail, and he parted from all the companions of his voyage with one exception, his friend Dr. John S. C. Greene, who was also on his way to pursue his professional studies in Europe. The detention at Charleston had been very agreeable in spite of his illness, and he did not for a moment regret the change from the raw east-winds of New England to the mild spring breezes of the south, nor that from the capricious sea to *terra firma*. From the voyage thus far he had derived no benefit; on the contrary, it had decidedly increased the general prostration from which he was already suffering when he left home. Even his strength of will was powerless in presence of continual nausea; and he could do little or nothing to mitigate that weariness and discomfort which incessantly weighed him down, in unfortunate contrast to his former experience on the water. His natural flow of brightness was replaced by a never-yielding ennui; and he who ordinarily would have been overflowing with abundant cheerfulness now saw himself reduced to the extreme of dulness and indescribable lassitude.[1] For

[1] When Dr. Warren was on the eve of departure for Europe, his father procured a small blank book and had it handsomely bound. Mindful of the temptations of a foreign sojourn, and of the need which a young man ever feels of guidance when away from those to whom he has been wont to look for counsel and protection, he inscribed with his own hands in this book many rules of conduct, the dictates of his own wide observation, learning, and sound judgment, and gave it to his son to take with him. In an appendix to this memoir, these rules are printed in full, that the reader may perceive how deep was the love of the parent for his son, and how full their mutual confidence; how tender the solicitude he felt for his lasting prosperity; and the care with which he always brought forward for his benefit the crystallized wisdom of his own earnest and prolific life.

this, not even the fair weather and favorable winds that accompanied him to the end of his passage from Charleston afforded a remedy; and it was not until he landed in Liverpool on the 29th of May, that he recovered any great degree of strength or even a portion of his former elasticity of spirits.[1]

At this point of their journey the travellers became conscious of an atmosphere of excitement which was strikingly contrasted with the dull tedium of an ocean passage. Sea-sickness and dyspepsia combined were melancholy enough in their effects, and not a little demoralizing; but they were mere casual incidents compared with the malady in the presence of which Dr. Warren and his companion now found themselves. The year 1832 will long be remembered as an *annus mirabilis* for many reasons, particularly for the ravages of death. In fact, it might well be termed the *annus mortis*. The decease of Sir Walter Scott, Cuvier, Goethe, Napoleon's son, and a score of other illustrious men would ever have served to fix it deeply in the minds of those who came after them; but the ravages of the Asiatic cholera gave it a direful prominence which will never be forgotten. When Dr. Warren reached Liverpool, the progress of this plague had already become alarming. In that city the cases amounted to ten per day, while the tidings of its havoc were continually arriving from other parts of Great Britain as well as from the Continent, where the epidemic had assumed a more appalling shape than had been seen in Christendon for centuries. Almost the first entry in Dr. Warren's European Journal records that "the news

[1] Dr. Warren was not so good a sailor as his father, whose tenacious pluck and stoicism enabled him to hold his own on the water as he did on land in spite of every opposing influence. When crossing the ocean in the "George Washington," he wrote to his son as follows: —

"*At sea, June* 24, 1837. — For eight days we have had contrary winds, rain, mist, gales, and a tremendous sea; the decks often inundated, and once the cabin windows beaten in and the cabin submerged, so that we could do nothing below or above. My sea-sickness, however, was slight, and not such as to deprive me of any meal."

from Paris gives dreadful accounts of its attacks in that city, one thousand deaths and over *per diem*, and not confined to the lower classes." Nor was this an exaggeration. In France alone, from the 15th of March, when the first case was identified, to the end of the coming September, there were 229,534 sufferers from this disease, and 94,666 deaths, of which 12,723 occurred in the month of April alone. Paris was fearfully smitten; and during the above period 44,811 of its inhabitants were prostrated, 18,402 with fatal results. The pest struck its blows with a speedy virulence, distressing to witness, and almost verified the remark of a famous physician of that day who said, "Elle commence par où les autres finissent, par la mort." In the metropolis it attacked all classes alike; and many eminent persons fell before it, including Casimir Périer, the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe. A universal panic seized upon every one from the highest to the lowest. Terrible and sanguinary scenes became familiar to all. The dead accumulated in houses and hospitals, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the living could be induced to bury them. Dr. Warren's intimate friend, — Dr. James Jackson, Jr., then in the French capital, — whose premature decease shortly after this time was so greatly deplored, gave himself up to the most minute and persistent studies of this scourge, and remained several weeks courageously at his post in defiance of every danger. In a letter to his father dated April 1, he says, —

"I lament to tell you that the cholera, which was yet a little doubtful when I last wrote (three days since), is now reigning in Paris, and I must add, to a frightful degree. To this moment there are three hundred cases, and a full half already dead."

Later he observes: —

"Now, for the disease: in one word, it is death. Truly, at Hôtel Dieu, where I have seen fifty and more in a ward, it

is almost like walking through an autopsy room; in many nothing but the act of respiration shows that life still exists. . . . The physicians are in a state of the greatest incertitude, not knowing which way to turn. . . . I can only say that the disease is in truth almost a conversion instantaneously from life to death." [1]

With some natural misgivings, but not suffering himself to be discouraged by the outlook, — it was assuredly the wisest course he could have followed, — Dr. Warren proceeded to carry out the plans with which he had started. These he could pursue, especially so far as his profession was concerned, under most favorable conditions. His father had now a transatlantic reputation, and a large correspondence with prominent members of the faculty in Europe, and the letters he gave his son would insure him every attention; while the latter, with his winning manners and studious desire of improvement, would be certain to add to the interest that his father might have awakened in his behalf. On the day after he reached Liverpool, being provided with an introduction by Mr. Bickersteth, "the most eminent surgeon of the place," he visited the Infirmary and the Lunatic Asylum, also the Blind Asylum, all which he examined with care and thoroughness. On the afternoon of June 3, he left for Chester; the 4th saw him in Birmingham, whence, by way of Warwick and Oxford, travelling by coach, he reached London on the 8th. He enjoyed this journey to all appearance with considerable zest,

[1] It was characteristic of the Parisians that they should take advantage of the reigning dismay to add another element of horror and confusion. The funeral of General Lamarque — another victim of cholera — on the 5th of June gathered an immense crowd of Carlists, Republicans, and Revolutionists of every degree, who were quickly inflamed into an insurrection by their leaders. This was not long in assuming formidable proportions, as the insurgents strengthened themselves in various churches, and behind barricades in the narrow streets, and fought with desperation. They were not conquered till nearly three thousand had been killed and wounded after two days of hard fighting, whereupon an ordinance was issued declaring martial law, and placing the city in a state of siege.

though a timid person would have met with many drawbacks. The cholera was not so deadly in its effects as in France; yet the victims were very numerous, so much so as to give rise to the wildest excitement at Birmingham, Manchester, and other important towns in the interior, where turbulent mobs were roaming to and fro at will, burning and plundering, having been inflamed by reports that the wells had been poisoned with the design of destroying the lower classes, — reports which gained easier credence since the plague in England appeared to attack only the squalid, the needy, and the dissolute, and seldom those in easy circumstances. If to this state of affairs be added the fact that the whole land was in the midst of the wildest political furor it had ever known, the system of rotten boroughs being in its last agonies, and the reform bill in the throes of its tumultuous birth,[1] one may have some comprehension of the prospect that lay outspread before peaceful tourists bent on nothing but mutual improvement and professional profit.

On the day after his arrival in London, Dr. Warren engaged rooms at No. 125 Regent Street, and began a round of activity which lasted till the end of his stay in that city. On Sunday, June 10, he attended service at St. Paul's, and visited Lord Lyndhurst at Hyde Park Terrace. June 11, he met his friend Jackson, who confirmed the reports concerning the cholera at Paris. On the next day he presented his letter of introduction to Sir Astley Cooper, — "he lives in Conduit Street, not in any style," — "who received us very pleasantly, read my letter, and immediately entered into conversation with regard to a book he had just published. He asked me to breakfast

[1] May 23, 1832, Carlyle writes: "Democracy gets along with accelerated pace, — whither? Old borough-mongers seemingly quite desperate; meetings, resolutions, black flags and white flags (some even mount a petticoat in reference to the Queen), threatenings, solemn covenants (to oust Toryism), run their course over all the Isles. Wellington is at the stake (in effigy) in all the market towns."

with him on Thursday." [1] In the evening Dr. Warren went to the King's Theatre to attend the first authentic performance in England of "Robert le Diable." It was received by an immense audience "with grand acclamations." As we learn from Dr. Warren's journal that he was "obliged to stand the whole evening," and as the curtain, which rose at nine, did not fall till twenty minutes before two, we may reasonably conclude that he had regained a fair share of his lost strength. On Wednesday he accompanied Sir Charles Bell on his rounds through Middlesex Hospital, and the next day breakfasted with Sir Astley, "who is now," he writes to his father, "about sixty-five years of age. He has a tall, noble, commanding figure, slightly inclined to corpulency, which, however, hardly appears, as he wears his clothes tight, with his frock-coat buttoned up to the neck. His first expression is peculiarly agreeable and good-humored, placing the stranger immediately at his ease. He becomes more serious as he talks, which he does to the point, always bringing forward some subject of interest to his visitor. He is certainly a very king in his profession, beloved and respected by all his contemporaries. He desired to be remembered to you. He has given up most of his practice, and now merely attends to consultations at his own house. 'How your father would like to see my preparations of the thymus gland!' he exclaimed.[2] 'I shall send him a specimen one of these days.' These, and others no less fine, were all made by himself. He works on them every morning before breakfast. He says he

[1] The last social invitation accepted by Dr. Warren was from Mr. Gardner Brewer to meet Mr. George Peabody at dinner on the 11th of April, 1867. On the next day he wrote in his journal, "Mr. Peabody looks very much like Sir Astley Cooper."

[2] It is pleasant to know that Dr. Warren's father lived to enjoy and appreciate to the full this privilege. In 1837, while partaking of the hospitalities of Sir Astley in London, he wrote to a friend: "His injections are among the most beautiful and fortunate that now exist. Those of the thymus gland finely illustrate the anatomy of this organ, and go far to establish its physiology."

never publishes any theory that he cannot demonstrate. He is now investigating one of the simplest parts of the human body, which no one has thought of examining before. Sir Astley's conversation was most entertaining on other subjects, as well as those I have mentioned, and was enlivened by anecdotes of Dupuytren, Key, and other professional leaders whom he knows intimately."

On the 19th of the month Dr. Warren saw Miss Frances Anne Kemble and her father in the "Hunchback," at Covent Garden Theatre. The next day he visited his sister Susan, then Mrs. Charles Lyman, who with her husband and son had just arrived in London from the Continent. On the 21st Mr. Key, the great operator, took Dr. Warren over Guy's Hospital. "He asked me where Boston was, in what State, whether we had a medical school, who were the medical men, who was the lecturer on anatomy, etc. He said he had heard of Dr. Warren." The Fourth of July was celebrated by a dinner at Richmond with his relatives. In the evening he heard Brougham speak in the House of Lords, and O'Connell in the Commons. July 5, he writes: "Sir Walter Scott still remains in town. He is alive, but very low." His last day in London was the 9th of July, when he breakfasted with Dr. Clarke, afterwards Sir James, "who was very polite, and gave me a number of letters to Edinburgh, York, etc." The following morning saw him on his route to Cambridge, whence he made his way in four days to York. There the cholera was causing great alarm. "The assizes have been deferred on account of it, and many families have left town. The disease has been raging here about six weeks, and out of three hundred and twenty-four cases there have been one hundred and fourteen deaths. The population is about twenty-four thousand." July 15, he quitted York for Newcastle, passing through Darlington, "a very pretty town of six thousand inhabitants. It has been very warm on

the reform question, going so far as to stop every person who passed through the village and demanding their political opinions. The carriage of one of the anti-reform dukes was attacked and stoned while passing the town, and the Duke himself narrowly escaped being seized by the mob." July 17 saw him in Edinburgh, where he stayed till the end of the month, receiving many kind attentions from Liston, Syme, and other leaders of the profession, and carefully visiting the various hospitals and infirmaries. Here he met again Dr. Jackson, and took an excursion with him to Stirling. On the 1st of August the two doctors, having parted from Dr. Greene, who had gone on an expedition into the Highlands, quitted Edinburgh for Perth, "one of the most ancient and prettiest towns in Scotland. It is said that when Agricola approached it with his army in advancing into the country of the Caledonians, they were so much struck with its resemblance to Rome and the banks of the Tiber, that with one consent they cried out, 'Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!'" The third day of his jaunt they were at Inverness, having gone seventy miles by coach, the latter part "over the Grampian Hills, through the most barren and desolate country in Scotland, nothing to be seen but barren hills covered with moss, with here and there a flock of black-faced sheep, looking like negro women dressed in white gowns. Young Norval was justified in his escape from his father." In ten days the travellers returned to Edinburgh, having visited much of the most impressive scenery of Scotland, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to its enjoyment, — agreeable companionship, freedom from care and luggage, good weather, and joyous spirits. They rode and drove; at times they walked, with knapsacks. Now and then they achieved the respectability of a gig. When this could not be compassed they were well pleased to secure a cart, in which latter vehicle they reached Fort William,

"our horse without bits, driven by a rope tied to his nose." In this varied style they saw Loch Lomond and many other localities now well known to the world, but then of hardly developed fame. On the 9th of August they reached Loch Katrine. "As we approached this beautiful lake, and came in view of its quiet and placid waters, the scene was at once soothing and awful. To one not accustomed to the beautiful calmness of an inland lake the effect produced upon the mind cannot be conceived. We hired a boat and sailed down the lake, new beauties appearing at every move. As we entered the Trossachs and beheld Ellen's tree, so celebrated in Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' the view was the most beautiful that I have ever seen or conceived."

On the 14th of the month Dr. Warren again left the Scotch capital for a tour across the country, going to Lanark, and the falls of the Clyde, stopping at Glasgow, where the cholera was raging, — "two hundred cases daily, seventy or eighty deaths," [1] — and finally taking a steamboat for Staffa, over a boisterous sea. On his return he again passed through the Trossachs, saw Loch Katrine and the Braes of Balquhidder. At Edinburgh, on the 21st, he found letters from home which announced the arrival of the cholera in New York and Philadelphia. The mortality was said to be great, with a panic in

[1] In a letter to his brother at this time Carlyle writes, under date of August 31: "Cholera is spreading; is at Carlisle, at Ayr, at Glasgow; has hardly yet been in our county, — at least, only as imported. It is all over Cumberland. Four carriers, one of them from Thornhill, breakfasted together at Glasgow, and *all* died on the way home. The Thornhill one did, we know. It has gone back to Sunderland and Newcastle. Medical men can do *nothing* except frighten those that are frightable."

In a note on p. 230, vol. ii., of the Life of Thomas Carlyle, Mr. Froude says, speaking of this summer: "The cholera fell very heavily on Dumfries. For want of accommodation the sick were crowded together in a single large building, out of which few who had entered came forth alive. The town was terror-struck. Carlyle told me that the panic at last reached the clergy, who were afraid to go within the door of that horrible charnel-house to help the dying in their passage into eternity, but preached to them from the outside through the open windows."

Boston, and all communication cut off between that city and New York. On the 23d Dr. Warren went to Abbotsford, taking Melrose on his way. The interior of Scott's residence he could not see, as the great novelist lay dying within its walls, his last pulsations slowly ceasing amid the universal sorrow of that land on which his genius had dawned like a newly rising sun, gilding with its refined gold alike the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, the towering forms of its great men, and the rugged furrows which even its humblest characters had traced in the past. The staghound Brand, however, on whom Scott had bestowed the boon of his affection and the immortality of his pen, was still to be seen, and gave a mute and characteristic welcome. "On taking my place in the coach for Edinburgh," writes Dr. Warren, "an odd-looking gentleman with a wooden leg descended. Him I afterwards found to be the village schoolmaster, and by many supposed to be the original of 'Dominie Sampson,' having been always a man of the most eccentric manners and mode of expression. He had been the teacher for the last twenty years in the village; and Sir Walter took, no doubt, from his odd ways the idea of 'the stickit minister.' The gentleman who was my coach companion was also acquainted with another of the characters in 'Guy Mannering,' the original of 'Dandie Dinmont,' an honest farmer. Lord Castlereagh a few years since sent to him to purchase one of the pups of 'Pepper and Mustard,' to which the old man sent back rather a gruff answer. 'Do you think,' says he, 'that I am a-going to send up my pups to lie upon a carpet in Parliament?'" On the 24th Dr. Warren saw Edinburgh for the last time, as he left the town on that day with his friend Dr. Greene, for London, which he entered again on the 5th of September, having visited the lake district in the interval, as well as Buxton, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, and other noted places, the attractions

of which must have been sadly damped by the pouring rain, which he informs us fell without cessation during the whole journey. Everywhere he was brought face to face with the cholera. At Manchester he records seventy-six cases per day; in Liverpool, one hundred and two; "in Bitton, ten miles from Birmingham, of a population of twenty thousand, fifteen hundred have died the past week." The New York papers spoke of the ravages of the pestilence in that city, while in Philadelphia, on the 8th of August, there were one hundred and seventy-six sufferers and over seventy deaths.

Dr. Warren's arrival in London completed the first portion of his European tour, which from the very beginning must have been prolific in piquant and startling effects, greatly increased and made doubly impressive by their contrast with the rather tame and monotonous peacefulness he had left behind him in New England.

The ensuing ten days Dr. Warren spent in London. He employed them in a characteristic manner, by visiting hospitals and asylums in every direction, arduously seeking every addition to his professional resources. Nothing could exceed the kind civilities of the faculty in his behalf. He derived especial pleasure from operations for the stone, which he witnessed as done by Mr. Key and Mr. Babington. Meeting Mr. Bryant only six weeks from Boston, he learned that the latter had passed through New York within a month or so. "Cholera had produced there a horrid state of things. Shops all closed. Broadway deserted. Nothing in the way of business going on." The day before he left London, Dr. Warren called on Sir Astley Cooper, who gave him letters to Dupuytren, Roux, Civiale, and other great French surgeons. "In order to get on in the world, his advice was 'to rise early, to concentrate your powers on one object, and not to settle in a country town.'" Having

paid a final visit to the Veterinary Hospital, on the 16th he took coach for Brighton, whence on the 19th a steamer sailed for Dieppe.

London, Tuesday, June 12, 1832.

My dear Father, — I arrived in London last Friday evening, and have, according to Mr. Wiggin's [1] advice, taken rooms in a central part of the city. This morning I called with James Jackson on your old friend Sir Astley Cooper. After waiting half an hour or more in his drawing-room to take our turn among the numerous patients who had come to consult

[1] This name will excite a pleasing ripple in the memories of some who may still live to recall the London of fifty years ago. At that time Timothy Wiggin, "American Merchant," was one of the most popular and prosperous of foreign bankers. Long a member of the well-known Boston firm of B. & T. Wiggin, his sagacity and enterprise had led him in 1798 to seek to extend its business. Settling first in Manchester, England, where in 1806 he married a Miss Catherine Holme, of Stockport, he removed to London in 1825, and became the successor of the insolvent American banker, Samuel Williams. He soon acquired wealth and reputation. He was a generous host, and cordially welcomed all his friends to No. 50 Harley Street, a handsome mansion, where he lived in much state between Lord Redesdale and the Duke of Dorset. Unhappily the financial disasters of 1837 caused his suspension, and in 1842 he finally retired to his country place at Barnes, near London, where he died Feb. 1, 1856, leaving ten children.

In 1810 Timothy Wiggin was joined by his brother Benjamin, and their partnership continued both at home and abroad till 1825. The latter took up his abode in London, and there remained till 1845, with the exception of the period from 1821 to 1826, when he occupied a house on Beacon Street in this city. While in London, at No. 33 Upper Harley Street, and later at No. 28 Park Crescent, he entertained with as much style and comfort as his brother. In this he was most effectively aided by his wife, once Miss Charlotte Fowle, a woman of remarkable beauty and winning demeanor, whom he married Jan. 26, 1804, and who was the eldest of the six children of John Fowle, a farmer of Watertown, Mass. They were a handsome family, and the oldest and youngest daughters were famous for their personal charms. It was at the residence of Mr. Benjamin Wiggin that Mr. Samuel Welles, afterwards the opulent American banker of Paris, first met, wooed, and won Miss Adeline Fowle, the youngest sister of Mrs. Wiggin and seventeen years her junior. At the time of her marriage in 1816 she had not yet completed her eighteenth year, though her beauty of form and feature and her fascination of manner already foreshadowed that striking and brilliant career which she was destined to lead at so many European courts as the Marquise de Lavalette.

After their return to Boston in 1845 Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wiggin continued their wonted hospitality at No. 5 Pemberton Square, which is still well remembered by many of their guests. Here Mr. Wiggin died May 9, 1849, at the age of seventy-seven, without issue, having devised his estate of half a million to his widow and to his brother's numerous children. Mrs. Wiggin soon went to Paris, where she died April 27, 1853, in her seventy-first year, leaving to her sister Adeline her superb jewelry and the greater part of her handsome fortune.

him, we were finally ushered into his presence. He received us very cordially, inquired particularly after your health, and spoke of your former pupilage with him. From my recollections of the engraving you have in Boston, I should think he had grown corpulent of late, though the face is exact. He showed us a new work he had just published on the Thymus Gland, and explained the different plates in a most satisfactory manner. He said that having often perceived a milky substance flow from this gland in animals, particularly in the calf, he was led to suppose that its office might be in some way connected with the *fœtus in utero*, and by numerous injections he has detected a communication between the gland and the left jugular vein. The theory is very ingenious, and his experiments very beautiful and effective. The discovery, if it prove to be such, will be most valuable. He says he intends to send his work to you. I am to breakfast with him on Thursday, and if he does not offer me a copy I shall purchase one and forward it immediately. James Jackson was so delighted with the theory that I believe he proposes to write a notice of it in the Medical Journal. He was in Paris during the greatest ravages of the cholera, and has prepared a work on the epidemic which he has intrusted to his father for publication.

I called yesterday on Dr. Boott,[1] who gave me tickets for the Zoölogical Gardens. To-morrow I propose to visit John Hunter's Museum. I shall probably pass two or three weeks here. and then go to Edinburgh, stay a month or six weeks in Scotland, and proceed to Paris for the winter. Sir Astley, I think, will advise me to remain in London; but I have been led to believe that London offers far greater advantages to one who has previously studied in the French capital, — that is, if he has improved his time there; and so I shall undoubtedly begin in the latter city, though my plans are not entirely settled.

[1] In his "Annual Address delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, May 25, 1864," Dr. Mason Warren, alluding to those members who had died since the last meeting of the Society, mentions Dr. Boott with deep feeling among them, as "a native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard, for many years a resident of London, where he had gained high distinction as well for his professional skill as for his eminent scientific attainments, and had endeared himself to thousands of his countrymen by his kindly manners and considerate attentions. Although resident abroad for nearly fifty years, how many among us feel in his death the loss of a personal friend as well as of a most distinguished member of our profession!"

The cholera, though still prevalent here, is hardly spoken of as alarming; in fact, I did not until this afternoon discover that there were any cases in the city. The new method of treatment introduced by Dr. Stevens has of late caused some talk here. He says he has injected forty-eight pounds of water strongly impregnated with salt into the veins of a cholera patient without causing death, — that is, immediate death, — which was done in pursuance of a theory that the disease deprives the blood of its saline properties. Though this idea may be false, and the treatment is in most cases unsuccessful, the experiment is curious as showing what great quantities of foreign matter may be introduced into the circulation without destroying life. There are no new works here on the cholera of any consequence. Most of those already published are mere general statements of its progress in England, in Paris, and in the towns lately attacked; but as some of them may be of interest to you, I will send them as soon as I have discovered your bookseller, Mr. Hale.

Two more volumes have appeared of Dr. Bright's splendid work on the kidneys. It is very expensive, costing, I believe, nearly $100; but I will buy it, if you wish, on my return from Scotland.

My health since I left Liverpool is, I think, improving, though I still suffer from dyspepsia. By care, however, and attention to diet, I hope in a degree to overcome it; but I find it difficult to get into proper order on account of the continual excitement and movement to which I am exposed from the time I rise till ten or twelve at night. I hope soon to become used to it, and no longer deserve the admonitions which Mamma bestows upon me in her letters on the ground that I fail to take the necessary care of my health.

I had an opportunity just now of seeing Sir Charles Bell. As I passed Middlesex Hospital I heard that he was visiting the wards, and went in to attend him. He and Mr. Mayo go through the hospital together, that any cases requiring consultation may be settled on the spot. I was much pleased with the appearance of Sir Charles; he is very unassuming in manner, and, I hear, very attentive to strangers. I shall try to get an introduction.

London, June 27, 1832.

My dear Father, — I am still occupied in visiting the different objects of interest with which London abounds, and from all appearances I shall be detained here two or three weeks longer. . . .

The day before yesterday I went to Guy's Hospital when Mr. Key was going through the wards. I handed him a letter of introduction, or passport, which Sir Astley had given me to all the hospitals, and he was very polite. He described the cases to me as he passed on, and made many inquiries in regard to our hospitals at home. I was much surprised to observe his ignorance of the geography of our country. He asked me where Boston was and in what State, saying that he had heard of it, but never knew exactly its situation. He pointed out a case in which he said staphyloraphy might be performed with advantage; in fact, he had performed it only last week on an adult subject and with success. Instead of a common ligature he used a new instrument invented by a gentleman from Berlin. The soft palate is made a raw surface with a small knife in the ordinary way, and then, by means of a forceps lately designed, two small steel wires are inserted on each side and twisted. This method Mr. Key thinks preferable to the old one. Before leaving town, I mean, if possible, to get a look at the instrument, and also to see Mr. Key operate. He asked me if I had ever seen the operation, and I told him once, on a child of fourteen. He considered the patient too young.

After quitting the hospital, I examined the museum attached to it, which is increasing very rapidly. A man is kept constantly employed in making wax preparations to illustrate the different diseases that are treated in the hospital. These are so well done that it is hard to convince one's self that some of them are not parts of the patients themselves.

The cholera is still in London, also in Liverpool, and in truth all over the kingdom. I hear very little of it, and it is impossible to obtain any satisfactory information in regard to it. It prevails principally among the lowest classes, and is treated on no fixed principles. The saline method is most in vogue, — a bubble that will soon burst, as most of the patients are sure to die according to this or any other process. The particulars of this plan you will best learn from the "Lancet" and the "Gazette."

Edinburgh, July 26, 1832.

My dear Father, — I have been passing a very agreeable week in this city, and through the kindness of Dr. Clarke, who gave me letters to prominent medical men, have obtained admission to the hospitals and other places of interest. The principal surgeons here are Mr. Liston, at the Infirmary, and Mr. Syme, who has a hospital and practises by himself. The latter has greatly distinguished himself of late by his operations for the excision of diseased joints. I have purchased his works, and shall send them home from London. I was at his hospital this week, and saw him perform some small operations, afterwards going to a private one. He showed me his museum, and asked me to his house in the evening. We conversed on the subject of air entering the veins during an operation. He mentioned a case that occurred here lately, where death undoubtedly ensued from this cause, though it was not generally admitted, and the facts were not sufficiently clear to be stated at length. He was much interested in my account of the Boston cases, and asked me to prepare him a statement of them in writing. I thought it better to inform you first, that I might get the exact facts. Be kind enough to forward them to me in Paris, if you are willing to have them published, as Mr. Syme wishes to refer to them in his lectures. He uses the actual cautery as a counter-irritant in white-swelling of the knee and ankle joints, and very successfully. He passes the iron over the surface, and the wound requires no dressing to keep it open.

I went round the Infirmary with Mr. Liston, a short time since, and saw a few of his patients. He showed me a case of operation for a new nose which has turned out remarkably well. He showed me his museum, which is very valuable, and asked me to his operations.

My plans for the future are not yet entirely matured. James Jackson and I leave here on Saturday, for a short tour in the Highlands, to last ten days. My friend Greene is to start at the same time with Dr. Graham, on a botanical expedition. Jackson afterwards goes to Dublin ; Greene and myself to Glasgow, on our way to London. We shall probably be in Paris by the middle of September. The cholera still rages throughout the kingdom ; over one hundred deaths per day in London, and ninety in Liverpool. Here it has been severe, but is now

diminishing. No treatment as yet has succeeded, and injection is losing ground, as all thus managed die. Dr. Scott, who has the care of one of the cholera hospitals here, tells me that he tried the saline process with nineteen, and they all died. I have collected a few pamphlets on the subject, though not of much value. I sent you from London Stevens's work. I hope you received it; if not, Gray and Bowen have it. There are no new surgical instruments of importance. I have seen a little forceps for twisting arteries instead of employing the ligature, — not of much use. I shall send it home as a curiosity. During my stay in Europe I should like to procure whatever books you may want. By this means I shall be able to know what is going on myself, and shall not run the risk of procuring works which you have received from other sources.

I should like to have you send out a few copies of your different productions, especially your work on diseases of the heart, which is very highly spoken of here. I have been asked once or twice if I am related to the Dr. Warren who wrote on the heart. Also please let me have your compilation on cholera.

As the cholera is now raging in Paris and in most of the large cities, and as, if it continues, nothing can go on in the professional line during the winter, pray write to me what is to be done. I suppose I could not derive any particular profit from going to Germany, as I know nothing of the language.

From the beginning of my visit here in Edinburgh, I have spent an hour or two daily at the College of Surgeons, where a fine collection of human and comparative anatomy has just been arranged in a building erected for the purpose. In morbid anatomy this is one of the most complete in Great Britain.

Since you were in Edinburgh the place has undergone a most wonderful change. The new town has been almost entirely built within the last thirty years. Monuments and public buildings have been reared on Calton Hill, while a row of houses surrounds its base. From all accounts of its former appearance I should think you would hardly recognize it. It is by far the most beautiful city I have yet seen. The people are stanch reformers, and have made a great noise about the late bill. Their celebration of its passage is said to have been the most splendid display ever witnessed here. I arrived in

town only in time to see the fireworks at the end of the day. The Duke of Wellington is about to pay them a visit here, I fear to his personal injury, as the citizens detest him thoroughly, the fact being that he has made himself unpopular everywhere in the country by his absurd speeches during the discussion of the Reform Bill. You have doubtless noticed in the papers how he was treated in London.[1] I saw him just afterwards at a review of ten thousand troops in Hyde Park. He is a fine-looking man, and his profile much resembles that of Mr. Theodore Lyman. He rode through a crowd of twenty or thirty thousand people, who were shouting and almost pulling him from his horse, while he showed the utmost possible composure.

London, Sept. 13, 1832.

My dear Father, — I received by the last packet your letter of August 6, giving an account of the commencement of the cholera at our State prison. I had been reading about this in a Boston paper the same morning, and was surprised at some of the ridiculous remarks made upon it, — that the disease was in none of its symptoms like the cholera, etc. I am afraid they will soon discover their mistake.

I have been spending the last week in preparations for leaving London. On my return here I called on Sir Astley Cooper, and found him, as usual, full of business. He spends all his spare time in his museum, making preparations with which, from what I can learn, he intends at some future day to surprise the world. James Jackson and I made a bold push to see his collection, and gave him some pretty broad hints ; but he soon saw what we were driving at. Looking up from under his eyebrows, he gave one of his peculiar chuckles, and said that he showed his collection to no one as yet. He has sent many of these specimens of his skill to the museum at Guy's Hospital. Some of them are very fine, though he styles them "only the weeds."

Sir Astley inquired if there was anything I wished to see here, and at my request gave me a letter to Baron Heurteloup, who has just invented an instrument for breaking the stone ; also to Mr. Tyrrel, the famous operator on the eye. I called on

[1] "The poor old king has been hit (by a solitary blackguard) with a stone. Wellington was peppered with mud and dead cats along the whole length of London." — *Letter from Carlyle,* June 29, 1832.

the Baron, but he had gone to Paris to submit his invention to the French Institute. Weiss has imitated the "stone hammer," as Sir Astley calls it. It consists of a long staff, with two jaws at the end, one movable; and, the stone being seized between them, the staff is struck at the top with a hammer, and the stone is thus broken into several pieces. It is the most plausible thing of the kind I have yet seen. Sir Astley says he has seen Heurteloup use it successfully several times. If you would like to have one, I will send it. I should have done this already, but the instrument is expensive, and Weiss's copy, which is the only one for sale, is not acknowledged by the inventor. I shall see Heurteloup in Paris.

I send you Mr. Key's straight staff and knife for lithotomy. I met Mr. Key at Guy's yesterday, and asked his opinion of the new operation, lithotrity. He thought well of it, but said he had treated seventy patients by the old method and lost only seven, so could not see the need of any change for the present. He is one of the most gentlemanly surgeons I have yet met here, which is saying a great deal. I send you the new forceps for twisting divided arteries and for obviating the use of the ligature. If not available to you in this way, it may be so for other purposes. With it I forward a small trochar for evacuating tumors. There is a new knife here for performing the flap operation in amputations, something like the catlin, but longer, about ten inches. It cuts the whole length on one side, and one third on the other. I should have sent this, but have an idea that you own it.

With the rest I send you five casts of skulls, — four from South America, the remaining one a cast of Blumenbach's celebrated specimen of the Caucasian head. They were all done by a most extraordinary man here, Deville, who keeps a lamp-store. Having in early life a great taste for phrenology, he cultivated it with zeal, and has now accumulated a collection of several thousand skulls and casts from the heads of all the eminent men who have lived for a century past. This has cost him over £20,000, and he is still adding to it. I went to his house with James Jackson, who wished to have his head examined and his character told. After conversing for an hour or more, Deville proceeded to do this. He made some pretty good hits, but not more, I think, than could have been gathered from Jackson's

remarks and physiognomy. He told us some wonderful stories; but I do not think much more of the science than I did before, though I shall be apt to inquire into it more closely. The four Peruvian heads from Titicaca among the Andes were brought to England by Mr. Pentland of the Geological Society. Nothing is known of the people. They have left no traditions, nor any works of art behind them. Deville shows them as illustrations of the near approach of man to the brute creation when the intellectual powers are not cultivated. I was anxious to get a cast of the Greek head, having seen two most splendid specimens of ancient Greek skulls in the collection of the Phrenological Society at Edinburgh, the most perfectly developed heads I have yet seen. Deville, however, has none that are remarkable. If you would like casts of any kind of head, of any nation, or of any particular person, by writing to me or to Deville you can secure them. In case you apply to him, he will send them to Mr. Wiggin, who can pay for them and have them forwarded. I shall get the skull you desired, when I arrive in Paris.

The minerals in the box are examples of all found in the vicinity of the English lakes. The plants and engravings I should like to have Mamma preserve, as they are from places I have visited on my travels. I have sent you some English newspapers gathered in the different cities at the time I was in them. They contain accounts of the cholera, etc. The large forceps were made to order in Edinburgh. They are for opening the spinal column, and have been much used for examining the spinal marrow in cases of cholera. They are Liston's invention.

I was this morning at St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, and saw an operation for the stone performed by Mr. Babington on a boy of nineteen. It was not done with so much facility as I have seen you display. During the last two or three days I have been occupied in visiting the Museum at Guy's Hospital, and the various charitable institutions which I omitted when here before, such as Bedlam, or Bethlehem Hospital, the Asylum for the Blind, and the Philanthropic Society. The last and most interesting was the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, where the inmates are taught not only to read and write, but to speak. One young man conversed with us for half an hour with all the ease of a person that had every

sense. He understood our words entirely from the motion of the lips; and he regulates his voice, he says, from the vibrations of the chest. The performance was wonderful; how great the utility I cannot say.

You desire me to remember you to Dr. Roots. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing him. He lives at some distance from London, and my time has been so entirely occupied that I have been unable to go to him. I thought, also, that it would be of more advantage to me to form his acquaintance when I was settled here for the winter, than to pay him such a flying visit as I should now be obliged to. I leave London for Brighton on Saturday, and go to France by way of Dieppe. Dr. Hodgkin has offered me letters to Foville, of Rouen, but I shall be unable to make much of him, as I cannot speak French; and until I do, I shall keep clear of all French physicians to whom I have introductions.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS AND THE QUARTIER LATIN. — THE STUDENTS AND THEIR PROFESSORS.

HAVING remained at Dieppe only long enough to secure places for himself and Dr. Greene on the diligence to Rouen, Dr. Warren reached this town on the following day. Thence, travelling post, he arrived in Paris on the evening of the 22d of September, and stopped at the Hôtel de Hollande in the Rue de la Paix. On the 25th of the same month he removed to the Hôtel de l'Odéon, No. 6 Place de l'Odéon, where he continued to reside till the ensuing August. This was situated in the heart of the Quartier Latin, the focus of medical and other learned pursuits; and here he quickly began his studies with habitual zeal and industry. In his journal he wrote: —

"*September* 25. — Took rooms at the Hôtel de l'Odéon, Place de l'Odéon, at forty-five francs per month. Made arrangements at the same time to take my meals at the pension of Madame Morel, No. 4 Place de l'École de Médecine, at one hundred francs a month. We breakfast at half-past ten and dine at half-past five. . . .

"*October* 6. — We have an odd variety of characters at our table. Among them is a certain Monsieur Loyau, a little finical bewigged Frenchman with a white cravat, whom one would inevitably at first sight take to be an abbé. He calls himself an aristocrat, and never fails to respond at once to any attack upon his order. Generally he overflows with good humor; but he really has a hot and peppery temper, and as he cannot bear to be worsted in a discussion he often displays

this quality in defence of his hobby. Then there is a young Monsieur Fritz, thoroughly republican in his sympathies and evidently of good talents. He is quick-witted, and well able to hold his own in any debate whatever. He strikes me as a man of scholarship and intelligence; and between the abbé and him we are kept in lively motion, and saved from all possible chance of dulness. The two make my study of French much more agreeable than it would otherwise be, — an advantage which is shared also by a young fellow from New Orleans, and Mr. Harris, a naval officer, who take their meals at our table and have the same designs upon the language as myself. The family consists of Monsieur and Madame Morel, their two daughters, and Madame's unmarried sister. One of the daughters exactly resembles my good little sister Emily, and she also bears the name of Émilie."

At the time of Dr. Warren's first acquaintance with the French capital it was, as it has ever been, unique among cities; but it was far more original and striking, more picturesque, than now, when imperial luxury and a magnificent ambition of change have toned down its ancient wrinkles and angularities, or smothered them in a sea of glittering tinsel and monotonous splendor. Haussmann and his devastating navvies were then in the dim and tumultuous future; and so were those boulevards of his which have let in the coarseness of garish light into every mysterious nook, and swept away so many coignes of vantage that once delighted the artistic eye. The new life that now dawned upon Dr. Warren was like a kaleidoscope compared with the dull surroundings of his native town and the uneventful days he had been wont to spend there; and though the crookedness of the narrow streets about him recalled in a measure the bewildering lanes with which he had been familiar, the resemblance went no further. Under every aspect Paris stood out in vivid contrast with Boston, whose Puritanical leaven and well-worn categorical ruts seemed the bequest of a remote antiquity, compared

with the novel delights of a society where each moment glittered as it disappeared, leaving the fervid glow of an electric shock. To this unwonted experience he soon adapted himself with easy and genial *bonhommie*. All his associations were exciting, and crowded with droll suggestions as well, and ideas heretofore unknown to his impressionable sympathies. He found an ever-fresh spring of delight in the bizarre manners and whimsical customs of the Parisians; in their petty domestic economies narrowed by the practice of ages to the finest point that human nature could endure and live; in their supreme vanity and self-satisfaction; in their speaking gestures that meant everything, and their dramatic language that meant nothing; in their politeness unequalled except by their wit and their selfishness; in their worship of *l'honneur* and *la gloire;* in their outer cleanliness and their inner lack thereof; in their food transmuted into every form of succulent enticement under every alluring name; in the marvellous taste and effulgence of the toilette, as revealed by the apparel of either sex; — in all these and innumerable other peculiar features, Dr. Warren was conscious of an enjoyment that was hourly taking on new forms. He seemed to float upon the broad current of an element theretofore unknown. All was evanescent, nothing substantial. He had come from a land where life was a verity that nothing could conceal, a hard stratum of reality here and there cropping out into a picturesque eminence of fact, to dwell where life was more or less a thin tissue of fancy; where birth was a jest, marriage a convenience, and death the last scene in a melodrama; where everything was done for present effect, and when done faded away into the limbo of vanity and delusion.

Of all the localities in that vast and eccentric metropolis Dr. Warren could not have selected one better fitted to impress the mind of a foreigner with a sense of his

own strangeness than the Quartier Latin. It was a centre of human oddities and unbridled indulgence of every taste and whim; a motley gathering of every human vagary, stimulated by the contagion of kindred spirits, leavened with wit, and often driven, by the mere freedom from control, to display a supreme contempt for morals, for manners, and for every ordinance, human or divine. Of its peculiar aspects as revealed to the eye, a vivid description was given by Dr. Gibson, of Philadelphia, a distinguished member of Dr. Warren's profession, who at a somewhat later date pursued his studies in the Latin Quarter. It is here quoted as a truthful account of the young doctor's surroundings at the beginning of his Parisian experiences: —

"My first visit upon reaching Paris was to that quarter of the town called the Pays-Latin, in which the greater number of the hospitals, the École de Médecine and its Museum, the Clinical Hospital of the School of Medicine, the Museum of Dupuytren, are situated, where all the medical students and many of the professors, private lecturers, demonstrators, medical-book sellers, instrument makers, medical artistes, anatomical workers in wax and papier-maché, preparers of natural and artificial skeletons, and other varieties of surgical and anatomical specimens reside; where the streets are so narrow and filthy, and without pavements or sidewalks, as to endanger life at every corner; where the houses are so high, old-fashioned, and gloomy as to resemble jails or penitentiaries, and nearly shut out the light of heaven; where the catacombs, those vast depositories of human bones, the accumulated collection of ages, lie beneath the feet, extend to unknown distances, and seem to respond by hollow groans to the tread of the foot-passenger, and rumble beneath the jar of cumbrous vehicles and the tramp of clumsy animals that are incessantly threading the narrow defiles above their desolate but populous domains; where innumerable smells of concentrated vigor and activity and varied odor assail the olfactories from every quarter; where loud and discordant cries of wandering tribes of vagabonds, vending their peculiar animal and vegetable productions, fall upon the

sensitive and startled tympanum of the stranger like strokes of the sledge-hammer or harsh gratings of the saw-pit; where the barking of dogs, the screams of parrots, and the chattering of monkeys are mixed with the gabble of old women and men; where the bowing and nodding and scraping and salutations and recognitions of street-passengers, bobbing against and shouldering each other, followed by the incessant and everlasting apology, 'Pardon, Monsieur,' and in return by the complacent shrug and grin of the sufferer, and the exclamation 'Pas du tout,' afford the most amusing and melancholy mixture of pleasurable and disagreeable sensations that can possibly be conceived, and have afforded, no doubt, many a scene for the dramatist and the painter."

Once fairly settled, Dr. Warren was not long in devoting himself to the work that lay before him. His first object was necessarily to acquire a knowledge of the French language, as his acquaintance therewith was slight, and until this defect was made good he could not derive much benefit from the various lectures that he proposed to attend. His efforts in this direction were vigorous and persistent; and he was much gratified at the rapidity of his progress, which was greater than could have been expected, as his linguistic talents were not remarkable. At the hospitals, however, he was not debarred from beginning his studies at once, no knowledge of the language being necessary in order profitably to watch the operations. Under date of September 29, he writes as follows:—

My dear Father,—I wrote you from Brighton an account of my last transactions in the British world. Since then I have transferred myself to Paris, and have just commenced my course of studies. The language I find more difficult than I had expected. As to the common questions concerning the necessaries of life, it is easy to make myself understood; but when it comes to conversation I am entirely lost. I have, however, taken every means to acquire the language as soon as possible. Instead of getting our meals at a café, Greene and myself have

entered a pension where there are ten or twelve boarders at table. We have, also, a French master, a very intelligent man, who attends us at our rooms daily. He does not speak English; but we have no difficulty in understanding him, especially as he pronounces his words slowly and distinctly.

My room is at the Hôtel de l'Odéon, near the School of Medicine. It is small, but convenient and well furnished, and costs me forty-five francs per month. I went yesterday to Hôtel Dieu, and attended Dupuytren in his visit; he had about forty students with him, and performed the operation for cataract on two patients who were lying in their beds; it was done by the light of a candle, all the students crowding and jostling in every direction to see him, and with as much *sang froid* as if he were only bleeding the men. Day before yesterday I was at La Pitié, and followed Louis on his rounds, afterwards going to a post-mortem. He is very gentlemanly, and much loved by his pupils. I think I shall purchase his work on Phthisis. At La Pitié I saw also Velpeau, who has lately published a work on Operative Surgery, which I have purchased. To-morrow I go to Civiale's hospital, the Necker.

A fortnight later we read: —

"I have been principally occupied for the last few weeks in learning the language and visiting the different hospitals. As yet I have not begun to follow any of them regularly, nor have I delivered any of my French letters. I was this morning at La Charité, and saw old Boyer extirpate a tumor from the face of a woman. He was followed by Roux, who performed a bloody operation for cancer of the face, which commencing at the jaw extended forwards to the lip and backwards nearly to the ear. The gap was very neatly obliterated by the approximation of the lips of the wound by the harelip suture. Roux is one of the most promising surgeons here at present. He performs many uncommon operations, and was, I believe, the first who performed that of staphyloraphy. . . . I am now attending a course of lectures on reptiles by Duméril, at the Garden of Plants, as much for the purpose of learning the language as for the importance of the subject. The Medical courses begin in November, and little is doing as yet. Next week, Bowditch and myself intend to begin a course on

diseases of the skin, at the great Hospital of St. Louis. We go there; and the gentleman whom we engage calls on a number of patients whom we examine, while he explains the symptoms."

By the ensuing January, Dr. Warren had got thoroughly and systematically under way. He writes: —

"My course of studies has been finally arranged as follows: I commonly rise a little after six, the servant coming in to wake me and light my candle. From six until eight I attend Chomel at Hôtel Dieu, who is very celebrated for his knowledge of diseases of the lungs. At eight, Dupuytren begins his visit, which lasts an hour; and he afterwards lectures, with operations and consultations, which occupy the time till eleven. Then I breakfast, and attend Richerand on Surgery from twelve to one. From three to four I go to either Marjolin on Surgical Pathology, or Andral on Medical Pathology, they lecturing on alternate days. The evenings are occupied with reading and other pursuits. The lectures at the Sorbonne and at the College of France have just commenced; but I am not able to attend them, as I should be obliged to neglect those at the School of Medicine. This I regret much, as I wish to hear some of them, particularly those on Philosophy. The lecturers on this subject are of first-rate talent. Cousin has lately been made a peer of France, and does not lecture; his colleague takes his place. One of the most eloquent men is Jouffroy, on Modern Philosophy; I heard part of his introductory. He reviewed his last two years' lectures, which were on the objects of this life, etc. Some of his remarks were most bold and striking. He finished by saying, 'In my next lecture I shall commence with the future state of existence, — not what it is, but what it ought to be.' The great materialist here at present is Broussais. In my next I will endeavor to give some account of the state of religion in France. It is at its lowest ebb. If there be any change, it must be for the better. During the times of Charles X. hypocrisy in religious matters was carried to the greatest extent on account of the bigotry of the king. Now, under Louis Philippe, who cares nothing for religion, the mask is thrown off, and there is the opposite extreme.

"The advantages at present in Paris are so great and so numerous, and the time left to a young man to accomplish what he wishes is so short, that without great precaution his intentions are entirely defeated by attempting too many affairs at once; and this I have to fear myself, as many most important branches must be relinquished for want of time."

When Dr. Warren began his studies in Paris, over eight thousand students were frequenting the various schools and colleges in the Latin Quarter. The great majority, as might have been supposed, were French, though England and Germany were well represented, and there was a little transatlantic colony of Americans, numbering about thirty. More than one half of the whole body were professedly following medicine or surgery, while the remainder gave their time to law or theology. In regard to their conduct and personal appearance, the French students as a class had undergone little if any improvement since Dr. John C. Warren's youth, who described them as "a rude and vulgar set of people, green from the French Revolution." Generally speaking, they were a turbulent and ill-conditioned crowd who had taken refuge in the Pays-Latin, as was wittily said by one of their countrymen, "pour se soustraire aux pernicieuses influences de la civilisation." Rakish, loudly dressed, and by no means clean or neat, they were for the most part too idle and too independent to study, while their lack of every noble quality was supplemented by coarse licentiousness, a plentiful display of bad manners, and heads well crammed with sedition. The air was reeking with their political outcries, indecent jokes, and the songs of Béranger. Religion with them was but a vague tradition, morality merely a name, and the scanty few who possessed the spirit and pretensions of a gentleman might well be thankful that even this safeguard from utter degradation remained to them. Far from their homes, and from every domestic or other

favorable influence, hidden among the multitudes of a great capital, and free from any check of public opinion, they were tempted to the indulgence of every passion and every vice, — an indulgence the more irresistible in its power and the more disastrous in its effects from the fact that they were in the heyday and full fever of young blood. Of their peculiar locality they had made a sort of Bohemian Babel, impregnated with radicalism in the rough, and ever seething with some new excitement, — a menagerie of humanity, never tame, and always on the verge of a wild outbreak. It was the favorite resort of irregular natures; the chosen home of rampant eccentricity, despising law and order, and full of lavish extravagance of word and deed; an Alsatia of *enfants trouvés* and of *femmes perdues*, where sensuality ran riot and left few unscathed.[1]

Being exposed to such almost inevitable hindrances at the very threshold, those who really sought to carry out the plans for which they had presumably come to Paris were few in number, and certainly deserved a good share of credit. The advantages they enjoyed were obvious and incontestable, and in this respect Paris was unequalled by any other city. Nowhere else could be found instructors of such signal ability, such valuable private courses managed by eminent practitioners, such facility of dissection, or hospitals so amply provided with patients. There were, in the government institutions alone, twenty-three professors, with numbers of honorary professors and assistants. The leading professors were men of admitted talents and great experience,

[1] In Dr. Warren's journal one reads: "*Dec.* 29, 1833. — Had my umbrella stolen at the École de Médecine by some of its worthy members." At a later date this weakness appears to have been still prevalent; for Dr. John C. Warren, in the journal kept in 1837, during his visit to Paris records: "*November* 24. — At eight, in company with Drs. Outram and Spencer, visited the Hôtel Dieu with Roux. Saw an interesting case of ophthalmia. He told me not to leave my cloak in the room or ward, with some amusing remarks on the danger."

burning beacons of skill and learning; but, unhappily, subject to defects in many instances that seriously impaired their reputations, and rendered them the last examples which any young physician, especially on this side of the Atlantic, ought to have chosen for his own guidance. Having fought their respective ways to the chairs they occupied through the most desperate and unscrupulous enmity and opposition, — an opposition that disdained no weapon, however contemptible, — they mostly felt themselves justified in retorting upon their less successful rivals by every means in their power. Hence ensued many performances that were disgraceful not only to themselves but to the profession. Their lectures were not limited to medical and surgical subjects, but might be said to have an indefinite range in every direction. They were pungent, witty, bitter, sarcastic, sparing no one, and often imbued with a sparkling infusion of radical political ideas, scepticism, and infidelity. Their chief feature, however, may be said to have been the abuse of their opponents with which they overflowed. Nothing could surpass the personal censure and slanderous epithets which these famous surgeons bandied to and fro, winged by vanity and inflamed by spite. Their malignity[1] was equalled only by their bitterness, and their pens were sharper than drawn swords. Their wits were more pungent than their lancets, and their tongues more cutting than their scalpels. The poignant thrusts they exchanged — *pures aménités chirurgicales* — filled the profession with a frantic joy, while the crowd of spectators fired the ambition and whetted the activity of each contestant. As he performed some marvel of dexterity, and then availed himself of the occasion to

[1] The French physicians generally were by no means behindhand in this matter. Dr. John C. Warren wrote from Paris in 1837: "The jealousy and hatred between the medical men in Paris are excessive. It is dangerous to speak of one in presence of another."

scourge and goad his *confrères*, the students listened in delight, and manifested their approval by loud applause. From the expressions used one might have supposed it the principal aim of each professor's life to persecute his competitors to the death, and then to dissect their bodies. Said an observer: "Broussais whips all the world, and all the world Broussais." Said another: "A lecture by Lisfranc is a flourish of bludgeons and daggers; he lashes Velpeau and Roux, and even stabs Dupuytren in his winding-sheet, but he has as many lashes in return." In one of his lectures Lisfranc called Dupuytren "le brigand" and "l'infâme du bord de l'eau," with other epithets quite as abusive; while the latter replied by pouring forth a torrent of stinging vituperation, saying, among other things, "que sous une enveloppe de sanglier on portait parfois un cœur de chien couchant." One was reminded of a band of gladiators fiercely contending, Paris serving as their arena, and the whole globe as their amphitheatre. The prominence of their position and that *sotte vanité*, which has always been so characteristic of their nation, stimulated them to ever fresh efforts, for the display of which the metropolis, that grand focus upon which the whole light of Europe was then brought to bear, offered a splendid stage. Each blew his own trumpet so loudly that the whole continent resounded with its sonorous tones. Their inordinate eagerness to dazzle and captivate by nimble *tours de main* and theatrical *éclat*, and thus to impress mankind with a sense of their superiority, was indescribable. From this resulted a frightful loss of life, as the patient was often sacrificed to the splendor of the operation. In view of the actual facts, one must regard as mildness itself the comment of an eminent English surgeon that "a little more regard for the dictates of humanity and a little less desire for applause would have been better for mankind." They cut up their victims as they cut up each other, coldly, cruelly, recklessly;

and death brought a welcome repose to those whom they sacrificed. Writing from Paris, Dr. Warren observed:—

"More than two thirds of their patients die after amputation. This I attribute entirely to their mode of dressing, which in most instances consists in stuffing the wound with lint, and preventing it from healing by the first intention. When this is not done, the number of ligatures produces the same effect; and many die after leaving the hospital, worn out by the length of the cure. It seems to be rather an object to study the natural history of disease, and to perform an operation beautifully, than to save the life of the patient."

Soon after his arrival in Paris Dr. Warren thus referred to Dupuytren, the chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu: —

"His operations are always brilliant, and his diagnosis sometimes most extraordinary. He is one of the most suspicious persons I ever encountered. He is continually seeking to convince us that he is a great man, and that we do not sufficiently value his talents. He likes much to make a show, and generally talks during the whole operation."

At a later date, when speaking of another distinguished surgeon, he says: —

"Roux has gone to Italy, having completely quartered an old man of about seventy, while operating on a tumor of the shoulder joint, which Dupuytren had refused to undertake. In general, I decline to criticise the work of great men, who are often most unjustly attacked; but the performances of Roux, which depend entirely on a desire to operate without the least consideration of the case, seem to me fair game. This patient died an hour after the operation. Without it he would probably have lived five or six years longer."[1]

[1] The ostentation of some of these illustrious surgeons surpassed belief, and their self-conceit might have been envied by Malvolio himself. One of them said in the presence of Dr. John C. Warren, "Je couperais mon père en deux si le sang ne coulait pas;" and it was wittily and plausibly said of Chirac, court physician to Louis XV., that "entendant parler du Lazare ressuscité, il dit d'un air sournois, 'S'il était mort de ma façon!'"

When one calls to mind the remorseless cruelty of these men, it is truly refreshing to read a remark of Velpeau to Dr. John C. Warren in 1837: "Velpeau questioned me on the subject of Hydrocele. He said he never failed with injection, and

Unfortunately in many cases the patients were prepared for the worst by the treatment to which they had been previously subjected, and which was often extremely cruel. Said Dr. Warren of Dupuytren: —

"For brutality I do not think his equal can be found. If his orders are not immediately obeyed, he makes nothing of striking his patient and abusing him harshly. A favorite practice of his is to make a handle of a man's nose, seizing him by it and pulling him down on to his knees, where he remains, half in sorrow, half in anger, until he is allowed to rise and describe his symptoms."

Of the various eminent surgeons of whom Dr. Warren saw daily more or less during his studies in Paris, the acknowledged leader was Dupuytren, who was the principal manager of the Hôtel Dieu, the largest hospital, — a position which he had achieved in 1815, after a desperate struggle, and had retained ever since. He was termed by his countrymen "the Napoleon of surgery," and for many reasons he certainly deserved the title. He was now seated on the proud eminence he had gained with a firmness that defied all rivalry. He towered over his

that we were butchers to practise incision." One can hardly avoid a feeling of satisfaction at the death of Boyer, whose many patients would seem to have been partly avenged by his final agonies for the tortures he had caused them. "Boyer is dead after three days' illness," wrote Dr. Warren, under date of Dec. 14, 1832. "It was the result of collapse from the application of eighty leeches to the region over the kidneys, for the alleviation of the intense pain caused by the passing of a calculus. His loss will not be much, except to his family, and will be hardly felt in the surgical world. For the last two years he had been somewhat blind, and his hands were not very steady, though he still continued his operations, much to the suffering and mutilation of the unfortunates who fell into his hands."

When Dr. John C. Warren was visiting London in 1838, Sir Astley Cooper told him that while going over the Hôtel des Invalides with Baron Larrey, surgeon-in-chief of that institution, the latter observed that he had never lost a case of amputated shoulder. Stepping into the dissecting-room shortly afterwards, Sir Astley saw a man lying dead with his shoulder amputated. "What was the cause of his death?" he inquired. "Inflammation of the lungs," replied Larrey, without changing a muscle. "Larrey told me," says Dr. Mott in his "Travels in Europe," "that he amputated fourteen arms at the shoulder joint the morning after the battle of Wagram, and performed more than two hundred amputations after Austerlitz;" but he does not appear to have informed the doctor how many of his patients survived, and the latter was not "so superfluous to demand."

gigantic work, lecturing daily to vast throngs of students and visiting scores of patients, with herculean energy and robust endurance. He began his labors at the Hôtel Dieu with the dawn, and these were followed by a lecture and operations. He had a small though muscular figure, a fine intelligent face, and gray hair. In the hospital he wore a white apron of coarse cloth. Though really callous to the pain of others and generally pitiless towards those upon whom he was about to test his skill in the use of the knife, there were times when he played with them like a sleek and velvet-footed tiger, and the most endearing epithets flowed over his lips. "Mon bon garçon," "Ma belle fille," "Chère dame," and other tender blandishments would then glide smoothly forth, as it to mitigate the keenness of his instruments and soothe the apprehensions of approaching anguish. Unhappily these seldom long continued, but quickly made way for an excessive irritability, especially if the victim gave unsatisfactory replies, or in any other way excited his animal nature. In that case the abuse which followed proved the thinness of his apparent sympathies; and what he failed to gain by flattery he extorted by the terrors of his invective, or even by downright blows.[1]

In his real character, Dupuytren offered a combination of the man of genius and the savage. He was of the true Napoleonic type. He invariably displayed the most audacious and systematic contempt for the truth. He was correctly described as "esclave et martyr de son ambition et de sa vanité." His motto was, "Peu lire, beaucoup voir, et beaucoup faire." Crushing peremptorily all around him, he was sharp to detect and instant to suppress any dawning rivalry. His omnivorous ambition and ceaseless activity left little for any one else to

[1] It would perhaps be only just to impute a portion of these failings of Dupuytren to the nervous irritability and anxiety which would naturally follow from his prominent position and the great responsibility entailed by the delicacy and importance of his operations.

glean.[1] In his intercourse with the students he was haughty, disdainful, tyrannical, and suffered no questions. His unbounded self-esteem led him to despise no means, however pitiful, to spread his fame; and this quality joined to his avarice resulted in many acts hardly dignified. Thus he permitted his name to be attached to a recipe for the itch, and to another for promoting the growth of the hair. His skill and fertility of resource were matched only by his dexterous manipulation and the perfect control he ever retained over his nerves. As a lecturer his expositions were clear and precise, with a choice of expressions often elegant and, to use the language of his biographer, "avec un tel enchantement d'idées que tout le discours semblait dicté par une logique superfine." Of him Dr. Warren wrote in 1864: "He was by far the best lecturer of his day; delivering his ideas with wonderful clearness, and always discussing questions of the greatest practical importance." Dupuytren died in his prime like an exhausted volcano, the victim of labors and emotions which forbade him to hope for old age. As to glory, there was nothing for him to desire; and the same might be said as to fortune, for he left three millions of francs, well illustrating the ancient maxim, "Dat Galenus opes."[2]

From the correspondence of Dr. Warren, a few extracts relating to Dupuytren are here given. They will

[1] Journal of Dr. John C. Warren, Dec. 5, 1837: "Dined with M. Guerin at Passy. He is the editor of the 'Gazette Médicale.' He doubted Dupuytren's veracity, as do most surgeons, and said that Dupuytren was engaged to marry the daughter of Boyer, but on the evening before the wedding was to have come off, sent a note of refusal. Boyer allowed his friends to assemble, read the note to them, and then celebrated his daughter's escape from so bad a man. Dupuytren is universally execrated for his private character."

[2] Dr. Warren's Paris journal records this little incident: "Dupuytren is now becoming rather careless in his operations, from too great confidence in his own powers. He was brought to his senses the other day by an accident which will make him more careful in future. While operating for strangulated hernia, at the second cut he penetrated directly into the intestine. Raising his head with great coolness, he said, 'Voilá, messieurs, la matière fécale,' and without another word quietly stitched up the wound."

be found interesting as studies by a capable observer of a man whose natural talents, indomitable will, and untiring industry impressed themselves upon his age with a depth and persistency that will long prevent his name from falling a prey to oblivion.

Paris, Nov. 22, 1833.

Dupuytren has been seized with an apoplectic fit, I believe, however, not so serious as to threaten his life. He has been left with a paralysis of one side of his face, the mouth being somewhat drawn up. He has had leave of absence for six months, and has left Paris for Italy to spend the winter.

March 30, 1834.

Since my last letter Dupuytren has returned to Paris in perfect health, and the next month resumes his clinique at Hôtel Dieu. So far as I have been able to learn, his illness came on very suddenly with the ordinary symptoms of apoplexy, not in a serious form, and left him with one side of his face slightly distorted. This, however, soon passed off after he left Paris. Dupuytren is a very well formed man, a little inclined to corpulency, with a short neck and an injected face, that of a *bon-vivant*. He has been accused, and no doubt justly, of passing his evenings at the great Hôtel (or Cercle) des Étrangers, the largest private gambling-house in Paris, where playing is carried on to a very late hour. According to the state of his temper the next morning, his students are informed whether he lost or won on the previous evening. This, at least, is the story. There is no doubt of his savage disposition at times, which I usually watched, taking good care not to follow too closely upon his heels, as I have seen him use a couple of Englishmen very roughly, who had inadvertently pushed on to him. His voice, when he chooses, is one of the softest and most harmonious imaginable; and by a person who saw him in one of his pleasant moods addressing his patients with his "Comment vous portez-vous, mon cher?" he would be taken for the most amiable of men. If anything, however, opposes his whims, he bursts forth like a very lion.

To his private patients Dupuytren is another man from what he is in the hospital. Towards them he displays the most perfect politeness, as also in his reception of strangers; but to

the latter I am told it is the cold, civil politeness of duty. I shall go to see him as I do a curiosity or the wild beasts at the Garden of Plants, and not with the hope of any attention. You mention having been an *interne* of Dupuytren,[1] and I think you must have seen the seeds of the portrait I now draw. He has made a very prosperous tour in Italy, not only as regards his health, but from a professional aspect, as patients flocked from great distances to put themselves under the care of the eminent French surgeon.

As an operator I have never thought very highly of Dupuytren. He is too confident, and does not conduct his operations with that care which you show, nor is he as judicious in his treatment before and after the operation, nor is his ultimate success as great as you experience with your patients.

April 8, 1834.

I was at Hôtel Dieu this morning to hear Dupuytren's second lecture since his return from Italy. He commenced in the same slow measured manner as is his custom, and expresses himself in the same clear way; but to a person accustomed to him there is a certain thickness in his pronunciation which shows the remains of his disease. In his walk he has lost much of his firm commanding carriage, and is evidently greatly enfeebled. I observed also that he wore a cloak, — a thing that he never did before, even in the coldest days of winter, always coming in to his visit with his coat open and no outside garment.

April 28, 1834.

I called last week on Dupuytren, and was received by him very politely. He lives in a very nice apartment just on the Place du Louvre, facing the Seine. He looks much better in

[1] Dr. John C. Warren, in his "Surgical Notes," when describing his Parisian experiences in the year 1800, remarks: "Dupuytren, who was of about the same age as myself, but much more advanced in science, lived under the same roof. . . . I attended one of his first courses (it might have been his very first), and was surprised at the minuteness and extent of his knowledge; but I was not suspicious at that time that he was destined to stand at the head of French surgery. He had great natural abilities, but he owed his reputation as much to his industry as to his talents. He was quick in his perception, determined in his resolution, and unscrupulous in his operations. He necessarily lost many patients; but his operations were so ingenious in plan and brilliant in execution that he was always followed by a crowd of students in preference to other operators."

his chambers than he did in the lecture-room. Among other topics of conversation I asked him if he had ever seen any cases of dislocation of the hip behind and downwards. He said he had, — two; one occasioned by the man's falling from a scaffolding and striking the foot and knee (in fact, the whole leg) while in a bent position, thus driving it down out of its socket. Both cases were reduced immediately after the accident.

He pleaded his feeble health as an excuse for not showing me the attentions he otherwise would. I of course told him that I merely expected from my visit the honor of presenting my respects. Dupuytren's sight is as good as ever; in truth, it is a remarkable fact, no surgeon that I have encountered in Europe is obliged to have recourse to spectacles.

Feb. 12, 1835.

Since my last letter we have lost our great authority in surgical science, M. Dupuytren, who died the day before yesterday, after a long and lingering illness, no doubt much accelerated by his free mode of life and the violent passions to which he occasionally gave way. He retained his faculties till the day of his death, and occupied himself in dictating to his friends and his physicians the disposition he wished of a portion of his property which he left to the Medical School, and also of some of his unpublished papers.

The disease of which he died is not yet satisfactorily stated in the journals, but we shall probably have in the "Medical Gazette" of this week a detailed account of his autopsy. It seems that the heart was diseased, and the remains of the *épanchement* which caused the attack of apoplexy in the spring were found in the brain, and some calculi in the bladder and kidneys. He did not allow any person to know what his exact state was; and it is said that until the last days of his life no one knew whether he was to die or get well, as he put on a feigned appearance when visited by his physicians, thus carrying out to the end his stern independence and eccentric disposition. By his will he has left the great bulk of his property, seven or eight millions, to his daughter, an only child, married to a peer of France; 200,000 francs for the foundation of a chair of Surgical Pathology and for a museum in the École de Médecine; and 300,000 francs for a hospital or asylum for twelve old retired physicians. It is said that he suffered much during the latter

part of his life from noise in the street and in his hotel, there being a ball in the room over his head the night preceding his death. This was, in fact, the cause of his bequest.

His funeral took place yesterday, and was attended by the professors and nearly all the students of the School of Medicine. The students on the way to Père la Chaise took the horses from the hearse, and dragged it themselves to the tomb. At present I see no one who can at all aspire to his place. His lectures on surgical pathology were unique, and I have never heard any person attempt to treat the subject in the manner which he has introduced into his clinique. It is said that before he died he sent for Lisfranc and Richerand, his old enemies, and made friends with them. Whether this be true or not, I am ignorant. Lisfranc, however, in his *leçons* has of late quoted *Monsieur* Dupuytren, — a thing which he has never done before. Dupuytren's life seems to have been passed perhaps as bitterly, considering the illustrious place he has attained, as can possibly be imagined. He had few friends, — no doubt from the repulsive manners which belonged to him, produced by the battles for distinction and the domestic troubles at the commencement of his career.

CHAPTER VI.

LIGHTS OF THE SURGICAL PROFESSION IN PARIS HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Almost the equal of Dupuytren in many respects, and certainly the nearest to him in rank and parts, was Lisfranc. He was at the head of the Hospital of La Pitié, and even went beyond his great rival in the inflated egotism, the fulsome self-praise, and the caustic detraction of others which pervaded his lectures and his writings. Quick to assert his rights and to proclaim his wrongs, he was one to give and to receive hard knocks without wincing. His coolness and self-control were marvellous. "Au milieu du sang versé et quels que fussent les cris du patient, il restait calme et judicieux, maître de lui-même et du péril." He had a decided taste for blood, and liked to welter in it, none the less that he had been through several of Napoleon's sanguinary campaigns with distinction. He would have taken charge of a guillotine with perfect composure. He was a great phlebotomist, and Dr. Holmes writes that he "saw him one morning order ten or fifteen to be bled." His knowledge of surgical anatomy was wonderfully exact. In this even Dupuytren was not his superior. The impression made on the students by his exquisitely delicate, swift, and effective touch was dazzling and overpowering. Says Dr. Warren: —

"His amputations of fingers and toes are very neat and rapid, and all his operations are marked by a kind of off-hand way, not premeditated, but depending entirely on the state of the disease for the extent to which he carries them. I have seen

him work away on a cancer of the eye, chiselling the bones of the head, till I expected every instant to see a part of the brain make its appearance."

Even Lisfranc's enemies, of whom there was no lack, admitted that on this field he held his own without a peer. In a subsequent letter Dr. Warren writes: —

"I have finally decided to follow Lisfranc rather than Velpeau, as, though probably not so scientific as the latter, he is much more original, and a vast deal of practical knowledge is to be gained from his lectures. I have just made an arrangement with one of Lisfranc's *internes* to visit and take cases in his wards during the afternoon, as the number of students is so great in the morning that it is almost impossible to get near the beds, and quite so to follow the cases. I pass from three to four in Louis' wards, and from that time till five in those of Lisfranc, so that between the morning and the evening visits a good part of the day is spent at La Pitié."

Like Dupuytren, Lisfranc also made his advent at the hospital with the dawn. His aspect must have given scanty comfort to those who were expecting him, the more so that to the fearful suggestions of the surgical white apron he added the further horror of a black cap. Take him for all in all, he was a spectacle for men, and might have startled even the ancient gods. He would have been an admirable subject for the pencil of Gavarni. He was of lofty stature, big and burly. One who saw him on his way to his daily duties thus delineates him: —

"His head covered with a rusty black and red cap in the shape of a teacup, which stuck like a plaster to the summit of his crown; his long-waisted, scanty, snuff-colored coat, dangling about his heels, and tapering away to sharpness like the tail of a kite; his curiously contrived pantaloons, loose and bagging about his hips, and at each stride fluttering to the wind; his long shovel-shaped shoes scattering the pebbles, as he walked, from right to left; his arms standing out from his body, like the handle of a pump, conjoined with his outstretched flexible

neck, which swung to and fro beneath the pressure of his lengthy and wedge-shaped visage, — presented one of the most ludicrous spectacles I ever beheld."

That every sentence which came forth from a form thus striking should make a decided impression on all who heard him is not remarkable; and they certainly gave a deeper meaning to the loud and boisterous tones in which this son of thunder clothed his energetic teachings, to his fiery denunciation of every person and of everything that had aroused his displeasure, and to all the merciless rigors that gathered around his bistoury. Unsoftened by age and unchanged by experience, he stormed on till the end. Writing to his son from Paris in 1837, Dr. John C. Warren observes: —

"I went once to hear Lisfranc thunder. He has the most powerful voice I ever heard from a lecturer. He speaks ill of everybody, and everybody of him."

In one respect, however, he did yield to gentler influences; and his biographer informs us that "Il finit par avoir un autre et immense mérite: il operait peu, et comme à son corps défendant."

Dr. Warren, in a letter to his father written in the spring of 1833, records his impressions of Lisfranc as follows: —

"Lisfranc is a great rough man, six feet tall, with a pleasant face and a voice like thunder. To his patients he is a perfect tyrant. In his lectures he speaks with that loud style and gesture used by our stump orators. When any other man's ideas come into collision with his own, he gives him no quarter, but lavishes upon his opponent every epithet of abuse that the language affords, and this in a most satirical tone. To strangers, however, he is said to be the most polite of the French physicians."[1]

[1] At a later date Dr. Warren mentions an edifying instance of Lisfranc's style, and of the amenities with which it was his habit to enliven his lectures.

Alluding to the ancient opinion that a fistula could be cured at first by contraction, this Thersites of his profession remarked: "Les anciens sont des animaux et des imbéciles quand ils dirent des choses de cette espèce."

In striking contrast to Lisfranc was Roux, a prominent and tenacious rival of his, and a great pillar of the profession. First placed over the Hospital of La Charité, the second in Paris, he finally became the successor of Dupuytren at Hôtel Dieu. Antagonistic in every other sense to Lisfranc, he cordially agreed with him in hatred of the surgical Napoleon, whose success was a standing reproach to the talents and ambition of both of these contestants, and spurred them on to ever fresh efforts to show their resentment and undermine his influence. That Dupuytren held his position so long against the combined assaults of two such foes, can be regarded only as a further proof of his abilities. Roux was a dapper little man, straight as an obelisk, and very active and nervous in all his movements. He was also endowed with a rosy complexion, a snub nose, and eyes that gleamed with a peculiar twinkle of sly humor and satisfaction. Enjoying an immense popularity with all classes, he increased this by courteous manners and a winning presence. He wrote much and well, having also a decided literary taste and culture beyond the usual range of his profession. As an operator he was bold, neat, and quick, to a degree hardly surpassed by any. While thus engaged he rarely spoke, though at other times chatty and communicative; in this respect the opposite of Dupuytren, who, mostly reserved, never ceased to talk while his knife flashed to and fro, winged with possible death. In operations for cataract Roux achieved frequent and extraordinary distinction. Dr. Warren heard him say, in June, 1833, that he had performed ninety of these within the previous fortnight. During his surgical career the number exceeded three thousand, — "chiffre immense," as his biographer justly remarks; but his facile brilliancy was of little benefit to those whom he treated, as most of them eventually lost their eyes through the negligence and inefficiency of his subsequent management. In some respects he was

favored with more liberal views than his *confrères;* and though he marked his path with many bloody steps, and attached slight value to human life, he was not averse to possible improvement. In the address above quoted, Dr. Warren, speaking of the practice formerly adopted by French surgeons in regard to the healing of wounds after an operation, says: —

> "At the period when I was prosecuting my studies in Paris, M. Roux was almost the only surgeon of note in that city to break in upon this routine of irritating dressings. He had visited England, and had there seen the good effects of the simpler treatment adopted in the London hospitals, upon which he had written a valuable treatise."

These three surgeons were the most conspicuous in their profession as operators and lecturers at the hospitals, and Dr. Warren naturally saw much of them. For months hardly a day passed when he was not in attendance as one or another of them made his rounds among the patients. The work they did was showy in the extreme, and the characteristic dash and *éclat* that accompanied their every movement were most dazzling to a surgical neophyte. With an eager craving for improvement and an entire absorption in his profession, he followed each motion of their magical fingers with subtle appreciation, and treasured it up for future use. Their movements were stamped upon his brain, as he watched them, keen-eyed, — burnt into its tissue as it were, — with such vivid and graphic outlines that they remained indelibly fixed, and he could afterwards reproduce them with added marvels of his own when practising his profession at home. But in spite of their great names and the prestige that had spread them to the ends of the earth, he was not blind to their defects. No one saw more clearly than he those petty weaknesses which tainted their exalted positions, and injured in every way the

morale of all who came in contact with them. Apart from every other consideration, Dr. Warren's own temperament, his self-respect and kindly nature, would have forbidden any sympathy for that fierce abuse of each other, that mendacity, that perfect indifference as to the means they employed for their advancement, that cruelty and reckless disregard of human life, for which they were ever noted.

There were other eminent men in the profession for whom he felt a far more genuine personal interest and nearly as great admiration, — men who, no less talented than these, were more retiring in their dispositions, cared less for pomp and display, and held themselves gladly aloof from the wild turmoil and aggressiveness of the arena. High among such ranked Civiale, than whom none enjoyed greater or more deserved consideration from the entire faculty.[1] Once a poor boy, destitute of all resources but those which his own talents might bring forth, he was now at the height of his glory, popular, wealthy, and admired. His famous memoir on lithotrity had lately been read in the Academy of Sciences, and the ingenious improvements he had made were admitted to be more valuable than any yet known. The operations he daily performed were of astounding dexterity and success. The skill he attained was almost miraculous. Caring not the least for effect, he wielded his instruments with a grace, confidence, and delicacy heretofore unseen in this branch of surgery. He was only eager that they should cause no pain, and often observed, with sympathetic humanity, "Grande est la crainte du bistouri." To him belongs the honor of first

[1] Dr. Warren had heard much of Civiale from his father, and felt an eager curiosity to see him at the earliest possible opportunity. When he had been about three weeks in Paris, he writes: "To-morrow I go to the hospital of Civiale, to whom I shall deliver my letter and risk my French. I have been there already once or twice, but did not happen to meet him. He is said to be one of the most gentlemanly of the French surgeons."

practising this operation on the living body. His method was especially appreciated by our countrymen, with whom he was a personal favorite; and they composed a large majority of his classes. His manners were most agreeable, and polished to the extreme of affability. To features regular and peculiarly attractive, was united an expression of great energy and decision, in which a pair of jet-black penetrating eyes took a prominent part. He rarely spoke without a gracious smile which few could resist. He was rather below the average size, stout, muscular, and well proportioned. With his other elements of popularity was combined a generosity which made him much beloved; and no one in his profession dispensed with a more abundant liberality the wealth which his own talents had acquired. To both the Warrens he was kindness itself from the beginning. He advanced their interests in every possible way; and whenever he had an opportunity of doing either of them a good turn, he did not expand into frothy verbosity and elaborate promises, like some of his associates, but gave it his attention forthwith.[1] When Dr. John C. Warren was in Paris, Civiale testified his friendship and esteem by every form of ample and cordial hospitality. Dr. Mason Warren was received into his family, and favored with an intimacy that was both flattering and encouraging from every point of view. This lasted till the end

[1] Kind as were many of the prominent surgeons to Dr. Warren, there were others at whose hands he fared no better than some of his associates when presenting their letters. "Dr. Chervin," he writes in March, 1833, "who made such professions when I visited him that I was obliged to restrain his offers, has never shown himself from that day to this. I thought at the time that here at length was one man to redeem the French reputation for politeness; but I find I am mistaken, and that they deal only in professions. I say this not only from my own experience, but from that of numbers of my friends, who after having delivered their letters were turned off or got rid of as soon as possible. There is quite a distinguished surgeon here from New Orleans, Dr. Luzemburgh, who has been spending the winter in Paris with his wife. He presented one letter, and was so little pleased with his reception that he left the rest of his introductions at the door with his card, and of course heard from but few of them afterwards."

of his days; and as late as the year 1854 Dr. Warren, writing to his father from Paris, under date of July 12, says: —

"Among the medical men here the principal attention I have received has been from Civiale, whose kindness has been unbounded. He expressed much gratification at seeing me again, and immediately asked me with Anne and the children to dine with him at his country-place. On Saturday I went with him early to an operation for lithotrity, and afterwards to his hospital, where he delivered a very interesting clinical lecture. On Saturday we dined with him near St. Cloud, with a large party of medical men and others. On Tuesday he took me to the meeting of the Academy of Medicine, and introduced me on the floor, my presence being announced by the President. Here I had the opportunity of hearing a very sharp discussion between Amussat and Malgaigne, the latter delivering a perfect Philippic against Velpeau and others in his peculiar style.[1] I think I have never heard such an orator, more like what we have heard of John Randolph than anything else. Civiale yesterday presented me with copies of all his own works which I did not possess, most elegantly bound. He has asked much about you, and says you are a wonder; that he never saw so active a person."[2]

[1] "Ainsi donc, les élèves perdent en M. Malgaigne un professeur éloquent et plein d'un immense savoir; l'École de médecine, un de ses plus glorieux membres; l'Académie, son orateur le plus pénétrant, le plus profond, le plus brillant; la science chirurgicale, une grande et belle intelligence, un de ses plus valeureux champions; la France, enfin, un de ses plus laborieux enfants!" Such were the words — and they seem to have been but the utterance of simple truth — with which Velpeau concluded his oration over the grave of his former adversary in October, 1865. It was a masterpiece of spirited eloquence, noble sentiments, and critical acumen; and the munificence of the speaker's tribute served a twofold purpose, for it not only held up before the world in a vivid light the talents and virtues of the dead, as they had revealed themselves to one whom kindred genius and long experience had endowed with ample faculties for their appreciation, but it displayed the magnanimity of a nature which scorned to withhold the meed of justice, even from an enemy.

[2] Civiale won golden opinions from all sorts of people, and from no source more abundantly than from the members of his own profession, whose jealousy, so clear was he in his great office, he seems never to have aroused, even among his own countrymen. Dr. Valentine Mott saw Civiale in Paris in 1835, and thus wrote of him: "But the *Hospital of Necker* must not be forgotten; for here resides the ever-illustrious and unrivalled Civiale, the projector and the author of that greatest of all

Very soon after Dr. Warren's arrival in Paris he called upon Baron Dubois,[1] who was still enjoying a serene and vigorous old age, after a life of hard work and exposure to manifold risks and perils. He had been a friend and admirer of the first Napoleon, and had shared his famous campaigns in Egypt and in Italy. Of his household Dr. John C. Warren was a member for more than a year after he began his studies in Paris, during the summer of 1801, greatly to his comfort and professional progress, Dubois being then at the head of the Hospice de l'École de Médecine.

Paris, Nov. 27, 1832.

My dear Father, — I made a visit a few days since to your former instructor, Baron Dubois. After having called a number

triumphs for science and humanity, of that master-innovation in the treatment of calculus, the operation of *lithotrity*. How much pain, how much agony, has not this great and good man saved to his fellow-creatures! And how perfectly in keeping with his mild and unpretending demeanor and his benevolent heart has been the victory he has gained over one of the most afflicting and excruciating torments which it is the lot of mortals to endure! Civiale is, in truth, one of the noblemen of our profession, in all the charities that adorn our nature. In his specialty, of all the men I have ever seen, for delicacy of tact and adroitness of execution he surpasses. It is utterly impossible for any one to imagine the highly finished style of his manipulations. I have often remarked to the pupils of our country, during my residence in Paris, that a visit to Civiale would alone amply compensate them for their journey to France, and that it was worth all the expense to a young man to learn a lesson from him; for it would teach, above all other things, what apparently almost insurmountable obstacles persevering resolution and matchless skill in the use of instruments can overcome."

[1] In an address before the American Medical Association, May 8, 1850, Dr. John C. Warren thus refers to Dubois: "Dubois was afterwards Baron of the Empire, Member of the Legion of Honor, and a great friend of the Emperor Napoleon. The emperor employed him to officiate on the occasion of the birth of his son. When a difficulty occurred in the *accouchement* of the empress, and Dubois represented to Napoleon that she would not be relieved without the application of considerable force, Napoleon immediately replied, 'Treat her in the same manner you would a *bourgeoise*.' Dubois was an admirable operator; and I found it a great advantage to pass my time, while in Paris, in his family, and in the hospital in which he officiated. His operations for the stone were performed with a rapidity so great that one could scarcely follow him in the successive steps. The knife he employed was of the size and form of an oyster-knife, cutting on both edges. He performed the operation for the extraction of cataract, also, with wonderful adroitness. But I remember a case in which the extraction of the lens was followed by the ejection of the whole contents of the globe of the eye, on which Dubois very coolly said to the patient, 'Mon ami, vous avez perdu votre œil.'"

of times, I finally succeeded in finding him at home. I waited awhile in his anteroom before he made his appearance. A short, stout man at last entered, dressed in small-clothes and boots, with a black silk nightcap on his head. He took my letter without saying anything, and asked me to come into his study. I told him that my father, Dr. Warren, one of his former *élèves*, was desirous that I should call and inquire into the state of his health, etc. He asked me what city I was from, and on my telling him, he very coolly asked me to sit down, and placed my letter on the table without opening it. I asked him if he remembered you. "That is the reason that I do not open his letter," he answered. "I have always inquired of every person I have seen from America how Dr. Warren was; for I loved him much, and I am very happy to see his son." He then asked me to dine with him and his son, who, he said, spoke English. He frequently corrected me in my French, saying that he took that liberty, "car je vous considère comme mon fils." I went to his house at half-past five, and found him seated in his study, with his slippers and a newspaper, taking his ease. His son and son-in-law, both physicians, soon entered, both of them kissing him in the true French style, calling him "mon petit papa." We had a very agreeable dinner together, the old gentleman leaving the conversation entirely to his sons. I was much pleased with the affectionate style in which they treated him. Dubois at present practises but little, and that in partnership with his son. He still, however, lectures. He is not on good terms with Dupuytren, and advised me, if I called on him, not to mention his name, as it would be no recommendation. This jealousy of one medical man for another is a thing I have remarked throughout Europe, particularly here and in Edinburgh. Hearing Lisfranc speak of Dupuytren, you would think him some miserable creature who had escaped the gallows, — "le brigand de la Seine," as he commonly calls Dupuytren. In Edinburgh I was shown, at Liston's Museum, a preparation of the bladder, etc., with a bougie pushed through the middle of the urethra and entering the centre of the bladder. This was stated by the conductor to be the handiwork of a surgeon who lived not far off (Mr. Syme). Almost the only man I have yet seen without this feeling is Sir Astley Cooper, who is the proper gentleman. Dubois gave me an engraving of himself,

taken a few years since, and much more like him than the one you have, which I told him you preserved with great care. I left him with an invitation to breakfast whenever I should feel disposed.

Shortly before quitting Paris for home, in 1835, Dr. Warren had a final interview with Baron Dubois, who had then reached the good old age of seventy-nine.

"I called on old Dubois yesterday for a farewell visit. He inquired after your health, and desired his most affectionate remembrances. His health is good, and he looks well preserved. I have seldom seen a more mild and pleasant expression on any countenance than that of Dubois. When taking leave he saluted me in the French way, on both sides of the face, apologizing for it as a French custom. I have met no man in France who has interested me more than Dubois."

Another of those surgeons of Napoleonic days, now the heroes of history, who, as surgeon in chief of the Grande Armée, followed the great conqueror from field to field and from victory to victory, and whose skill preserved many ghastly reminders of his achievements, often but half rescued from the graves into which they might have done better to pass, was Baron Larrey. Across the burning sands of Egypt and the snowy wastes of Russia, to the crowning calamity at Waterloo, where he was wounded and captured, he followed his leader with an unsparing devotion and self-sacrifice which called forth the warmest expression of Napoleon's friendship and approval, so that when dying he bequeathed a final souvenir, "à l'homme le plus vertueux que j'aie rencontré."[1] He was now at the head of the Hôtel des Invalides, and though nearly seventy, still labored with the sanguine faith and enthusiasm of youth, yearly publishing valuable *mémoires*,

[1] The form and stature of Larrey strikingly recalled those of his great leader, and he was wont to add to the resemblance by wearing the identical three-cornered hat which Napoleon himself made so famous, and which he gave to Larrey with the flattering remark that "it seemed to fit him best."

rich with suggestions of decided promise, which flowed full and free from a mind ever teeming with plans for the alleviation of human misery.

PARIS, Nov. 5, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I made a very pleasant and instructive visit a few days since to the Hôtel des Invalides, where I attended Larrey in his rounds. He is a short corpulent man, with a very agreeable face. His hair, which is gray, falls in curls over the straight ornamented collar of the military coat which he wears during his visits. He was very polite to Dr. Peirson, who was introduced to him by an Italian gentleman, and took great pains to show us all the remarkable cases, many of which he referred to as being described in his books. He also showed us his case of amputating instruments which he had with him in Egypt. He spoke much of his inventions of different kinds, particularly of an amputating knife with a curved blade, which, he said, cut off the leg more expeditiously, from its embracing a greater surface.

I think I have heard you state in your lectures, that no matter how much a blade was curved, nothing was added to the celerity of the operation, as it cut only on one point at the same time. Larrey, however, if he has anything he thinks his own, will not give it up for anybody. The most remarkable cases were: —

1. Lower jaw shot off; the tongue hung down upon the front of the neck. To remedy this, a curved plate was tied to the head, having a silver lip. When this was on, the man was able to articulate distinctly. He had been nourished with broth for ten or fifteen years.

2. Two or three cases of disarticulation at the shoulder-joint, with a beautiful union. One of the cases had been operated on two days previous, and was doing well. Baron Larrey showed us a case of neuralgia of the arm, from amputation having been performed too low down. The flap is not sufficient, and the cicatrix presses on the bone. He says he has seen a number of cases like this, and the best remedy is to amputate again. He is very fond of the hot iron. I saw him apply it to a large ulcer of the leg, forming an eschar over the whole. He stated that he had wrought some wonderful cures in erysipelas of the face by passing the iron over the whole surface. The patients were cured in twenty-four hours, but he

did not say how their faces looked after the operation. He showed us a case of cataract in which the man had been totally blind, but had been restored to sight by applying moxas to the back of the neck.[1] From this he inferred that cataract always depended on inflammation of the capsula. I did not see him operate, but intend to go there again for the purpose.

Dupuytren, Lisfranc, and Roux were at this period the brightest stars in that constellation of illustrious names which shed their light upon the golden age of French surgery. Their characteristics, professional and other, have been here given at some length, from the fact of their close connection with Dr. Warren, and the prominent part they took in moulding his future career. There were, also, many others hardly less renowned than they, whose instructions he shared at intervals, and whose examples influenced him to a certain extent, giving tone to his mind and skill to his hand; all the more that they were for the most part equally capable in surgery and in medicine. The great majority had come up out of the rugged turmoil of the French Revolution, and the renown they had achieved was often the enforced issue of stern necessity. Being as it were the offspring of chaos, they may be the more readily excused for the perpetual combat in which they lived. Such were Velpeau,[2] the son of a village blacksmith, now Professor of Clinique at La Pitié, — a world-wide celebrity, able, eloquent, persuasive, who had fought his way up to that proud height through every possible pain and hardship; Sanson, of the same hospital, almost equally distinguished; Marjolin, first

[1] Edward Everett, in a note written a few months before his death to Dr. Warren, expresses a sentiment which will doubtless meet with the approval of all who have had their attention directed to the great deeds of surgery: "When I consider the horrid things you surgeons have to do, I do not wonder that the patient sometimes dies, but that the surgeon ever lives."

[2] "A friend of mine a few days since introduced me to Velpeau, with whom I was much pleased. He is well acquainted with your operations, some of which he had published in his 'Traité d'Anatomie chirurgicale.'" — *Dr. Warren to his father, March* 12, 1834.

notary, then dragoon, now in charge of the Hospital Beaujon; Cloquet; Leroy d'Étiolles; Amussat; and a score of others, who, glorious in their day, have become dim shadows of the past in this. Towards Marjolin, with his "cœur gai et sa figure épanouie," with his easy-going manners and his "penchant à la camaraderie,"—Marjolin, the jolly friend and patron of young physicians, — Marjolin, who, famed throughout the kingdom for his surgical attainments, yet derived an income of a hundred thousand francs per annum from attending upon the bilious and hysterical fine ladies of Paris, — Dr. Warren felt a peculiar partiality. Under date of Nov. 22, 1833, he informs his father: —

"The lectures which I have chosen at the School of Medicine are those of Andral and Marjolin. Those of the latter on surgical pathology are without exception the most thorough and the most practical of any I have yet heard. Marjolin is now one of the first consulting surgeons in Paris, and has stored up a vast amount of facts."

Three months later he adds: —

"Marjolin's course continues interesting. He has just finished the surgical diseases of the eye, and come to those of the nose. Speaking of rhinoplastie, he rather disapproves of the operation. He says he has seen one or two noses *assez naturels;* others like tubercles in the centre of the face; others, again, which, having survived the operation without falling into gangrene, turned black and fell off at the first cold, the circulation in them having been unable to withstand the change in the temperature. *Pour lui*, he says, he should prefer an artificial nose.[1] These are made so well in France as scarcely to be

[1] With this conclusion Dr. Warren seems not to have agreed, as subsequent events proved. His father's "Surgical Notes" inform us that "in 1838 a patient applied to Dr. Mason Warren to perform an autoplastic operation for him. He undertook it, and with so much success that the individual has rather an aquiline nose than otherwise. Since then he has done the same operation with great success in various cases; how many, I cannot exactly tell. In one case he restored the nose by a portion of skin from the arm of the patient. The operation succeeded in a very satisfactory way, but the patient's distress from the posture she was obliged to retain was so very great that he determined never to employ this mode again." Dr. Warren appears to have bestowed especial care upon this branch of his

recognized; and he mentioned the case of a medical student with whom he dissected for ten days without discovering anything unnatural, until the young man, being obliged to use his handkerchief, seized the end of his nose, turned it aside, performed the necessary operation, and restored it to its natural place, the nose being attached by a kind of hinge."

There was still another class of eminent practitioners whose teachings Dr. Warren followed with interest and profit, giving them such time as he could snatch from the more comprehensive and absorbing demands of the great masters of his profession. They were the specialists, who had limited their chief investigations to one particular branch of study, in which their researches had made them famous. Among these were Ricord, of the Hôpital des Vénériens; Serres, the anatomist; Orfila, who had achieved such renown through his chemical investigations; Sichel, "l'oculiste le plus répandu de Paris;"[1] Duméril and Blainville, the eminent naturalists, the latter Cuvier's adjunct professor; and others whose names might be mentioned.

Dr. Warren, while in Paris, kept a sort of surgical journal, in which he wrote out copious and minute descriptions of the principal operations which he saw done by the most eminent French surgeons. This is still extant, and bears abundant testimony to the painstaking, enthusiastic devotion at this time bestowed upon his profession. The first case entered in this journal, under date of Nov. 19, 1832, is here given. It is peculiarly interesting, as the result of a pistol-shot, described by one who

profession from the beginning. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he sends to his father a long and minute account of several operations of this nature which he had just seen done by Dieffenbach, the celebrated German professor, who had already reconstructed over one hundred patients with various effect. He humorously concludes: "I am not aware whether a nose can be made according to the will of the patient with any particular expression, though I learn from one of my friends that it assumes at different periods of the treatment different characters, and the *nez orgueilleux*, the *nez dédaigneux*, the *nez spirituel*, successively present themselves."

[1] "*March* 14, 1833. — Yesterday I attended a *soirée* at the house of Dr. Sichel, the only professed oculist in Paris. He is a German, speaks English, and is married to a Scotch lady. Four languages were spoken, and not a Frenchman present."

afterwards showed much skill in the treatment of wounds from this source, and finally published a work that gave his own large experience in this branch of surgery.

"*Hôtel Dieu, Nov.* 19, 1832. — *Case of Pistol-shot.* — A young man, having determined to destroy himself, procured a pistol, and having loaded it, placed it directly in the centre of the forehead and discharged it. He was found lying on the floor, a round hole in the forehead through the skull, and the adjacent parts much torn. What was remarkable was that the consciousness of the patient was not lost, he answering distinctly questions put to him. In this state he remained two days, being for the greater portion of the time aware of what was going on, though, while he saw, heard, and spoke distinctly, the sense of smell was entirely lost. Yesterday, after conversing with his friends for some time, he was taken senseless, and shortly died. This morning the body was examined by M. Dupuytren. The ball was found to have penetrated both tables of the skull, and then, although in the first place directed upwards, had taken an opposite course, and after wounding the cerebrum, lodged exactly in the centre of the ethmoid bone, which fully accounted for the loss of the sense of smell. The optic nerves were uninjured."

In addition to this striking array of eminent surgeons, a large part of whom were quite as distinguished for their knowledge of medicine, there were many, such as Louis, Bouillaud, Chomel, Fouquier, Gendrin, and numerous other professors, who practised and taught almost entirely as physicians, and in this department were enjoying well-earned reputations. Chief among these was Louis, the famous pathologist; and to him Dr. Warren resorted at once on his arrival in Paris, and his instructions he continued to follow till the end of his stay. He admired his method of treatment and his able inductions; he respected his vast attainments, while his personal character and example excited in him an enthusiasm which steadily increased, and which he found to emanate from none other. An experience of six months led Dr. Warren to write, under date of April 13, 1833: —

"The greatest pathologist in the world at the present day is, probably, Louis. His manner of examining diseases and his philosophical method of teaching have a most wonderful result in showing what and how little we know of internal pathology, and point out the only true way to arrive at satisfactory results. This is by numbering cases. The effect of following Louis properly has been such on the mind of those of my acquaintance who have been with him, that this alone would determine me to make great sacrifices in order to spend five or six months under his instructions, as I think the principles that he establishes with regard to medicine can with great advantage be carried into the study of surgery.

"With Louis knowledge comes slowly, and requires much reading, as it is supposed in his observations that every one who follows him is well acquainted with the subject. On this account he is not a good person for beginners in medicine to attend; and in fact his students are mostly English or Americans who have taken their degrees of M.D., though this may not add much to their enlightenment, as the subject is an entire novelty to many, and several of the diseases he examines have never been diagnosed in our country."

Louis possessed an eminently handsome and striking person, while the dignity of his demeanor was rendered more winning by a certain blandness of manner which swayed every act and movement. The charm of his presence alone was felt by all who came into his company. Tall and upright, his somewhat pale face bore the traces of profound study and reflection, though the affable smile by which it was often lightened revealed his really genial and sympathetic nature. Generous and unselfish, tender-hearted and assiduous in his devotion to the interests of others, he deserved the praise that all were quick to bestow upon him. Full of every kindly endeavor for the good of his race, his grand and all-embracing philanthropy knew no limits. In a letter to Dr. James Jackson, Jr.,[1] he expressed a sentiment which

[1] For this much lamented young physician, the Lycidas of his profession, "dead ere his prime, and hath not left his peer," Louis cherished a sincere attachment, and

was the key-note to his whole life and to the motives that influenced him from the outstart. "It is our duty upon earth," he wrote, "to use our faculties in the best possible manner and for the advantage of the greatest number."

Louis was endowed with an intellect of the highest order, and his powers of generalization were such as ordinarily are possessed by none but the ablest men. He was the most careful, impartial, and honest observer that his profession has yet known. To such a spirit the dark territories of pathology in his day offered an illimitable field for exploration. Keen, clear-headed, and far-reaching, he was capable of weaving great numbers of facts into one definite result and rule of conduct. He saw the need of a fundamental knowledge of structure, and was ambitious, above all things, to enlarge the scientific rational basis of his profession, and to reveal new connections and facts hitherto hidden. Eager for the truth, and aware that of all dangers a fallacious certainty is the greatest, he was always seeking for more light. He was quick to detect error in any guise, however plausible, and dreaded only that darkness which is the offspring of bigotry and ignorance. Lavish of self, he was considerate of others. His life was a continual lesson of courtesy and

an affection which seemed only to increase as the years passed on, and deepened his sense of the loss experienced by both himself and the whole medical fraternity. "Louis is on the most intimate terms with Jackson, and treats him like a son," wrote Dr. Warren shortly after he had begun his studies in Paris. Years after Dr. Jackson's death, Louis, when speaking of it to an American physician, exclaimed: "Ah! pauvre jeune homme, pauvre jeune homme! Il fut un honneur du genre humain; si modest, si bon, si prudent, si affectionné et si obéissant; et cependant, quoique si jeune, il possédait tout le jugement, la sagesse, et la connaissance d'un age mûr."

It was to Louis, "who was regarded by the subject of this memoir as a second father, not with more admiration than filial respect and affection," and to Dr. Boott, "whose bright mind and pure and elevated virtues inspired the most ardent and sincere love in his young friend," that Dr. James Jackson dedicated that sad memorial of his son, — surely one of the most deeply affecting tributes ever offered by a sincere and manly soul as a solace to blighted hopes and to parental affection that had been wounded even unto death.

toleration. Conscientious, persevering, judicious, he disdained the noisy din of controversy, while the loud clang of anger and jealousy, the sharp thrusts of spite and malice, only excited his contempt. Buoyed up by noble aims and a conscious beneficence, none envied him his progress towards that sure reward of which he enjoyed a pleasing foretaste in the love and reverence of all who knew him.

Such was the man to whom Dr. Warren betook himself before he had been a week in Paris, and whose steps he continued to follow with unswerving allegiance and steadily increasing confidence for three years. From no other of his Parisian teachers, it is safe to say, did he derive more permanent profit or greater encouragement in his studies. He yielded at once to the contagion of his enthusiasm and to the inspiration of an example which drew him ever onwards. From him he derived much of that maturity of thought, that compactness and solidity of idea, that self-confidence, born of well-defined truth and patient research, which distinguished him, and enabled him to impress on others a sense of the merits daily and almost unconsciously absorbed from his instructor. From him he learned, above all things, to hesitate at no labor and spare no effort till he too became a master of his art. Strong in his strength and urged by every worthy motive, he moved resolutely on, pressing from better up to best, and well aware of the truth so clearly set forth by one who at that very time and in that very city, with more than manly toil, was forcing a path to fame through darkness and tears, through poverty and despair: —

"Le travail constant est le loi de la vie, et j'éprouve le besoin pour arriver à une réputation de toujours faire mieux."

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN PARIS. — AMERICANS IN EUROPE. — PATERNAL LETTERS AND ADVICE. — PARISIAN SUNDAYS. — LE RESTAURANT FLICOTEAU. — LES TROIS FRÈRES PROVENÇAUX.

Dr. Warren had much reason to be grateful for the associates that surrounded him during the whole of his three years' absence, and in whose company so large a part of his time was necessarily spent. The coterie of young doctors in the midst of whom he at once found himself on his arrival in Paris, were many of them from the United States, and not a few from his native city. With some changes this continued to the end of his foreign life. Mostly these fellow-students were very agreeable to him; and though they could not quite satisfy his craving for home and kindred, they did much to allay it for the time. The cordiality of their welcome put him forthwith on the easy footing of friendship, while united interests drew him and them ever more nearly together. Being gentlemanly in their manners, sentiments, and culture, he was quickly *en rapport* with them. They fairly represented the best blood and talent of their own land. Animated by worthy motives, their influence upon each other was strong, healthy, and inspiriting, and gave infinite promise of future good. They were no mean examples of the results that had already accrued from the institutions of the New World, — of its youthful vigor and growing aspirations. They would have been regarded as a credit to any country by all whose minds had not been warped by jealousy, blinded by prejudice, or contracted by long running in deeply worn and narrow ruts. Dr.

Warren's friend, Dr. Greene, who arrived with him in Paris, long remained there; and so also did Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, who still lives to show the strength and beauty of the structure of which he was then laying the foundations. From another friendship Dr. Warren at this period derived peculiar pleasure. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, fresh from the Massachusetts Medical School, was also pursuing his studies in France; and a congenial humor, which made the moments glitter as they passed, joined to mutual ambition, earnestness of purpose, and a high ideal, brought them much together.[1] Dr. James Jackson, Jr., whom he had met in Scotland and elsewhere during the preceding summer, had, with this exception, been in Paris since May, 1831. In his society Dr. Warren felt an ever new delight, and was soon conscious of that attachment, and admiration as well, which he seldom failed to elicit from all who came within the range

[1] Of the gay experiences of Dr. Holmes while thus nourishing his professional youth, was born one of its agreeable souvenirs, familiar to all his admirers under the title of "La Grisette."

"Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had past,
I said, 'We meet again,' —
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name."

This appeared in the first collection of his poems, published in 1836, and was doubtless written in Paris at the time of which we are speaking. It still retains the bloom and flavor of that early and auspicious ripeness, and tends to show that poets do not always "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

In the light of subsequent events one may be allowed a passing comment on this verse. In spite of dreary prognostics, it would seem that it *was* the poet's ultimate fate, when the sound of the grinding was low, to meet his friend again, and that, of all places in the world! on the Common, — *sed quantum mutata ab illa!*

"My ear a pleasing torture finds
In tones the withered sibyl grinds, —
The *dame sans merci's* broken strain,
Whom I erewhile, perchance, have known,
When Orleans filled the Bourbon throne,
A siren singing by the Seine."

THE FLANEUR. *Boston Common*, Dec. 6, 1882.

of his shining example. Dr. Jackson left for home in July, 1833; and his friend parted from him with a deep sense of loss, though both were fortunately ignorant of the greater grief in store for them. Many others might be mentioned, were there space; but these will suffice to show the stuff of which the companions of Dr. Warren at that time were made. In the fall of 1834 he writes from Paris: —

"I meet here a number of fine young men who have come out since my journey to England. Among others, young Dr. Post of New York, a very gentlemanly and well-instructed pupil of Dr. Mott; also Dr. Pierce of Philadelphia, a particular friend of Jonathan Mason; also a son of Dr. Downes. One of Dr. Wistar's sons is daily expected. So that among us all we make a good representation of the sons of the medical professors in the different cities; and it is very interesting thus to be able to compare the peculiarities of practice at home. As good medical students, desirous of availing themselves of the advantages offered in Paris, the Americans stand as high as those of any nation who come here, and they are surpassed by none, either as gentlemen or in the matter of education."

Possessing, as they did, scholarly sympathies and devotion to their work, combined with courtesy of manner and general refinement, these young men held a position that was inevitably conspicuous, especially from the obvious contrast they offered to the views then commonly prevalent in Europe concerning their nation. When Dr. Warren first landed in England, with his intelligence, his cultivated taste, and that decided air of good breeding which speedily made him acceptable in the best society, his country was laboring under various imputations abroad, which, though deserved in certain particulars, had been grossly exaggerated by the envy of some, by the ignorance of others lacking the means of detecting the truth, and still more by the persistent ill-will of various writers, who, knowing better than they wrote, had sought a path to both fame and profit by catering to the general prejudice.

Thanks to several travellers, the majority of them English, who had crossed the Atlantic within a few years for the purpose of filling their baskets by raking our gutters, our manners and morals had been described with pens sharpened by spite and dipped in gall. Mrs. Trollope had just produced her three famous volumes crammed with ridicule and perversion, which were to line her pockets at the expense of her veracity; and her countrymen were enjoying them with a zest to which there was no drawback. A few months before Dr. Warren's visit to Paris, the "Revue des Deux Mondes" had published an essay of one hundred and twenty pages entitled "Les Mœurs des Américains." It was the work of Jouffroy, the eminent metaphysician, and lately appointed Professor of Greek Philosophy in the College of France, whose able lectures Dr. Warren took an early opportunity to attend, as has been mentioned above. Taking for its text Mrs. Trollope's masterpiece, this essay was nominally devoted to a critique thereof, though it really served as a vehicle for not a little abuse that was wanting to her pages, — figments, in all probability, of the author's wonderful imagination, evolved from his inner consciousness by a process more creditable to his ingenuity than to his love of truth. That he honestly believed what he wrote one can hardly imagine, and we are led to infer that he could not resist the temptation offered by a subject so prolific in material for wit and satire; but whatever may have been the professor's actual opinions, those he expressed were quite in accordance with the popular idea, and there is every reason to conclude that Mrs. Trollope and Monsieur Jouffroy together are entitled to the credit of doing much to confirm those vague and derogatory opinions concerning America which were so extensively held at that time and for years after.

This contribution of Monsieur Jouffroy appeared in the months of June, July, and September, 1832. Though not

precisely within the scope of the present memoir, a few extracts from the article, culled at random, are here given, that the curious may have some idea of the light in which this nation revealed itself to one of the most intelligent minds of Europe fifty years ago. According to Monsieur Jouffroy, in the United States —

"On élit une religion comme on choisit un métier, et si on n'en trouve pas à sa guise on s'en passe, ou on en fait une."

"En Europe un cordonnier reste un cordonnier; en Amérique il peut devenir chef de secte, et cela sans renoncer à son état."

"Nous devons dire toutefois que cette grossièreté de mœurs ne vient pas exclusivement aux États-Unis du principe démocratique. Une part doit en être attribuée à la jeunesse de l'Amérique, encore en lutte avec une nature primitive, et qui n'est qu'à moitié vaincue. Quand on vit au milieu des bois, quand on entend de son salon hurler la panthère et siffler la flèche du sauvage, il est difficile d'être aussi raffiné qu'une belle dame d'Almach ou qu'un fashionable de la Rue de la Paix."

"Les Américains sont tristes et ne s'amusent jamais; ils dédaignent le théâtre, ils méprisent le bal et les soirées. De toutes les distractions connues, ils n'aiment que le jeu, qui est encore un calcul."

"Le mépris pour les femmes est un autre caractère de la véritable démocratie."

"Les hommes et les femmes forment deux races isolées, et ne se rapprochent guère que pour des choses indispensables."

"Les pauvres femmes sont donc très abandonnées en Amérique, et ne trouvant aucun avantage à plaire elles en négligent les moyens et sont pour la plupart très insignifiantes et assez sottes."

"Là les hommes, si on en excepte les prêtres, ne regardent pas les femmes, n'en tiennent aucun compte. Ils dinent à l'auberge pour ne pas les voir, même à table; s'il y a fête, ils manifestent solitairement leur joie, eux seuls prennent place au banquet: les femmes sont reléguées dans une chambre voisine, où on leur sert des biscuits et de la viande salée, et où elles attendent patiemment la fin du repas et l'heure du bal."

From these few examples one can draw a fair conclusion as to the quality of Monsieur Jouffroy's criticism, and as to its value no less, regarded as an *exposé* of the manners and morals practised on this side of the Atlantic in his time. If the professor had acquired no more accurate information concerning the philosophy of Ancient Greece than he claimed to possess concerning the customs of America, his pupils could have had little reason to pride themselves on their acquirements. Whether Dr. Warren ever met with the article above quoted does not appear, — he does not mention it in his correspondence, — but if he had perused it, it is fair to infer that his faith in the writer would have been considerably shaken, despite his eloquence, his philosophy, and his lofty ethical generalizations.

Thanks to the progress of the last half-century, these views would now be regarded as more or less fantastic even in Europe; but at that period they were dominant everywhere, especially in England, where a natural antipathy magnified and multiplied the errors born of an inherent obtuseness. We were then regarded abroad, partly with curiosity, partly with anxiety, as a people of marvellous realities, of extraordinary possibilities, and of still more extraordinary suggestions. From our rapidly expanding future the wildest visionaries drew a fresh and vigorous life, while the conservative mind, on the contrary, saw but one end to our headlong rush.[1]

[1] "In August, 1825, the Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, accompanied by Captain Ryk of the 'Pallas' and Mr. Van Tromp, a descendant of the famous admiral of that name, dined at Quincy with a large party. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar was commanding in appearance, being above six feet in height; intelligent and unassuming in conversation and manners. Unprepared for the progress of civilization in the United States, he expected to meet Indians in the streets of Boston, and was surprised that ladies should venture five hundred miles into the interior to visit Niagara. He had loaded the 'Pallas' with books, articles of clothing, etc., as if he was going to a country where the accommodations of life were not easily to be obtained." — *Memoir of the Life of Eliza S. M. Quincy.* By Eliza Susan Quincy. Boston, 1861.

Such to European eyes was the country from which Dr. Warren and his companions came to pursue their studies in Paris. They must have been viewed with astonishment by those with whom they were brought into close connection. One can imagine even Professor Jouffroy asking himself if the peculiar manners, morals, and institutions which he had attributed to America could have produced such youths as those from its shores whom he daily saw before him. So far as Dr. Warren's dress and demeanor were concerned, he might at this time have passed for one of the *jeunesse dorée*. Before his departure from Boston he had already begun to assert himself not only professionally but in society. Good-looking, nice in his attire, graceful in manner, though somewhat diffident, bright and entertaining, given to no excess, a devotee of the ladies, of a light heart and full of spirits, every one who saw him was conscious of a gentlemanly and interesting presence. His dainty ways lent refinement and elegance to every movement. He was as neat and finished as an epigram. A certain gayety of temperament shone in his face. His demeanor was distinguished by that old-time courtesy which prevailed when manners were a fine art and had not yet entered upon their decadence. With this his whole nature was in accord, though it was partly inherited. It was the expression of a deferential politeness happily united to the sincere and ingenuous feeling of youth, and it abode with him to the last. None could have been better fitted than he to enjoy and appreciate foreign life, or more thoroughly prepared by habits, sympathy, and education to chime in with the manners and customs of the better class of Parisians, as well as with the highest type of French breeding and culture. He easily swayed level with their most winning refinements. In the matter of deportment there was nothing to be desired; and of him might truly have been made the remark attributed to an old marquis in the days of Louis XIV.,

apropos of a new courtier: "Ce jeune homme ira loin. Ses manières sont parfaites."

And yet for society as such Dr. Warren at that time cared but little, and he gave up to its frivolities only that which his position demanded. He sought it as a desultory and necessary amusement, though never at the expense of his profession. "Occasionally," he wrote, "I get over the other side of the river into society, but with somewhat of an effort, as it breaks in upon other and more serious matters." His main object in life never failed to stand out clearly before him, and the sober future always beckoned him on unobscured by present levity. When he did resort to the *salons*, the company he chiefly affected was not that of the gay and the idle, but the best he could obtain of intellectual maturity and elevation of sentiment. It was in such places only that he could meet a certain class of the great men of the day. Writing from London to his father in 1832, he says: "I find it impossible to avoid dinner-parties, as it is the only way of becoming acquainted with the people I am most anxious to see." He eagerly drank in the conversation of those older and wiser than himself, and welcomed cordially those instructions which were to be warmed and freshened into a new fruitfulness by his own lively intelligence. Hence, even when young, he achieved a position in the minds of the ablest, and the regard of his fellow-students was leavened with an inevitable respect. Fortunate in the possession of a pure morality and a taste for simple pleasures, he was not to be led astray, though surrounded by temptations on every hand which to others often proved irresistible. Thus he was able to indulge with slight hindrance that absorption in his studies which entranced him from the first, and slowly and steadily gained upon him during the whole of his foreign sojourn. "Every one brings home favorable accounts of you," writes Dr. John C. Warren in 1834, "both as to your acquirements

and as to your manners, which they commend over the frippery of many young men." When Dr. Warren was intending to leave Europe in the year last mentioned, Sir Astley Cooper intrusted him with the following note: —

London, July 10, 1834.

My dear Sir, — I cannot suffer your son to return without assuring you of his steadiness, his gentlemanlike conduct, and his perseverance in acquiring a knowledge of his profession.

He will return a blessing to yourself, and I trust will pursue the same path as his father has done, and do honor to the New World.

I have promised to send you a proposition or two, which I will perform as soon as I can.

I am yours truly,

Astley Cooper.

Dr. Warren.

Dr. Holmes, in his graceful tribute to the memory of his former friend and companion, remarks: —

"In Paris, in London, wherever we found ourselves, he never for a moment lost sight of his great object, — to qualify himself for that conspicuous place as a surgeon which was marked for him by the name he bore and the conditions to which he was born. This was his constant aim in the hospitals which he assiduously followed, in the museums which he faithfully explored. In the society of the distinguished practitioners to whom he had access and to whom he often introduced his less favored friends, though always at his ease and good company for any he might meet, he was still listening and learning.

"We who knew this laborious man loved him, because he was kind and good and natural in all his ways. I do not remember that any one of us, even of those who travelled with him, — and travelling in company is the touchstone of infirm tempers, — ever had a hard word with him. Yet he was what we should have called a man of a high spirit, and there was some fiery blood in his veins, such as Joseph Warren shed in that fierce *mêlée* which opened the war of the Revolution."

In a similar strain of cordial recognition Dr. Henry I. Bowditch has presented the impressions that he still retains of that young associate of his early days in foreign lands. He says: —

"No one ever heard aught against him. On the contrary, the record of his life, as written on the minds of all of us, was that of a pure-minded, earnest youth, devoted to the high purposes of a thorough surgical education. This was in 1832–33; and of all those Americans who were students with us, the memory of no one is sweeter than that I have of him."

As might have been inferred from the depth of their mutual attachment, an unceasing correspondence was maintained between Dr. Warren and his father during the whole of the former's absence abroad. Dr. John C. Warren was a man who never fell away from the grand ideal he had formed and steadily kept in view. In the sternness of his virtue and his rigid self-denial, in the nobility of his aims and the daily ripeness of his whole life, he was no unworthy peer of Milton himself; and the letters he wrote to his son were such as could have come from no other source. They were richly freighted not only with the judicious counsels born of a sound morality and religious fervor, but with the dictates of worldly wisdom and the maxims of a shrewd and practical observation which had garnered up much truth, and had not rejected the smallest trifle that might add to the good estate of those who were to come after him. Every line bore impressive testimony to a strenuous longing for his son's advancement. Even had the young doctor been disposed to wander from the right, these letters might have done much to restrain his devious steps. To those who knew the latter intimately and perceived the maturity of his mind, the well-laid plans he had adopted, and the honorable career from which he seldom swerved, some of the contents of these letters might have appeared

superfluous. Yet his father had already been sorely tried, and it was not strange that he occasionally became a prey to dim forebodings and apprehensions of he knew not precisely what. At times these amounted almost to despair. "The will of the Most High be done!" he exclaims at the close of one of his exhortations. "Our fondest hopes are most likely to be disappointed, and this by trivial circumstances within our control." It could not perhaps be otherwise. The father had every confidence in the moral tone of his son, and in his resolve to let nothing interfere with the main object of his life; but he looked upon him from his own high level, and failed to make the necessary allowance for the difference in their dispositions, in their mental temperament, and even in their constitutions. A very anchorite himself, he did not apprehend that the abstention of which he was capable might be impossible with others. Caring little for amusement, for the pleasures of the table, or for any of the lighter aspects of existence, he came to regard them as enemies, more or less invidious, whose first approaches were to be resisted as the signs of inevitable defection. In the matter of diet his opinions had long been formed, and they continued the same as they have already been given in this memoir. In 1834 he writes to his son: —

"Do not risk the loss of all that Providence has bestowed upon you by any inadvertence in your food. Seeing, as I do every day, the most judicious persons falling victims to appetite; recollecting, as I do, the long struggle you have had for health, I, of course, feel much on this subject, especially when I consider the loss of ——— and other fine young men. Do not tell me there is no danger. There is danger, especially for you. If you could altogether give up the use of wine, I should be more happy. I am constantly distracted by the idea that after all your acquirements your health may fail under your labors in study connected with your modes of living.

"Young persons, confident in youth and strength, ridicule the hints and warnings of experience, or if they don't do this they

forget them in the ardor of their pursuits. Providence has kindly spared you more than once when most critically situated. It now lies with you to spare yourself by a life of steady temperance as to liquid and abstinence as to solid food.

"Although I know you will feel bound to restrict yourself as to everything that might impair your health as much or more than other young men, yet seeing in my daily experience how much men of sense trifle with health in the early part of life, I feel no security on this subject when I consider what has been your health formerly. Health and life are much more under our control than we are willing to admit; but we are content to live according to our appetites, and to put the responsibility for our health on Providence, instead of relying on our own effort at self-denial.

"Your present way of living, going into the hospital five or six hours in the morning without a regular meal, is, I know from experience, highly injurious. I got a febrile attack while in Paris from this course, which impaired my strength for the season. You ought to make your health a primary consideration, since you have suffered so much and caused so much anxiety to your friends. You have naturally a good constitution. Study and a want of attention to food have twice brought you to the gates of death. Providence has spared you thus far, but I pray you to remember that without regular attention to all the means of preserving health you are daily liable to relapse.

"Practise much with tools. Get a hand-saw and saw bones daily in every direction. Saw with your left hand. Learn to shave with your left hand,[1] and to dissect. Do all surgical operations on dead bodies methodically, carefully, and frequently. This will not require much time, and you can command bodies better than here. I avail myself of every opportunity of doing the most simple operations on the dead body.

"Do not forget your Latin and Greek. Cultivate friends and correspondents. Be careful of dinner-parties. Health is easily lost, hardly regained. Recollect that health of body and a good conscience are necessary to the accomplishment of every good work. Make as many friends as you can among our countrymen. Above all, bear in mind the gratitude we owe to God

[1] "Manu strenua, stabili, nec unquam intremiscente eaque non minus sinistra, quam dextra, promptus." — Celsus *De Medicina.*

for so many blessings. Manifest a respect for religion, its services, and its great Author. In this last more of our young men fail than in any other quality. Neither men nor especially women are willing to trust their lives with one in whose principles they want confidence. Remember, when I mention these things, I am speaking on the foundation of near forty years of experience, and I speak not lightly."

Under date of Sept. 10, 1834, Dr. Warren's father writes: —

"I wish I could convey to you the state of feeling which exists here in regard to the use of wine. Great numbers are giving it up entirely and with uniform benefit. If you could do this wholly, I would venture to assure you of an increase of health, of pleasure, and of time. If I now had all the time and all the health that wine has deprived me of, my life would have been far more valuable. But, alas! when I was of your age, wine was thought necessary, and I never suspected the contrary till within a few years back. Depend on it that wine is the most certain and the most insidious enemy you can have.[1] Take care of yourself, and may the favor of the Almighty rest on you is the prayer of your affectionate father."

In his answer to this letter Dr. Warren says: —

"With regard to the inconvenience at times occasioned by the use of wine I have not the least cause to doubt, having had convincing proofs thereof during my last visit to England that a continued use of the stronger wines was after a while attended with more or less loss of time and disturbance of health. I am pretty sure that with a much smaller quantity than I am accustomed to take I should not be the worse, even in France. Some

[1] Dr. John C. Warren was true to these stringent views on all occasions. In June, 1836, he went to Washington with a part of his family, and they were for a time the guests of President Jackson. The Doctor records with no little satisfaction that "Mrs. Warren gave him some good advice about his health, and recommended him not to drink wine, to which he assented." Between these two iron-willed men there were some striking resemblances, and no one can be surprised that they soon conceived a mutual friendship for each other. During General Jackson's visit to Boston in 1834 they had several interviews; and when the former was taken ill, the Doctor gave a further proof of his attachment by attending him with care and bleeding him twice.

stimulus of the kind, however, is absolutely necessary, counting out of the question the impossibility of using the water. My customary hour of dining is about six, when I walk over to the other side of the river to dine, where I meet two or three companions. By a general consent excesses in wine are avoided, and I have not suffered during the last two years from any effects it may have in interfering with the occupations of the evening, unless it be a tendency to sleepiness early after dinner. I generally take the Beaune wine, one of the best of the red Burgundies."

Once fairly settled in Paris, Dr. Warren had quickly adapted himself to his new surroundings, notwithstanding the striking contrast they presented with the manners and customs of the country he had so lately left. With his genial and pliant temperament he found the change much to his taste, and the cords which had thus far more or less firmly bound him were easily loosened. He was now his own master in a land of all-pervading latitude as to moral and religious conduct, and where there was no limit to self-indulgence but self-control. That he not only did nothing to justify his father's somewhat morbid misgivings, but really indulged in no excess, should be placed to his credit. Whatever he might innocently do without encroaching upon his professional studies he did, and he was very willing to go at least half-way to meet the novel life that was dawning upon him and with many of the aspects of which his feelings so cordially agreed. Among all its peculiar phases nothing stood out in more striking contrast with his former habits, or excited greater surprise, than the French manner of keeping the Sabbath. Though Dr. Warren's father was no bigot, and in his own house had exerted only a liberal and sensible pressure upon his children, yet he had required various religious observances as becoming and essential. Though these were far removed from the exactions of a barren and meagre Calvinism, and were in no sense calculated to excite a positive aversion, his son Mason had not given them a very

decided support, and it was a certain relief to his mind to be free from them. Dr. John C. Warren was a man of the deepest religious convictions, and under his roof Sunday had ever been honored with reverence and a conscientious propriety. His regard for the day was both an hereditary instinct and the outcome of his natural temperament as well, and the sober thoughts evoked by its weekly return harmonized fully with that solemn cast of mind which led him to dwell quite as much in the future as in the present.[1] He brought up his children to attend church and Sunday-school and to learn the catechism, while on every Sabbath evening he never omitted to summon them to his library for an hour's reading of pious books, more particularly those which he thought most likely to impress them with the importance of a religious life. The effect of these teachings was excellent, and, as subsequent events proved, they were durably stamped upon Dr. Warren's mind, — all the more so from the respect he felt for his father's character; but the facility with which he proceeded to ignore them after his arrival in Paris plainly proved that they did not at once bring forth the fruit which had been expected. Certainly his moral sense had not as yet impelled him to look upon them as vital, and he was conscious of no sin in disregarding them for the present.[2]

[1] "The facts you have collected and will be able to collect in support of the observance of the Sabbath are so numerous and so easily obtained that it would be useless for me to attempt to add to them. I will only remark that so far as my observation has extended, those persons who are in the habit of avoiding worldly cares upon the Sabbath are those most remarkable for perfect performance of their duties during the week. The influence of a change of thought on the Sabbath upon the minds of such persons resembles that of a change of food upon the body. It seems to give a fresh spring to the mental operations, as the latter does to the physical. I have a firm belief that such persons are able to do more work, and do it better, in six days, than if they worked the whole seven. The breathing the pure and sublime atmosphere of a religious Sabbath refreshes and invigorates the mind, and forms the best preparation for the labors of the following week." — *Dr. John C. Warren to Dr. Edwards.*

[2] The peculiar mental structure and disposition of the father and son are well illustrated by the difference in their views concerning Sabbath proprieties. Each

Dr. Warren devoted his first Parisian Sunday to the Louvre, and that with no apparent sense of desecration, but rather with obvious and light-hearted relish. "In Paris," his journal informs us, "Sunday is considered a holiday, and every person enjoys himself as he best can. Some attend the fêtes which are held in the vicinity of the city; others walk in the gardens, and in the evening visit the concerts and theatres, which on this day afford more than usual attractions. Everything, however, is done in a rational manner, — no brawls in the streets, or noise of drunken fellows, as on an English or American holiday."

Of his second Sunday he gives the following account:

"Went out to a fête at St. Cloud, about six miles from Paris. It had continued three weeks, and this was the last Sunday. I visited the palace, which has a very splendid gallery of paintings. The tents and booths were all arranged along the public walk, while other tents were erected for dancing and the sale of refreshments. When lighted in the evening, the whole presented a lively scene; the superb display of lamps, the music and dancing in every direction, having a most brilliant effect. Each gentleman was required to pay four sous for every dance, with liberty to select his own partner. Few fine-looking women were present; and in fact one seldom sees much beauty among the second-class French, though the liveliness and good-humor of the women go far to make up for the want of it."[1]

enjoyed the day after his own fashion. Dr. John C. Warren was one of the very few Americans — perhaps the only one — who have failed to be oppressed by spending a Sunday in London. To him, however, the dreary monotony of the day appears to have been a source of positive pleasure. Writing to his son from that city in October, 1837, he says: "To-day for the first time I have stayed at home, which I regretted the more because it was Sunday, — a most interesting day to me in London, for I can then visit different churches and take my long walks in the streets without interruption from the noise of carriages. Staying at home to-day in a pleasant back-chamber with a good fire, I have had time to think for the first time in some weeks. The distant toll of the various bells about the upper part of Portland Place has excited my meditations in a most agreeable manner."

[1] Dr. Warren had a decided taste for the beautiful under every aspect, especially in woman, and this he never lost to the end of his days. In his journal for Oct. 1, 1832, we read an account of a drive to one of the king's châteaux with his landlady, who evidently took a peculiar fancy to the handsome young American. It

Thus agreeably, and none the less from the latent flavor of sinfulness which pervaded them, the Sundays were passed to the end.[1] At a later date another enjoyable feature was added in the shape of a weekly dinner at the famous restaurant in the Palais Royal, Les Trois Frères Provençaux. This was rarely, if ever, omitted, and serving as a sort of reward for the past week's labors, was productive of much satisfaction to Dr. Warren and a choice reunion of young medical aspirants with whom he was linked in a jovial fraternity. In this matter the *convives* were far more highly favored than the great majority of their fellow-students, who seldom had such a treat to anticipate. The French pupils were nearly all more or less impecunious, and thousands found themselves constrained to limit their entire expenses to an average of two francs a day. Marjolin's remark, "L'élève est reconnaissant surtout pour ceux qui épargnent sa bourse," was of universal application, and his own popularity was based on a sense of its truth.[2] Mostly they dined very cheaply, very scantily, and on strange meats. The Restaurant Flicoteau seems to have taken the lead in popularity; and here they were wont to resort in a gregarious and empty herd. It was celebrated for the number of its patrons, if not for the sumptuousness of its feasts. Though not rare, the food was cheap. For twenty sous one could secure a dinner of soup, fish, and meat, with bread *à discrétion*,

concludes: "Not the least interesting object I saw was a pretty young woman, Madame Morel's niece. A pretty woman is a great rarity in France."

[1] In one of his letters Dr. Warren relates with considerable zest the story of a Frenchman who had spent some weeks in Boston. Being asked by a friend how he contrived to dispose of his Sundays, he replied, "Monsieur, je prends médecine."

The manner in which Dr. John C. Warren passed his first Sunday in Paris in 1837 offers a characteristic contrast to that of his son. "Nov. 13," records his journal, "I attended service at Mr. Baird's chapel. Excellent sermon from Mr. Kirk. About forty persons present. Subject, 'The duties of parents.' Form of service Congregational."

[2] Roux informed Dr. John C. Warren that the students "paid nothing for attending lectures and hospitals, but those who wished to graduate paid two hundred francs per annum for their inscriptions."

though this latter phrase was really of limited significance. To this might be added a dessert of fruit for two sous, and half a bottle of fair claret for six sous. Not a few by snipping at either end contrived to dine there for sixteen sous, — a depth of economy beyond which no one cared to penetrate. At this ordinary one could hardly afford to be fastidious, and it would not have been worth the trouble to investigate too closely the component parts of any dish. One's peace of mind, and bodily comfort as well, was far better served by admitting the bliss that comes from ignorance, and by contemplating without reserve those plausible chromos of the cuisine with which the seductive bill of fare was so liberally garnished.

To those who were able to dine more substantially than at Flicoteau's, — with a more vivid sense of reality, one might say, — the promised land lay on the other side of the river, in the Palais Royal and its neighborhood. Thither, at six o'clock in the evening, as regularly as Sunday came round, Dr. Warren and a chosen company of friends — Holmes, Inches, Jackson, Hooper, Bethune, Bowditch, Greene, Morse, or whoever they might be — made their way, and at that savory corner of the palace — Temperance Corner, as it was facetiously termed — where the restaurant of the Trois Frères was situated, abandoned themselves for the moment to the delights of its superlative cuisine. It was renowned for its *soupe à la Turc*, for its *cotelettes à la Provençale*, for its *croute aux ananas*, and especially distinguished for its salads, — "sunny spots of greenery," little oases of cool verdure, that never disappointed the longings of the gourmand whose veins throbbed with the fierce pulsations of the fiery Chambertin, for which it was equally famous, and of which the wit remarked, "Quiconque n'en a pas gouté n'a quatre sens au lieu de cinque." Forty years ago Thackeray, "a diner-out of the first lustre," and a devotee of Paris, who allowed not a year to pass without proving his devotion,

discussed the various merits of the Trois Frères to the extent of six pages, — no less would have sufficed, — and exalted the fascinations of its *Romanée gelée*. "As nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the Trois Frères by myself, and dined in that excellent company," he says; and few can doubt that he justified the epithet he applied to himself. This temple of Apicius is now, alas! no more, in spite of the revolutions it survived and the triumphs it achieved. Having been gradually forced to yield to the emergencies resulting from the Prussian war, it closed its doors in January, 1872, — a disaster which caused more genuine emotion in many quarters than would have been excited by the destruction of a hundred palaces or monuments. Nor is this strange when one knows that men dined there with such excess of enjoyment as to bewail in tears their departed appetites, and to weep that there were no more worlds for the stomach to conquer. The trophies of the past united with those of the present to enrich these halls almost to fainting with their varied perfumes, which generations had gathered into a bouquet of dainty essences, in which like odors of sanctity the memories of innumerable worshippers were embalmed, — partridges imbued with mushrooms; *fricassées de poulet* flavored with almonds; ortolans that might have died of a rose in aromatic pain; and all the *chefs-d'œuvre* that had so long wedded the poetry of the palate to that of the tongue.

Dr. Warren's journal abounds in souvenirs of the ambrosial nights which he and his gay companions, "full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping," celebrated at the Trois Frères, causing the very air to sparkle with their excellent wit, their racy humor, and their revival of those weekly experiences which their jovial fancy under the contagious inspiration of the time and place enlivened into unsuspected brightness. Though in these days, and in truth during his whole life, Dr. Warren was forced to

practise much self-denial as to all matters of eating and drinking, and even at these scenes of peculiar enticement was fain to merely cast a longing glance at many of the viands which the art of the cook had translated into every shape of almost irresistible temptation, yet we may be sure that in all that reunion of young sybarites no one enjoyed more than himself. It was an exciting appeal to his every lighter sympathy. He had a piquant wit of his own; and the infinite facetiousness of his innumerable stories, the fruit of an observation quick and shrewd, on which nothing was lost, enabled him to take his part with the best as they winged the hours with flying feet. He was a born leader in mirth, nimbly responsive to every sally; but, however strong the impulse, his humor never degenerated into coarseness or buffoonery, nor did the ripple of his light laughter ever swell into the loud tumult of unmeaning folly. Had there been with him none but his friend Dr. Holmes, then at the highest top sparkle of youthful spirits, there would not, to say the least, have been any untoward sobriety; but, as it was, the walls of the grand old establishment had seldom re-echoed to the merry-making of a gayer or more sympathetic company. There are those now living to whom the memory of these feasts still at times recurs with lively interest, and who yet sun themselves in the glowing light transmitted by youth to threescore and ten.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROFESSIONAL LOYALTY. — OPERATIC AND OTHER SPLENDORS. — FRIENDS FROM HOME. — PATERNAL COMMISSIONS. — MR. SAMUEL WELLES.

This was an era of illustrious names in France, a golden revival of intellectual life, especially under every aspect of æsthetic enjoyment. Towering as was the greatness of Dupuytren and Louis in one quarter, it hardly cast a shadow over that of Brillat-Savarin and the Marquis de Cussy in another, and the achievements of surgery and medicine ranked side by side with those of the cuisine. But there were other stars no less brilliant in their various orbits and mighty in their influence, and even the triumphs of epicurism were not surpassed by many other allurements in their power to beguile the very best intentioned from their allegiance to duty. Literature, music, the drama, were then all aglow with a freshly springing vigor, and daily made new appeals to culture, taste, and the sensuous delights of the moment, so weakening in their effect upon the dry details of abstemious research. It was thus that Dr. Warren's professional application was often severely tested during the whole of his stay in Paris, as well as the robust strength of his principles and his continued self-denial; for though he occasionally gave up an evening to some masterpiece, operatic, theatrical, or other, and that with an enjoyment proportioned to its rarity, yet he allowed nothing to interfere with the main object which he had ever at heart. With his taste for music and for the fascinations that accompanied it at the

opera, he might easily have yielded to an endless round of melodious pleasures, all the more that his gayety of temper made him naturally ready to cast care to the winds for the moment, whenever he might safely do so. But from this he was saved by his moral tone, his high aims, his manly ambition, and a firm determination to set his profession well above every belittling and degrading influence. He was like a rock in his unyielding endurance; and no soft waters could undermine it, nor could any tumult of the ocean overthrow it. Not unadvisedly had his father trusted in the steadiness of his principles when he sent his son abroad, and in that endurance which was to be so strongly tempted. It was also fortunate that Dr. Warren was able to benefit by the example which his father had ever given him of hard labor and untiring industry, a sovereign and reviving panacea against many of the ills of life. No one could have more consistently illustrated the truth of the sentiment that "man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for, — to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best."

Never were the resources of music more powerfully displayed to the world than at the time of Dr. Warren's stay in Paris. The great masters Bellini and Halévy, Auber and Donizetti, were then in their prime; and so was a constellation of celebrated singers, more splendid than had yet dawned upon any age, who gave to their works a richness and beauty of expression greater than had ever been imagined. The winter of 1834 was rendered forever memorable by the advent of no less than three *chefs-d'œuvre*, — "I Puritani" by Bellini, "La Juive" by Halévy, and the "Marino Faliero" of Donizetti; and their majestic harmonies were interpreted by artists every way worthy of the work confided to them, and forming a group of which any one would shine in our day with

unapproachable lustre, — Lablache, with his deep bass and far-resounding chest-notes, robust and vigorous, a Niagara of sonorous melody, overflowing with energetic action, lofty declamation, and dramatic versatility; Grisi, with her lovely Italian face and coal-black eyes, and the liquid affluence of that sweet soprano so peculiarly her own, while she sang, one was all ear, all sense; Tamburini, whose voice, clear, piercing, elastic, rang like a silver trumpet. And one could also hear Rubini, and Ivanoff, and even Pasta, with her tragic inspiration and "grace and majesty as perfect as I can conceive," wrote Mrs. Kemble, with looks and gestures of tremendous meaning, riveting and electrifying all who heard her, while their very heartstrings vibrated responsive as she swept the chords with the vehement and masterly stroke of genius conscious of its power. "All these, and more, came flocking." On the opening night of "Marino Faliero," the principal parts were taken by Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Grisi, and Ivanoff, — as was truly said at the time, "l'ensemble de chanteurs le plus parfait que jamais le Théâtre Italien ait réuni."

To crown these perfections with a further relish, to gild these laurels with the glitter of a more sensuous thrill, came Taglioni, and after her, Ellsler. The former seemed suddenly sent from heaven to earth to reveal a wonder. Like a poet, she gave "to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." The grace and variety of her agile movements amazed and excited even the jaded Parisians, who applauded her to the operatic skies, and higher. Soaring apparently from nothing, like the winged Mercury, she sprang twenty feet into the air at a bound, the angelic nucleus of an insubstantial cloud of muslin. Shortly before Dr. Warren left Paris for home he attended her annual benefit. The building could not contain another soul, and the spectators made themselves hoarse with a frenzy of appreciation, as, never smiling, classically severe,

her lithe and elegant form traced with absorbed and delightful grace outlines of passionate meaning on the silent, enchanted, and complaisant air.

Under date of Jan. 10, 1833, Dr. Warren records his first experience of Taglioni: —

"Went to the French opera to see Taglioni in "La Sylphide." Her dancing is beyond description wonderful. She seems hardly to touch the ground, so light and graceful are her steps. The play of this evening was well adapted to show her off to the greatest advantage, and she was received with the most enthusiastic applause. She is now about twenty-five years of age, with black hair and eyes, a most beautiful form, and limbs of perfect symmetry."[1]

That there might be, if possible, an *embarras de luxe*, Taglioni was quickly followed by Ellsler, who made her *début*, in the fall of 1834, at the Royal Academy of Music, in "La Tempête," a French travesty of Shakspeare's wondrous play. As Alcine the fairy, "la fleur des magiciennes," she took the town by storm, dancing "avec une perfection désespérante," said the critic of the occasion, "qui ne s'avise pas même d'avoir des caprices. Tout Paris raffole de sa danse tactée et de ses pointes." Nothing could surpass the infinite variety of her motions. Now displaying a dramatic accent and measured cadence, now lavish of a certain coquetry, again she glided softly like beauty floating in air, an airy, fairy, winged thing, a dancing flower, her filmy drapery faintly clinging like a silvery mist. She alone could fitly express the mysterious poses of the Tarantula and the magnificent

[1] An amusing illustration of the excitement caused by Taglioni's rapturous waltzing appears in a letter written in June, 1833, to Dr. Warren, by one of his professional friends, Dr. J. E. Morse: "I see by the papers that Taglioni is exhibiting *la poésie de mouvement* to those John Bulls. Perhaps I may go over to see her. Let no man count himself happy until he has seen Taglioni in 'La Sylphide.' I have seen the Coliseum, Vesuvius, the Giant's Causeway, Venice, Sans Souci, and the chemical apparatus at London; and I assure you that there is more electric fluid or animal magnetism in her foot, and more to please, than all put together."

raptures of the Spanish Cachuca, which her great rival found to be beyond her powers.

Nor, during this age of wonders, was the drama less favored than the operatic stage. At the Théâtre Français Madame Mars, the first actress of her day in comedy, and capable of mighty efforts in tragedy as well, was still playing with all the charms and graces of youth. Though already long past her fifth lustre, Time had scarcely left even the trace of his breath upon her, and her lovely face and musical voice yet continued to attract the crowds which a former generation had witnessed. "Age could not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." She was the first French actress whom Dr. Warren saw on the stage after his arrival in Paris, and he availed himself of the earliest opportunity that offered to enjoy this treat. We read in his journal: —

"*Sept.* 24, 1832. — In the evening went to the Théâtre Français, which was crowded to the top, to hear Madame Mars in a new piece called 'Clothilde.'"

The following entry, made thirty-five years after this, reveals the durable impression her acting had made upon him: —

"1867, *April* 27. — In the afternoon went with the children to see Ristori as Queen Elizabeth, — the finest acting I have seen since the time of Madame Mars."

With Madame Mars one could also behold other great dramatic stars of that time, — Samson, Mirecour, Ligier, Mme. Arnould-Plessy, Mlle. Paradol, Mlle. Georges, Mlle. Brocard, — and a host of luminaries hardly less splendid, who nightly appeared to crowded houses in new plays from the pens of Hugo or Delavigne, of Scribe or Dumas, or perchance portrayed the ancient traditions that had gathered round the masterpieces of Molière, Racine, or Corneille. And to these immortals one should not omit to add the

name of Frédéric Lemaître, who still shed an unfading radiance upon his own irresistible part of "Robert Macaire."

> "He who of those delights can judge, and spare
> To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

During his long absence from home Dr. Warren was in one respect most happily situated. With a disposition so remarkably affectionate as his, and subject to such numerous and tenacious domestic ties, had he been entirely separated from his family the isolation would have been almost too depressing to bear, in spite of the absorbing allegiance he felt for his studies, and the strength of their claims upon him. But to this he was not exposed; and it was very seldom that he failed to be cheered and encouraged by the presence of one or more of his own kindred, often closely connected. He had not been six months in Paris before he was joined by his sister, Mrs. Susan Lyman, and her husband. It is easy to imagine the reception he gave them. The delight he experienced during their stay was only equalled by his forlorn sense of desolation after their departure. When they had started for America he wrote in his journal: —

> "Susan and Mr. Lyman, with little Charles, left me this morning, on their way to Havre, for a voyage to the happy valley. Success go with them! Paris for the time must be viewed with jaundiced eyes, as something seems wanting."

To his brother Sullivan his welcome was, if this were possible, still more cordial and enthusiastic. Sullivan was long in coming, as he had embarked for Marseilles in September, 1832, shortly after his graduation at Harvard, and did not reach Paris till the following June. Having ideas of his own on the subject of travelling, he stayed in Marseilles four months, though he had proposed to take a tour on foot through Switzerland in the month of January, from which his brother was successful in dissuading him. Ultimately he decided to leave for Rome, by way

of Leghorn, in the early spring, and afterwards, going north, arrived in Paris directly from Geneva. On the 13th of April Dr. Warren writes: —

"Mr. and Mrs. Lyman are now pleasantly settled in the Hôtel Meurice, just in front of the garden of the Tuileries. They are both in good health, and well satisfied with the approaching end of their journey in Europe. Sullivan has not yet arrived here, and I have had no letter from him since he left Marseilles."

Dr. Warren writes to his father on the 17th of November, 1832: —

"I yesterday received a letter from Sullivan, who has at length settled himself in Marseilles. He tells me that he has lost his chance of becoming vice-consul there, as the place is filled. I think, if he does not find employment in the course of two or three weeks, he will do well to come to Paris and attend the lectures. He could devote the next summer to natural history, etc., and return in the autumn. From what I hear of Marseilles, it is the last place I should think of for the residence of a young man without occupation, and I imagine it offers more temptations than even Paris. Sullivan himself thinks so. His first object, I presume, is some mercantile employment. If he is not successful in this, please write me, on receipt of this, what you think of his going to Paris. If he should not reach here before Susan's departure, I shall try to show him the city as soon as possible, and ship him off, which, although not so pleasant to myself, will be more agreeable to you, as he has already remained in Europe longer than you intended."

Notwithstanding the resolution expressed in this letter, and though Sullivan failed to put in his appearance for more than six weeks after its date, Dr. Warren seems to have been unwilling to "ship him off" with any particular haste, as he took him into his own hotel and kept him a month. During his stay Dr. Warren found him, in truth, dearer than ever. He clung to him with all the depth of his affection, and gladly awarded him all the time that he could wrest from his studies. His letters abound with

evidences of the pleasure that Sullivan's society afforded him, and with plans for his general profit and gratification. For the time his natural sensibilities expanded into a sort of fraternal enthusiasm, — a result that might well have been anticipated from a separation which had so strikingly illustrated the familiar lines of the poet: —

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee,
> Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Dr. Warren's first year in Paris passed quickly away, — a result that might easily have been conjectured from the nature and the variety of his pursuits. To the never-ceasing demands of the great hospitals, the operations of Dupuytren, Lisfranc, and other lights of his profession, and the engrossing work to which Louis urged him on with daily increasing attraction, were added the numerous minor and yet important teachings of the various specialists, such as the excellent clinical lectures of Rostan and Chomel, delivered at the bedside of the patient, the various courses of Andral,[1] Marjolin, Richerand, and others. In the spring he followed Blainville on Comparative Anatomy, Audouin on Articulate Animals, and gave much time to Ricord at the Hôpital des Vénériens. He also attended with lively interest for many weeks a series of operations, experiments on the arteries, by Amussat, on horses, dogs, and other animals. These may have been "highly valuable," as he terms them, to the cause of science, but they were certainly painful and extremely cruel. Most people will not be sorry to learn that "on the last day of the course, and just at the commencement

[1] *Paris, Nov.* 1, 1832. — "The glory of the week has been Andral's introductory lecture on diseases of the brain. It was the most eloquent I ever heard, one speech of Mr. Webster's and a sermon or two of Dr. Channing's excepted. I could scarcely restrain myself, it was so grand and beautiful. What powers of mind and vastness of comprehension has this man!" — *Letter from Dr. James Jackson, Jr.*

of a new one, the police entered and put a stop to further proceedings for the present, some fastidious persons in the vicinity having complained of the experiments, either as a nuisance or on account of their brutality;" to which Dr. Warren adds, in their defence, "the experiments are doubtless cruel, but not more so than those daily performed in public by Magendie, while they are even more important than these." In view of such unending labors, one will not be surprised at the fact that he found his hours fully occupied. March 14, 1833, he writes: —

"In one of my letters I announced my intention of translating Dupuytren's Clinique. This I began, but soon saw that it would occupy too much time that might be better employed. To get on with it at any satisfactory rate, and to finish it with even moderate rapidity, would require at least four hours per day."

In addition to his professional pursuits there were numerous other demands upon Dr. Warren at this time, which could not be ignored. These were in the shape of commissions from friends and relatives at home, which, though often apparently trivial, yet represented much time and labor as a whole. His spirit of genial good-nature never allowed him to refuse even the most frivolous of these requests; and since the greater number proceeded from his father, there was still less desire to overlook them, and a still more earnest wish to carry them into perfect execution. As a curious illustration of the variety of these orders from Dr. John C. Warren, and as suggestive of the trouble it must have cost to fulfil them, one of his letters to his son is here given. It is dated Jan. 2, 1834, and the contents will also serve to show the multiplied pursuits and interests of the writer.

My dear Mason, — Dr. Brown wishes you to get a skeleton for him. I wish a preparation of the bones of the ear, like Edward's. A morbid preparation of bones of the hip-joint,

affected by the hip disease, would be useful to me. I wish a wet preparation of encysted tumor, to show the cyst. Recollect Vine's bills and the vendue of Madame Boivin. Her works are of the first utility. Mr. Welles would, I dare say, give you a note to her. My best regards to him. Recollect the artificial eyes, and inform yourself fully as to the mode of fixing them. Mr. Sam. Hubbard depends on your doing it for his daughter. Make a memorandum to buy some cucumber ointment and other real French ointments. Also almond soap, a dozen cakes; they charge seventy-five cents here. The French are famous for these matters. I have also derived much advantage from the English almond paste for washing. I wish a small pocket-case, about the size of that you bought in Canada, and let it include a pair of pointed forceps or tenettes, — a small instrument to seize a tumor. A new skeleton is much needed at the college. When you go to London recollect to procure me a dozen glass preparation bottles of an oval shape, about four to six inches high, two or three across, and three to six long. Pick up all the improvements you can, and note them in writing. I am having made a cab, and wish you would notice the way of fastening the boot down, or bring the fastening itself. I wish to procure a handsome present for Dr. Flagg. What he would prefer would be plates of the diseases of teeth. Look out carefully for something of this kind. If not to be found, get Frédéric Cuvier's book on the comparative anatomy of the teeth. If you can purchase them in France without danger of their being seized, I should be glad to have one or two dozen of the largest and best linen towels. I have bought two or three kinds of hygrometers; if you find any one in England which is well thought of, I would have it. I wrote to you a good while since for a compound microscope, and I mentioned the name of the inventor. There are three kinds. De Luc's was one, but not the best. I would mention the importance of getting a knowledge of preparation making, especially of those beautiful white bones in France. In London get Deville the cast of a Calmuck skull. My collection of skulls is now considerable and valuable. The cast of the Caucasian head you sent before is certainly not that of the fine Georgian head of Blumenbach. It is not so fine as some I have. I should like this cast, — namely, the female head extolled by Blumenbach; and if there is any better

male cast, that also. They should be very carefully packed. I wish for some engravings of heads to show the varieties of the human face, — for example, a Chinese face, a Hindoo, etc.; just see if you can find any. I mentioned in one of my letters that I had a spare ourang-outang, two feet long, the skin on. My idea was to give it to Sir Astley, if he had none. It cost me one hundred dollars in Africa. When you are in England I wish you to get half a dozen bone chisels and a small ivory mallet. Don't forget Heine's saw; also a black coat and trousers from Richard Lane & Co., tailors, Sackville Court. Please also order the Life of Mrs. Hannah More, Legh Richmond's Annals of the Poor, Percivall's Hippopathology, and Bushman on Rhinoplastic Operations. Just make a memorandum of all these and other matters on a separate sheet of paper, so that nothing may be omitted or overlooked. Remember to ask Sir Astley for that preparation of Thymus, as it would be a great thing for me to introduce in my lectures. Is there anything I could send which would be acceptable to him? Best almond soap is at Atkins's, London. Keep your hand in manual exercise. Do not forget your Latin and Greek; above all, do not forget Him who is the Author of all the blessings we enjoy.

I remain, your affectionate father,

J. C. Warren.

The following quotations from letters written by Dr. Warren during the first few months of his residence in Paris will enable the reader to see how quick he was to look after his father's interests, and at what an expenditure of time and vigilance. The purchases and collections to which reference is therein made were mostly the result of former orders, and are not connected with those mentioned in the preceding letter, which was of a later date, and filled with additional commissions. Under date of September 29, when he had been barely a week in the French capital, he writes: —

"I have been with Dr. Charles Jackson to several surgical-instrument makers. There is nothing I see especially worthy of sending home. He will show you a straight forceps for

extracting polypi from the nose, which I should think a great improvement on the old. If you approve of it, be kind enough to let me know, and I will send it out.

"I have not yet been able to get the skull you desired. I fear it will be attended with some difficulty. I met with a pretty good specimen of the Caucasian head the other day, but imperfect. I have seen Mr. Niles, and he advised me to buy Velpeau's Surgery and forward it to you; but on inquiring afterwards at Ballière's Librairie I found it had been sent. The minerals for Mr. Theodore Lyman have been purchased and sent home."

October 26.

I bought yesterday a dissected skull, prepared to show the internal ear, and the different sinuses of the head. If there is any particular preparation of the skull you would like, I can have it made without difficulty. I have obtained for you Manec's work on Ligatures of the Arteries. This morning I secured for you a number of morbid bones, specimens of fractures, two or three distorted spines, caries, syphilitic bones, etc., for about fifty dollars, or two hundred and forty francs. I shall try to make additions before I send them. It is hard to find good examples, and they are dear. I picked up for you yesterday a very good specimen of luxation of the second vertebra on the atlas, and subsequent ossification of the os occipital bone. I was obliged to pay high for it, — that is, for Paris, — about thirty francs. I shall despatch some other curious examples at the same time. Will you tell me to what extent I am to go in my purchases? I have already laid out eighty dollars for bones.

December 17.

I send you a Roman Catholic prayer-book. There is a great variety of editions; this is the most complete. I came across it after a long search on the quay. It is not entirely new, and cost but five francs; the shop price would be about twenty. Of the "Confessions of Saint Augustine" I could discover only the same edition that you have, in very small print, and of course I did not buy it. One of the old men at the shops on the quays is now searching for a larger print. If you wish for any of the works of Cicero to complete your set, or any other curious ancient works, I can get them for you.

January 27, 1833.

I send you, by a ship sailing direct to Boston, two boxes, — a large one, containing fifty or sixty morbid bones, some skulls, a skeleton for Edward, and also the bones of the head, separate. The skeleton I have had made expressly, and wish you would be so kind as to examine it, and see if any improvement could be made, as I intend having one for myself. I forward with these a philosophical apparatus for Dr. Hale, to whom I feel much indebted for his attentions during my course of studies with him. I have not yet been able to find Reissäsen's plates on the lungs; the only copy is in the library. I shall look out for them. Cloquet's plates I cannot yet discover, but did not purchase others, thinking you had no immediate call for them. I have bought for you also Dupuytren's Urethrotome, some instruments for ligature of the polypus uteri, and a polypus forceps; also some scissors for opening the intestines. All these are described in Velpeau's work, and the use of the Urethrotome in Dupuytren's. Should you like the two volumes in folio of the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Medicine? There are papers of Roux and Dupuytren which appear to be valuable. Among the works I shall forward by Mr. Lyman is one by Cousin on Education, which I thought might prove interesting to you.

I have been hunting up the cost of a cab, and the expense of transporting it to America, and have come to the conclusion that although I might easily get one light enough for your purpose, or at least find a horse in Boston large enough to draw it, it would be too cumbersome for a physician's use. Mr. Lyman will be able to give you an account of the whole affair, as we went together to examine them.

A few weeks later, Dr. Warren writes: —

"As to the cab, I have almost made up my mind to ignore all objections, and despatch one forthwith; but, on the whole, think I will make further inquiries, and talk the matter over with Dr. Bigelow on his return here."

These calls continued without cessation so long as Dr. Warren remained abroad; and the examples that have been given might be increased *ad infinitum*, though these

will surely suffice to excite the reader's wonder that, with all the other claims upon him, he was able to find any time for the more serious objects of his foreign life. But there were, in fact, numerous other matters requiring his attention, which were also alien in a great degree to his proper pursuits, and must have interfered sadly with his intended studies, had he not been endowed with some strange, persistent industry and ingenuity of management, which would seem to have enabled him to make two hours out of one. His social position at home, and his wide-spread and ever-growing circle of prosperous friends and relatives, were the source of continued demands upon his hospitable sympathies; and these he was ever ready to display, whether the claim were more or less urgent and imperative. It was now his sister, now one of his brothers, or again some cousin or professional friend, who happened to take Paris in the course of their travels and were only too delighted to receive the attentions he was ready to bestow. His journal is liberally strewed with their names. At times they were on their way home from the south; at times they had just arrived from Boston, *en route* for the more genial climate of Italy, and generally brought Dr. Warren most acceptable news from his family, especially from his mother and sisters. Mr. J. Gove, who had been four years in Italy, called upon him, and was taken to dine at the Palais Royal.

"*December* 31. — Mr. Cleveland came, and said he had seen Susan and Mr. Lyman in Rome in November, and had also met Sullivan at Marseilles."

At intervals appeared Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Perkins, Mr. Horace Gray, from Italy, and Charles Hammond, from Calcutta.

"*October* 21. — Met in the street Mr. and Mrs. Cairnes, who formerly lived in Boston, in Mr. Sears's old house. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Peabody, of Salem, and Dr. Peirson."

A familiar stream of Boston names runs through his pages: —

"*May* 7, 1833. — Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell, and Mr. Young, have just arrived, with news from home."

"*March* 13, 1834. — Mr. Phillips has arrived in Paris. He waited two hours with the concierge of my hotel, determined to see me. There is no friend from Boston that I have enjoyed so much pleasure in seeing, for a long time, not only on account of the personal esteem I have for him, but from the interest he has invariably expressed for me."

"*May* 4. — I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Cabot, Falernian;"

the last word suggesting not only the country they had lately left, but other charming associations in profusion.

"Dr. and Mrs. Bigelow have arrived, travelling post. All well at home. Mrs. B. saw my mother only the day before she left."

"*May* 6. — I met Dr. Bigelow[1] dining in the Palais Royal, and afterwards turned him into a puppet show, as he desired to have something to amuse him. He seems ready to enjoy everything, and has the untiring spirit of a true traveller."

And thus it went on to the end, and hardly a day passed that he did not meet some well-known face or

[1] The last few lines of Dr. Jacob Bigelow's unfinished autobiography are devoted to an account of his voyage at this time, which must have been highly satisfactory to the passengers. The freight was certainly a valuable one, and well represented the dignity, culture, and talent of Boston. In view of subsequent events, one shudders to think of the possible loss to our city if the "Philadelphia" had met with any serious disaster. To Dr. Warren the sudden advent of all these familiar faces must have been like the rise of a "happy constellation."

"April 1, 1833, I embarked for Europe in a sailing ship from New York for London. I was accompanied by my wife, and an agreeable party of Bostonians, among whom were Messrs. Thomas B. Curtis and wife, Sam. Whitwell and wife, Mrs. K. Boott and daughter, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Dr. Robert W. Hooper, Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, Rev. Alexander Young, Mr. Edward Blanchard, Mr. George Barnard, and as many more from New York and elsewhere. The tedium of a thirty days' sailing voyage was relieved by the wit and unceasing good-humor of the party, most of whom were not so disabled by sickness as to be incapable of participating in the expedients resorted to to abbreviate the ennui attendant on calms and head winds. Arrived at Portsmouth, we proceeded directly to London, mostly by stage-coaches. Here we stopped a few days to engage a courier and make preparations for a short continental tour. At Paris we delayed only ten days, being anxious to reach Italy before the arrival of warm weather. We left Paris, May —, accompanied by one courier only." — *Memoir of Jacob Bigelow, M.D.*, by George E. Ellis, D.D.

hear some well-known name that had been connected with his life from childhood.[1]

Dr. Warren had many letters of introduction from his own and his father's friends at home, and not a few also from other friends he had made in England; and as he desired to neglect no means of improvement, in whatever direction it might tend, he made it a point to present these letters, and to perform conscientiously the duties which etiquette required of him. To such professional social duties many evenings were devoted; and by these his position was much improved, and he gained obvious advantages of divers sorts. From his notes one learns that he attended the new-year's levee of Roux, to whom he was presented by his son-in-law, Dagnan. He found Roux to be —

"a man of about fifty-eight years of age, with a most pleasant and prepossessing face, though one of his eyes is turned a little out of its axis. The scene was a novel one to me, as an aspect of French society. In one room were a number of old men, some playing cards, some billiards, while farther on was a knot of ladies with their sewing. I had a long talk with Roux on amputations, on the entrance of air into the veins, and other similar subjects. He said he had lately had a case of a young woman, on whom he operated for a tumor of the neck. A vein was opened, with a hissing sound, and the patient fell back, the pulsations of the heart apparently ceasing. After a while, however, she was brought to, and the operation continued. She lived a few days, but finally died from improper food given by her nurse."

[1] The entertainment that Dr. Warren was able to offer his friends in Paris was often peculiar, and was not likely to fail on the score of novelty. With his professional enthusiasm, it was perhaps quite natural that he could think hardly anything more absorbingly attractive than the nimble legerdemain of the great French surgeons, and the dashing *aplomb* with which they hovered round a vital part and yet avoided it by a hair's-breadth. Such entries as these are not infrequent: "Yesterday I took Mr. Lyman to see Civiale operate. He fortunately happened to have a patient ready, but the stone was very small. After this I went with him to Hôtel Dieu, where we saw Breschet amputate a leg above the knee for cancer."

Shortly after his reception at Roux's we read of a similar experience at Breschet's. In fact, no door seems to have been closed to him, social or professional, and he thus made many new and profitable acquaintances. From Monsieur Baffos, "a student of Dubois at the same time with my father," he received numerous courtesies, and also from Mr. Niles, who was in the habit of entertaining on a large and splendid scale. Here, on the evening of Jan. 16, 1833, he met Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, then in the prime of her beauty, wit, and ambition.

"*Feb.* 22, 1833. — Grand ball at Mrs. Welles's,[1] one of the most brilliant I ever attended, and with the greatest display of

[1] Mr. Samuel Welles was at this time the only prominent American banker in Paris, where he had lived since 1815. He was universally esteemed and trusted; and his honorable enterprise and integrity had gradually resulted in wealth which enabled him to indulge without stint in that benevolence for which thousands had come to be his debtors. Much more was expected of a foreign banker in those days than now; and the attentions so freely claimed by his friends and patrons he as freely bestowed, with the cordial fulness of a kindly nature. His popularity was great; and so widely extended were his connections and influence that few of his countrymen, when abroad, failed to find their way to his rooms, while he had entertained in his own home nearly every travelled American of note. Numbers yet live to recall with a certain vividness the genial and sumptuous hospitality which he was wont to dispense at his mansion on the Place St. Georges or at his château at Suresne near Paris, — a service in which he was ably seconded by his wife (once Miss Adeline Fowle, as above mentioned), a hostess of peculiar beauty and grace, tact, culture, and refinement. Under their roof Dr. Warren felt himself more at his ease than most of the other guests, being in a measure among his own relations. Long before this time the Welles and Warren families had been brought closely together by the marriage, in 1790, of General Arnold Welles, first cousin of the banker, and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of General Joseph Warren, — the first of a series of alliances which, in the lapse of some generations, were to bring the Warrens into a union, more or less intimate, with many of the oldest and most respected families of their native city.

A century ago, and more, owing to their wealth and official dignity, the social standing of the Welleses was of the highest, and none outranked them. In their prime they represented the local nobility of Boston. The name of Samuel Welles, father of the banker, who graduated at Harvard in 1744, was placed at the head of his class in the college catalogue; and the same was true of his brother Arnold, an alumnus of the succeeding year, thus exemplifying the rules of social gradation in vogue till 1773 at Harvard, the government of which was then, to use the words of Judge Wingate, "a complete aristocracy." This was at a period when many other families of the Pilgrim metropolis, now thought old and "blue," had not begun to emerge from obscurity.

Mr. Welles, the banker, died on the 30th of August, 1841, at Suresne; and about

beauty. As we approached the house, a long line of carriages blocked the way. Before the house a large fountain was playing, lighted by hundreds of colored lamps. The interior was finely arranged. There were four large *salons* on the lower floor, one of which was employed for a reception-room, and the others for dancing. The walls were covered with a species of white crêpe, with a beautiful border at top and bottom. The curtains of one room were formed of the American flag, which offered a splendid contrast to the lining of the walls. In the centre of the house was stationed a fine band of music. Among the guests were Lafayette and his family, with many other eminent persons. Here I met Mr. and Mrs. P. Perkins, of whose presence in town this was my first information. Here also were Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, the latter looking especially handsome and interesting, Cooper the novelist, and many others. Above stairs one saw the chambers, boudoir, and other rooms equally fine. The ball ended with a handsome supper."

a year thereafter his widow, having been left with an income of twenty-five thousand pounds, married the Marquis de Lavalette, son of M. Jean L. A. Delavalette, who had assumed that title and was then regarded as a talented and rising diplomate. His subsequent career was destined to realize the mutual hopes and aspirations of himself and his partner; for he lived to achieve some of the loftiest positions at foreign courts in the gift of Napoleon, finally becoming minister of foreign affairs, and, at the last, ambassador to Queen Victoria, when the empire sank in blood and ruin at Sedan, though this humiliation was spared to his wife, through her death, March 21, 1869, at the ripe age of seventy. After this the Marquis lived in retirement till the 4th of May, 1881, when he died, aged seventy-five, leaving a widow, the youngest daughter of the Comte de Flahault and the Baroness of Keith and Nairne, whom he had married *en secondes noces* Feb. 2, 1871, — the day of the surrender of Paris to the Germans.

Samuel Welles, the son and only child of the banker, was born in Boston, March 22, 1834, during a visit of his mother to this city. On coming of age he took the title of Count Welles de Lavalette, finally conferred upon him in 1863, and thus regained his rank as one of "the local nobility," which had, as it were, been in abeyance since his father's departure for Europe. In 1857 he was a deputy to the Corps Legislatif from the Dordogne, and in 1863 obtained letters of naturalization as a French citizen. Aug. 11, 1863, he espoused Mlle. Marie Sophie Léonie, the daughter of Rouher, the famous premier of Napoleon III. On the 14th of November, 1864, his step-father, having six years before made an effort which was decided to be *entachée de nullité*, secured a decree from the imperial court, which authorized him to carry out his already declared intention of adopting the Count, and confirmed the latter as his son and heir, — a decision of much importance under certain aspects, as it settled a question, till then doubtful, as to the right of a French citizen to adopt a person of foreign birth. As the issue of all these transmutations, it may be safely inferred that the Count is definitely lost to Boston, and that the thin and acrid ichor of two centuries of Puritanism has been thoroughly evolved from his system.

CHAPTER IX.

LAFAYETTE. — RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY. — THE CARNIVAL OF 1833 AND OTHER DIVERSIONS. — CORRESPONDENCE. — PROFESSIONAL PURSUITS. — JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

Among all the notable men to whom Dr. Warren had letters, there was no one whom he had a more natural desire and curiosity to see than Lafayette. As he had been provided with a complimentary introduction by Daniel Webster, who described him as the nephew of General Warren of Bunker Hill, he was sure of a cordial reception. His journal of Dec. 9, 1832, records his visit as follows: —

"Having yesterday delivered my letter to Lafayette, I received a note from him saying that he would be at home this morning between ten and eleven and would be happy to have me call. Accordingly Morse and I waited upon him at the latter hour. In the anteroom we were asked by a servant for the note the General had sent us, but unfortunately we had not taken it with us. However, he took our names, and showed us into a *salon*, where Lafayette soon appeared and welcomed us most kindly, asking for our respective fathers, whom he seemed to remember, and saying many agreeable things. We spent fifteen or twenty minutes very pleasantly. He expressed much interest in the progress of Bunker Hill Monument, and inquired if it was finished. He offered us tickets to the Chamber of Deputies, and invited us to visit him in the summer at Lagrange, his country-seat. The General appeared in good health, and but little changed since he was in Boston, though he was much disheartened by the present aspect of political events. He retained a wonderful recollection of everything

that occurred to him during his journey in our country. The numbers calling upon him are so great that he finds it absolutely necessary to put some restriction upon their approaches, and certain forms or credentials are required of every visitor before he consents to see him. In fact, he now receives as few visitors as possible, since he has arrived at an age when they are for the most part irksome, especially those who are impelled merely by curiosity; but he is very liberal in his invitations to all to spend a few days with him at Lagrange."

Hardly less interesting than Lafayette was another well-known character of that day, whom Dr. Warren met a few weeks after his arrival in Paris. This was Rajah Rammohun Roy, a Brahmin, who had abandoned the faith of his fathers for Christianity and adopted the Unitarian belief. He was then residing in England, where his wonderful learning, high moral tone, and controversial energy had made him famous soon after his first appearance there. When Dr. Warren saw him he was accompanied by the eminent English scholar and linguist, Dr. Bowring, and was attending service at a Unitarian chapel. Dr. Warren was particularly interested in him from the nature of the religious tenets he professed, which were then exciting so fierce a discussion in his own native place. He describes the Rajah as singularly handsome of face, tall and robust, and with most courtly manners. He had a swarthy complexion and features of a certain Egyptian cast. He wore a red robe closely girdled at the waist, while a blue silk handkerchief covered his breast. Over his shoulders he had a superb cashmere shawl, and on his head a blue turban, which he kept on during the service.

"Seldom have I been more surprised than at sight of a man with a dark skin and regarded generally as an infidel, speaking the English language with beautiful purity and precision and displaying a familiar acquaintance with all literature, both ancient and modern. He was accompanied by Dr. Bowring,

author of a little book called 'Matins and Vespers' and of other religious works."

A few other extracts from Dr. Warren's journals during the winter of 1832–33 are here given, as interesting reminiscences of his life at that time.

"*Dec.* 15, 1832. — Having bought a ticket this morning for the great Conservatoire de Musique, I attended there at two o'clock, and heard some of the finest music of the kind that could possibly be selected. This day's concert was a selection of the music of the sixteenth century. The orchestra was composed of instruments hitherto unknown to me, except by tradition, — the viol, an instrument in the shape of a piano, but with the tones of a harp, and numerous other ancient instruments. We had also five or six violins, ten guitars, harps, organs, etc. The singers were some of the first talent in Paris. After a short history of the music of the sixteenth century by the leader of the choir, the concert was opened by one of the most beautiful pieces of sacred music I have ever heard. The combination of voices was so harmonious that it was impossible to believe that the sounds were not produced by a single person. After the sacred music we had selections from the various Spanish, Italian, and French masters of the time, a concerto of ten guitars, and a fine execution on the violin by Baillot, — the best violin-player in Paris. Mlle. Massy was among the first of the female singers."

"*December* 25, *Christmas.* — Messrs. Greene, Jackson, and myself dined together to celebrate the day. Toasts to be remembered next Christmas, when we shall probably all be separated. Visited Dubois."

"*Jan.* 1, 1833. — Paris on this day is remarkably gay. Every one seems to be in the street, offering or receiving the congratulations of his friends. The king holds a great levee for all the officers of State at the Tuileries, and afterwards gives a grand dinner. Morse, Gove, Greene, and I dined at the Trois Frères, the popular restaurant, where we had two days before ordered a dish of frogs with other delicacies. We dined at six, our dinner beginning with *soupe à la Turc;* afterwards came turbot; and finally the frogs were brought in, or rather their hind-legs, as this is the only part used. I suppose there

must have been from two to three hundred of these creatures slain for the occasion, though we very soon contrived to dispose of them. They tasted much like tender chicken, and were really exquisite. A particular kind of frog only is employed for the table. It is said that the others are all poisonous, so that we had one chance out of eighty-one of coming to grief, which of course enhanced the pleasure of the banquet. In addition to this course we had truffles and Rochefort cheese, making altogether a unique feast."

"*Jan.* 10, 1833. — Went the night before last to a German physician's, M. Sichel, 29 Rue de la Harpe. He has a nice little Scotch wife. I met also a number of Germans and a young Spanish girl who did not speak French much better than myself, so that we found ourselves companions in trouble and soon became very good friends. M. Sichel tells me that he is the only professed oculist in Paris, and has come here for the purpose of attending entirely to diseases of the eye, as that is not a separate branch here. In the course of time he hopes to establish a hospital for this specialty."

"*Jan.* 23, 1833. — The husband of my washerwoman came into my room this morning, and I asked him some questions about his former life. He told me he was Scotch and had been Bonaparte's coachman, having attended him in that capacity on his famous Russian campaign. He said Napoleon always had his coach and six horses ready at hand for any emergency. This man was in the battle of Moscow, and took part in the sack of the city. He was also in the Kremlin when it took fire. He said of all the spoils that came to the troops he retained nothing but a fur robe lined with fox-skins, which he afterwards sold for six napoleons. His description of the attacks of the Cossacks was most exciting."

"*February* 13. — Saw this evening the opera 'Giuletta e Romeo.' The music was fine and the singing of Julia Grisi beautiful. After the opera at twelve o'clock attended one of the masked balls for which Paris is so famous during the days — or rather the nights — of the Carnival. They are held at most of the theatres, begin at midnight and last till six in the morning. Most of the women are masked and in fancy dresses, the men having the choice of going masked or not. The one I attended was at the Opéra Comique. The pit was covered

over, so that with the stage it formed quite an extensive ball-room. The dancing began at one. The masks and fancy dresses were some of them extremely amusing. There were men in women's dresses and women in male costume. The attendance was rather promiscuous, but sufficiently entertaining. Got home at five o'clock."

"*February* 17. — To-day the Carnival was at its height; and although it was Sunday, the passages near the Boulevards were filled with a motley crowd in every sort of fantastic garb. As I came out of a brilliant concert at the Conservatoire, I found it almost impossible to make my way. The sidewalks were entirely covered with promenaders, while the broad avenue was crowded with people in every disguise, mounted on coach, cab, or horseback. Glad to escape from the intolerable din, I was going to my rooms, when I met the Bœuf Gras in procession. The prize ox, the principal feature of this show, was led in parade by numbers of butchers on horseback and rigged out in the most ridiculous attire. The animal was richly caparisoned; and behind him came a large car containing Juno, Venus, Vesta, and Cupid. This was driven by Time, armed with a scythe, wings, and other features supposed to belong to him. Cupid was formerly placed on the back of the ox; but one of his representatives having fallen from his perch and broken a leg, the custom ceased to be observed."

"*February* 18. — Mardi Gras, the last and most famous day of all. The weather proved to be most delightful, and all Paris was in the streets. The garden of the Tuileries was almost entirely filled with women and children in the most beautiful dresses, while masks were abundant in the streets. As I passed slowly along the Rue de la Paix, stopping occasionally to look at some new form of fun and frolic, I left my pocket unguarded, and felt my handkerchief slowly creeping out just as a large car filled with heathen deities was passing. I turned quickly round; but the fellow who had his hand in my pocket persisted in looking another way in spite of all I could do to catch his eye. He soon, however, mixed with the crowd and disappeared.

"Determined to see the day out, a few of us went to the opera to see the first act of 'La Tentation' by Halévy, — Mlle. Duvernay as Miranda. The scenery of the infernal regions in this opera is most wonderful. Adolphe Nourrit, the first French

opera-singer in Paris, sang, and Taglioni danced in the last piece. Leaving the opera at half-past eleven masked, we descended into the ball-room of the Idilia, which is frequented by most of the lower classes. Here was an uproarious scene of mirth and boisterous gayety; and a number of the women, seeing that I was in a mask, urged me to partake of refreshments with them. After a short stay one of our party, who was a deacon in good standing at home, became frightened at the demoralization around him and proposed to go. We then went to the Théâtre des Variétés, where the largest of all the balls was to take place. It was raining hard. The *cafés* were so crowded with figures in masks that it was impossible to enter. We found a great mass of people at the door of the theatre, struggling desperately for admission. Making a bold push into the midst of it, we were soon taken off our feet and swept along without power to resist. It was over half an hour before we got inside, and then sadly squeezed and deranged, both without and within. The building was arranged so as to form one large dancing-hall, as in the Opéra Comique; and a stairway led from the pit to the boxes, which were full of spectators in masks. The floor of the house presented the most extraordinary scene I had ever beheld: men and women in every possible variety of bizarre and fantastic disguise — fisherwomen and broom-girls, men with brushes and men with syringes. The rush to the pit grew greater and greater, and the staircase soon became impassable; while one or two fellows with noses two feet long amused themselves with pitching those at the top of it down heels over head. During the dancing the spectators were unable to move from the spots they occupied. Our friend the deacon, again startled by the improprieties which threatened to engulf him both now and hereafter, again proposed to leave. This was at one o'clock; but two hours after we found him well flattened out, red as a lobster and very near his starting-point. He said he had made repeated efforts to mount the staircase, but had been pushed violently back every time. On this we made a united attack, scaled the rampart, and carried him up with us. It was nearly as difficult to quit the building as it had been to enter it. We were obliged to pass under the arm of a sentinel, and were immediately received by a crowd who, not being able to get into the theatre, were indemnifying themselves by commenting

on those who had been more lucky than they had been. We reached home at five A. M."

"*February* 20. — Another ball at the Opera, though less amusing than its predecessors, as the performers were all in black dominoes and belonged largely to the better classes and had come merely as spectators."

"*February* 23. — Attended a large charity ball given by the Princess Adelaide, sister of the king. Went there at twelve, and was forced to dawdle along for an hour and a half before my carriage drew up in front of the large square before the hotel. I was first ushered into a large hall, where, for a fee of ten sous, I was able to deposit my cloak with the waiters. Thereupon I was left to make my way as I best could. The crowd was so immense as to veto all attempts to move while dancing was going on. The heat was really awful, and, as I entered, seemed to singe my very hair. There were three large *salons* on each side of the hall of entrance, fine, but nothing remarkably splendid about them; the ladies as usual, none of them pretty, though of the best class socially. After stewing in this crowd for two hours I made my escape, determined to give a wide berth to such entertainments in future. This was the end of my first Carnival abroad."

"*May* 19. — The grippe has made an attack on us during the past week, and a hundred thousand people were prostrated by it on a single day. It generally begins with a sore throat and pains in the body, as if the patient had been severely beaten. The former is the severer symptom. The attack seldom lasts longer than two or three days, when the patient is left in a very weak state. I have not yet suffered from it, though I have had a slight rheum. My health was never better than now, which doubtless is the result of my constant movement and occupation."

Dr. Warren was the most faithful and conscientious of correspondents, and while in Europe never failed to write long and frequently to his family at home, especially to his father. To him he sent invariably once a week at least eight or ten pages well crammed with the results of his professional studies and observations, minutely and intelligently described and of great value in those days,

when every form of intercourse between Europe and America was so slight and uncertain. That he should have done this in the midst of his incessant labors and the numberless other demands upon his time, shows well his strong sense of duty, his affection for his father, and that interest which he ever felt in his own progress towards excellence. Though his letters are generally devoted to matters connected with his work, and are for the most part of no value to the ordinary reader, there are some which prove that he really felt a lively concern in many other subjects, social, political, scientific, whatever they might be, to which from time to time his attention was drawn. Everywhere the reader is impressed with his feeling of accountability for the manner in which his time was spent, and with his eager desire that the advantages he was enjoying should be improved to the utmost. Everywhere one notices the outcome of that affection which never ceased to draw him towards his home and friends, and of that patriotic love for his country and pride in her institutions which not only were becoming to him as a citizen, but were particularly suited to the illustrious name he bore and to the great deeds which it recalled.

The brave and spirited stand taken by President Jackson, in 1832, in behalf of the Union and against the Nullification measures of the South excited a tempest of feeling which reached even to the opposite shores of the Atlantic. Writing to his father under date of March 20, 1833, when the final action of South Carolina was not yet known in Europe and the United States seemed on the verge of civil war, Dr. Warren says: —

"The affairs of America are now regarded here with the most intense interest, not only by the Americans themselves, but by France and England and the European powers generally. The English have taken particular pains to represent the situation of our country in the worst possible view. Our institutions

always seem to irritate them like a thorn, and our late dissensions have given them a pleasure which they find it difficult to conceal. 'We had thought,' said one of their journals the other day, 'that a republic bounded on one side by a forest and on the other by the ocean might perhaps keep together, but now we are convinced, by the fair trial of it in the United States, that it is impossible.' We are in hopes that the next news from home will disappoint all these speculations. An American travelling abroad learns how to value his own excellent form of government. The French at present appear to be fast verging upon the same state of things as before their last revolution. Louis Philippe has entirely disappointed the expectations of the Republican party. He is now trying every means to strengthen his position, and forty thousand picked troops are stationed in and around Paris. These are well paid, and are entirely at the disposal of the king and his ministers. The three prominent political parties are (1) the Juste Milieu, or government party, which is the strongest in point of numbers; (2) the Carlist; and (3) the Republican, which, although the least numerous, is the most devoted and ready to stand by its principles. To this belong all the lower classes and the most of the young men. Poor Lafayette has much changed since he was in America, and his usual gay manner has become sad and sober from the way in which he has been duped by the king. There is no doubt that if he had wished it he could have been the president of a new republic."

The chief drawback to Dr. Warren's correspondence was his handwriting. The cunning that he displayed with the knife unhappily did not extend to the pen. The mere mechanism of writing was always irksome to him, and this was probably aggravated by the fact that his want of a college education prevented him from ever attaining any fluency of composition. His manuscript suggested at times the tracks of a crab across the sand; and the gaps that yawned here and there demanded a vivid fancy and good powers of generalization, combined with a decided sense of interest in the writer, to fill them out intelligibly. To his father's weak eyes these epistles

were peculiarly harassing; and he often, in spite of his well-known energy and his real anxiety to make out the contents, gave himself up to despair as he hovered over the tangled intricacy, and none the less from their contrast with his own clear and firm characters. Under date of Sept. 10, 1834, he writes to his son: —

"Your last letter from Dublin I read with great pleasure, and it is almost the only one of your letters which I have been able to read through. The contents of many of them are, I very much regret to say, not to be deciphered by my eyes. Sometimes I have thought of employing a person to copy the whole in a handsome hand, but the exposure of a private correspondence has prevented me. Had your letters all been written in a hand like the last, they would have been a great source of pleasure as well as of valuable reference."

Paris, Dec. 17, 1832.

My dear Father, — I received yesterday with great pleasure your letter of November 7, and was much gratified to read your account of the operations at the Hospital. You appear to be much better supplied with interesting cases than we are at the Hôtel Dieu. I have seen Dupuytren operate but few times during the last two months, three of the most striking examples being for the stone. The latter patients were all children; and two of them, when the wounds were nearly healed, were taken with vomiting, pain in the abdomen, etc. On being examined pieces of stone were found; the incisions were reopened and the calculi extracted. This negligence in not searching the bladder for any possible fragments at the end of the operation I can only attribute to the vanity of Dupuytren, who likes to make a show and is commonly talking all the time. As soon as the stone is apparently taken out, which is ordinarily effected in about two minutes, he is apt to think the operation completed and send the patient away.

Dupuytren's performances are always brilliant, and his diagnosis sometimes wonderful.[1] As a lecturer he is unequalled.

[1] Despite the dazzling achievements of the French surgeons, those of our own country were by no means inferior, even at this period. The operations of Dr. Valentine Mott fully equalled in skill and daring those of Dupuytren and his *con-*

I rarely miss him on these occasions, though I am often tempted to do so in order to see Roux at La Charité, where the operations are most numerous and beautifully done. I have not yet called on Dupuytren, as he can be of no advantage to me yet. When I know the language better I wish to ask him some questions, and shall then make my way to him. He is not usually very gracious to those who bring letters. I saw an Englishman present one at the hospital the other day, of which for some time no notice was taken. When he had finally taken the trouble to read it, which he did very deliberately, Dupuytren looked at the bearer over his shoulder, said he was happy to see him, threw the letter down, and walked into the next hall. I shall attack him in his home, where there is no escape, though he will no doubt be very gracious to one recommended by Sir Astley Cooper, with whom he spent two or three weeks in England.

I am told, though I know not how true it is, that out of thirty amputations at La Charité but six have recovered. This is not the fault of the operations, which are done in a most masterly manner, but probably arises from the great suppuration caused by so many ligatures. They do not understand here what healthy inflammation is; and as to the wounds healing by the first intention, they never think of it. I have not yet been able to attend Lisfranc, as I cannot wander from one hospital to another. I shall spend a month or two at his place in the summer. He is boisterous, sometimes vulgar, but good-natured to the students and entirely unlike Dupuytren, who always looks like a bear, and if any one irritates him breaks out very fiercely. He speaks of the latter with little ceremony, using such epithets

frères, audacious as these often were; and when Sir Astley Cooper said, "Dr. Mott has performed more of the great operations than any man living or that ever did live," he seems to have uttered the simple truth. Dr. Mott went the round of the French hospitals during his visit to Paris in 1835; but he could have met with few of his profession from whom he could greatly benefit, while his own talents extorted the admiration of even the most jealous critics.

Dr. John C. Warren was in Paris two years after Dr. Mott and then wrote: "Velpeau, and other surgeons as well, expressed surprise at the operations performed in this country; and after questioning me in regard to the authenticity of various accounts, he desired a written statement of those I had performed, certified by signature. Just before I left London I received a note from Mr. Guthrie, formerly an army surgeon, now one of the most distinguished in London, in which he says, 'I know not how it is, but our surgeons do not seem inclined to undertake these formidable operations.'"

as "le brigand de la Seine," "le voleur," and others equally polite when referring to him. On Thursday and Sunday, when we have no lecture from Dupuytren, I generally attend Rostan or Chomel, whose clinical lectures at the bedside are excellent. Sunday is the best day for the hospital, as the students then sleep till ten o'clock.

In your last letter you mention the death of the much admired Spurzheim. Just after its receipt I was buying for you a finely marked Caucasian head phrenologically mapped out, when I spoke of the sad event to the shopkeeper. At first he would not believe me; but when I gave him the particulars he could scarcely keep from crying, and said "C'est une très grande perte." The next day he came up to Bowditch with the secretary of the Phrenological Society in order to learn further details which Bowditch had received from his brother.

On the 13th of April, 1833, Dr. Warren wrote to his father: —

"Our courses of lectures for the winter at the School of Medicine have just terminated, and I have decided to go over to London for the summer and return to Paris to spend the next winter. I have come to this resolution only after very long and careful consideration of the course most profitable for me to pursue during the rest of my stay in Europe, and after taking the advice of most of my friends. I will try to give you my plans exactly, with the reasons that have led me to adopt them, and I hope they will meet with your approbation. On my first arrival here I found that if I was to study with any advantage, I ought to devote myself to one branch, either surgery or medicine, as it was impossible to follow both and at the same time accomplish the necessary reading. I thought it best to take up the former at first, and gave myself more especially to that, though I did not entirely neglect medicine, as I attended the lectures of Andral and others whom I have mentioned.

"By going to London in the summer I do not think I shall lose much here. The principal thing is the lectures, though the study of disease at the bedside is a most important object; and this can be better followed up in summer than in winter, as there are less students in the hospitals. The same remark applies to diseases of the eye, to which I shall give particular

attention in England. My present design is to leave Paris in the middle of May, or as soon as I have ended the private courses with which I am now occupied, — that is, Amussat on Lithotrity and lesion of arteries, a course of operative surgery, and a third on bandaging. This will occupy all my time for five weeks to come. Paris offers much greater prospects for study than London, from the great number of public hospitals and lectures, and particularly for the private courses, which in certain branches are very valuable. Their practice of medicine and surgery I think little of. It seems to be more an object to study the natural history of disease and to perform an operation beautifully and quickly, than to save the life of a patient. On this account I think every student should see the English practice after his studies in Paris, as one is apt to fall into the French method from simple ignorance of any other."

Notwithstanding Dr. Warren's mature consideration and final adoption of the plan set forth in the above letter, further thought at length induced him to change it materially, the reasons wherefor he gives as follows : —

May 19, 1833.

On my first arrival here I determined to spend a year in Paris, five months in London, and then, with your permission, to pass the last summer before my return home in a tour through Italy and Switzerland. I have adhered to this plan till now, with the exception of allotting my five months in England to the summer instead of the winter, that I might follow Louis and enjoy the advantages which Paris offers during the winter. Having thus decided, I was just on the point of leaving here for England, when all the various courses of natural history, comparative anatomy, geology, etc., were announced and set me to thinking in what way I could attend these important branches of my education here. The only means I could find were to give up the idea of spending the next summer in Italy and transfer it to England. I shall therefore pass the summer in Paris until the September vacation, and then, with your permission, go to Switzerland. If I have time during the two months that will intervene before the winter courses begin, I propose to go into the north of Italy, return to Paris by the first week in November, and there remain through

the winter, going over to England in the spring sufficiently early to hear Tyrrel's lectures, and there employing the five months previous to my going home to Boston. This is the best and most economical manner I can suggest for the disposal of my time, and I trust you will think as I do in regard to it.

As Dr. Warren's father offered no objection to the above plan, but rather approved of it, his son made his arrangements accordingly. Having secured the signatures of some dozens of diplomats, great and small, to his passport, he left Paris on the 4th of August, 1833, for Geneva with four of his friends, — one of them Dr. Robert Hooper, of whom he saw much in Paris; and another the son of Mr. William Lawrence from his own city. Two occupied the coupé of the diligence, and three the interior. Even in this age of rapid and luxurious motion travel is not wholly void of discomforts, and fifty years since the vexations were many and wearisome. With Dr. Warren and his party these began at the outstart. He writes: —

"Our journey from Paris to Geneva was one of the most tedious that I ever experienced. We were obliged to ride night and day for three days and four nights, stopping only at irregular hours to eat and drink, dining sometimes at two, at others eleven at night. It is almost impossible to get any quiet sleep in a diligence, the motion being unpleasant, and the roads for most of the way being paved on account of the softness of the soil."

From Geneva Dr. Warren and his party went to Chamonix, thence to the Monastery of St. Bernard, to Berne, Interlaken, and many of the most attractive portions of Switzerland, until they had become well acquainted with the grandeur and beauty of its scenery. On the first day of September they crossed the Alps by the Splügen Pass and proceeded to Milan, taking the Lake of Como on their way.

"After remaining a week in Milan waiting for our trunks, which had been despatched three weeks before from Berne, and

having had a continual rain for five or six days, we finally took a vetturino for Venice, who was to be eight days on the road."

Having slowly made his way to Venice through Verona, Padua, and other places of interest, Dr. Warren spent a week there and then returned to Milan, from which he went by diligence to Parma, Bologne, and finally to Florence. After a stay of a week he continued his route to Siena, and thence to Rome, which he entered on the 5th of October, and took rooms at No. 66 Via di Ripetta. A fortnight later saw him on his road to Naples, from which after a short season he took a steamer for Marseilles. On the 31st of October he quitted this city for Paris by way of Lyons, and early in November found himself again hard at work in the schools and hospitals.

Of the letters written by Dr. Warren during this tour but one, unfortunately, has been preserved. It announces his arrival in Rome, and will serve to show, at least, that he never omitted any chance for professional improvement.

Rome, Oct. 6, 1833.

My dear Father, — After a very pleasant week spent at Florence, we left there on the last day of September, and arrived in Rome at the end of a five days' journey. During the short stay which I made in Florence I had time to see everything of consequence. I passed an hour or two each day in the galleries, though a month or two might be profitably occupied in studying the works of celebrated ancient artists here preserved. Among other interesting objects, there is the splendid collection of wax-work so often mentioned, which far surpassed my expectations. It consists of a great number of preparations of different parts of the human body, arranged in numerous galleries. It commences with the bones and muscles, a separate preparation being devoted to each muscle, after which come the arteries, veins, nerves, lymphatics, etc. The internal organs were very fine, particularly the heart, showing the valves. There were also a large number of illustrations in comparative anatomy, perfectly executed.

The famous representation of the plague proved to be, not a portrayal of the various stages of the disease, as is generally supposed, but of its effects. It is contained in four mahogany boxes about four feet square. The first shows the city just after the pest, the bodies lying piled one upon another in confused heaps, men, women, and children, some just dead, others slightly tinged with green. In the second box the figures are on a smaller scale, and as they appeared some five or six months after death, when time had begun to tell upon them. Here one sees the effect of heat and exposure on the dead. One turned green is merely swollen, but not yet decayed. From others the heads or extremities have rotted off, while the gorged worms in alarming numbers, preying on the interior, are distinctly observed, and here and there a rat has made his way into a half-putrid body and is dragging out the entrails. The third box contains only a few remains, the skeletons stretched out and covered with mould, most exquisitely imitated. The whole collection surpasses anything of the kind that I have ever seen.

Before leaving the museum I inquired for the workman attached to it, and with some difficulty was admitted to his studio. He proved to be the same man that did the figures for you some years since. He showed me several preparations of the eye now on hand. He and his father have been employed here for forty years. He gave me his address, and I inquired the means to be taken in case we should need any more preparations.

From the delay of my trunk at Milan I have not yet met any of the medical men here, all my letters being thus rendered useless. At Florence I visited the great hospital, which contains six hundred beds. There is nothing remarkable about it, and nothing new among their instruments, which they allowed me to see. A young man at the hospital offered to introduce me to Andreini if I would come the next morning, but I was prevented by leaving the city. In Rome I shall be able to do more by means of the letters I have to one or two gentlemen here.

I had hoped to see Mr. Isaac Grant in Florence, but he had gone to visit his brother in Leghorn, where I may perhaps see him, as we touch there in the steamboat from Naples to Marseilles. Mr. Sears and his boys I met in Florence. He seems to be in better health than when he left Paris. He met Mr.

Phillips and Tuckerman somewhere on the Rhine on their way to Italy.

I had the pleasure of receiving a number of letters just before I left Florence, announcing Sullivan's return home and yours from the White Mountains in good health. When I reach Paris I will have a drawing of the cab made with its dimensions, etc., so that if you decide to order one from England, it can be done under my own directions before my departure for home.

I intend to pass ten or twelve days here and then leave for Naples, where we take the steamer for Marseilles on the 28th. I shall be in Paris on the 5th of November in season for the lectures, which will begin on the 7th or 8th. My Italian journey, though rapid, has thus far been thorough; nothing which was to be seen and was worth seeing having been allowed to escape. I hope to enjoy it, however, much more in retrospect than at present, as the quickness of movement and the many discomforts of travelling necessarily make it somewhat laborious, richly repaid, though, by the enjoyment of those fine works of art when they are reached. I shall write again to Mamma in a few days. My best love to her and to Sullivan, who I hope finds himself comfortably settled.

With best wishes for your continued health, I remain,

Your affectionate son,

J. M. Warren.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND YEAR ABROAD. — SURGICAL STUDIES. — MINIATURE. — DRESS. — BARRICADES. — THE RHINE. — HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. — LONDON. — ATTENTIONS OF THE FACULTY AND OTHERS. — OPERATIONS. — HOSPITALS.

Dr. Warren began his second year abroad with health strengthened by travel, with a mind enlarged by study and improved by experience, and with a devotion to his profession which daily increased as the magnitude of its demands and the vastness of its resources expanded before him. From a few of his letters here given one can perceive the nature of his life in Paris during the winter of 1833–34, while the pursuits to which he chiefly directed his attention will be easily understood without much comment.

Paris, Nov. 22, 1833.

My dear Father, — I at length find myself settled down here and fully engaged in the attendance of hospitals and lectures and the studies connected with the different courses that I have undertaken. On my first arrival so many things which require to be done during the time left for my stay here crowded upon me that I was quite overwhelmed, and it was only by resolutely selecting the most important and giving myself up to them that I at last got under way. The advantages one enjoys in Paris are so great and so numerous, that however much one may wish to improve them, his intentions may be largely defeated by trying to accomplish too many things at once. I have thus come to the conclusion that I must relinquish some most important branches for lack of time.

On my arrival here I began at La Pitié with Louis, whose method of examination I especially like. I shall devote myself

to the stethoscope, and hope to acquire some knowledge of it in the course of the three or four months which I propose to bestow upon it. Strict and minute observation and a close study of pathological symptoms are the peculiar features of Louis's method. As to therapeutics, so far as I can judge, he is entirely a sceptic.

The lectures I have chosen at the School of Medicine are those of Andral and Marjolin. The latter's on Surgical Pathology are without exception the most thorough and the most practical of any I have yet heard. Marjolin is one of the first consulting surgeons of Paris, and has accumulated a vast store of facts valuable to the student. I will occasionally send you some of these when they prove particularly interesting. Those in regard to aneurism are excellent. I followed Richerand on Surgical Apparel and Observation again this year, but only for a week, as he was so prolix, tiresome, and full of repetitions that I thought my hours better employed elsewhere and left him. He has been much overrated, and since his paralytic attack, which left him with an indistinct utterance and a vague expression of his ideas, he has become almost insufferable. I have determined to go over to St. Louis twice a week in order to study the various diseases of the skin, and two or three of us have begun a course there with a very intelligent interne from whom I derived much benefit last year.

I get time now and then after Louis's visit to attend part of Lisfranc's lecture and see his operations, when there are any. This I shall continue till the former's clinique begins. I have lately been looking out at the École Pratique for some of the young surgeons to give me a course of surgical operations. After dinner I have one on diseases of the eye with my friend Dr. Sichel and others on midwifery, both of which I shall attend during the winter. In this way I am pretty thoroughly occupied till eight or nine in the evening, and from then till twelve is all that remains for reading. I had hoped also to pursue the study of syphilis and diseases of the uterus, but for the present shall be obliged to relinquish them, though I shall try to attend to the former in England, but not so well as here, as they have no hospital in London for that disease. I expect to be here about five and a half months in all, and must be in England by the first of May.

JAN. 5, 1834.

I am now most busily employed from early in the morning, when my servant brings me my *demi-tasse* of coffee and lights my candle, — the only way I find in these dark winter days to wake up, — until twelve at night. I occasionally get over the other side of the river into society, but with somewhat of an effort, as it interferes with other and more important affairs.

Will you kindly give my best love to Mamma? As I find myself in another year, it seems as if I had passed the Rubicon and surmounted a great obstacle placed between me and my return to my friends. That it may be my good fortune on my return to meet you in good health is the earnest wish of your affectionate son.

JAN. 25, 1834.

I shall leave for London about the first of May; and my present plan is to pass six or seven weeks there, then cross to Dublin and embark the 1st or 10th of August from Liverpool, in order to avoid the September gales, according to the advice you so kindly gave me in the little book of instructions before my departure from home. I should have liked to remain longer in London, as I expect much benefit from my studies there and from the letters you sent me. I feel every way better prepared to profit by them now than on my former visit. If I do prolong my stay there, I shall be obliged to defer my voyage home till October, though in this matter I shall be entirely guided by you. I suspect, however, that as the time approaches I shall begin to be anxious to sail, and quite unwilling to let any obstacle interfere with my departure. Already the tone of my late letters from home seems to suggest a certain gloom in the family, especially of those from Mamma, which indicate a relapse from her former spirits. These have excited in me a decided longing to be again in my native land, though I am still drawn in the opposite direction by the objects for which I came here and which should be accomplished before my return.

In your letters you express a wish that I should leave here in August, though you allow me to remain later if I desire. I cannot help recording my deep sense of the kind, liberal, and unrestrained trust you have reposed in me both in regard to my expenses and my movements since I came abroad, so that I have

been able to employ my time to much greater advantage than I should otherwise have done. I hope you will not think I have wasted it; I certainly have done the best I could with it, according to my judgment.

I often think of the good I should obtain from another winter in Europe. The days slip by so fast that many studies are necessarily crowded together, but I am well aware that if I continued here the time would be spent in great anxiety. If anything were to happen to the family, I should never be able to forgive myself for my protracted absence. To judge from my present feelings, I shall doubtless return this year. I am inclined to think it will be difficult for me to finish what I wish to do before the first of October. This would make it late for me to take any active part in the dissecting-room next winter, though this I should really prefer to avoid, as I do not consider myself sufficiently prepared in anatomy to undertake a work which, once begun, should be thoroughly done. For the last two years I have hardly had a knife in my hands, except for surgical anatomy, and as yet I hardly feel equal to the requirements of the dissecting-room.

Everything would seem to indicate that at this period Dr. Warren's bodily health was particularly good, and quite as vigorous as that of his mind. Mrs. Warren has now in her possession a portrait of her husband, done on ivory, by Pierre D'augbigny,[1] in 1834, and designed as a present to his mother. This artist was then in the highest repute, both for the accuracy of his likenesses and for their artistic merit and admirable finish. His abilities insured him a numerous clientèle, chiefly from the rich,

[1] This is the form in which Pierre D'aubigny inscribed his name on the back of the miniature, where one may still read it. The use of the apostrophe is hard to understand, as it was not customary with his kinsmen. He belonged to a family of artistic temperament, and noted for taste and skill. His brother Edme François Daubigny was an eminent landscape-painter, and father of the celebrated Charles François Daubigny, so widely known in our own day. The wife of Pierre, *née* Amélie Dantel, was equally distinguished with himself as a miniaturist; and so was her sister, Mlle. Henriette-Virginie Dantel. These were all highly esteemed in the French capital, and the numerous celebrities who sat to them bore witness to their popularity. In 1833 Pierre was awarded a gold medal for his exhibit at the *salon*; and in the following year his wife was similarly honored.

of course, as in those days comparatively few could afford to spend five hundred francs for a work of that nature. He appears to have been very popular with Americans; and several friends of Dr. Warren took advantage of this opportunity, and ordered their portraits for the benefit of their relatives at home, — an attention more significant and more appreciated when daguerreotypes had not been invented, nor any of the various other means, now so abundant, for representing the human face. The portrait in question is especially interesting, as the first ever taken of Dr. Warren, and as the pioneer of a long line of such works still in existence, which enable one to trace with accuracy the gradual change in his features and expression, from youth to age. As they were invariably done by the best artists of their time, they are yet, for the most part, in excellent condition, and also offer a most suggestive record of the progress made in this department of science, from the fascinating masterpieces of the limners on ivory to the first faint dawnings of Daguerre, when all portraits by his process were taken with the eyes shut, and thence to the marvellous photographic achievements of our own day. Dr. Warren had a decided weakness for multiplying likenesses of himself, and this grew with advancing years, though he was void of selfish vanity in the matter, and rarely sat alone, but generally displayed his natural affection by requesting the company of his children or grandchild.

All those who saw or knew Dr. Warren as he appeared when he sat to D'aubigny have invariably declared the artist's effort a successful one, true to nature in feature and expression, and with no attempt to flatter. It is pretty obvious from this that Dr. Warren's life in Paris agreed with him, that he was capable of much hard and long-continued labor, and that, even in spite of paternal advice and experience, his theory in regard to the use of wine may have been correct. At that time he must have

had a winning aspect, with fair complexion, full cheeks, bright eyes, and a look of genial intelligence and sympathy which goes far to explain his popularity with his associates. Every trace of dyspepsia, loss of mental tone, or other ailment had disappeared, with every other suggestion of a weak constitution. One detects nothing but florid health in every feature; and the young physician stands before us in his habit as he lived, one of the *élégants* of the period, who would have been a credit to any age or nation. As to the dress, it is characteristic of those tastes which he displayed in this matter from his earliest youth, and which he never lost, even in face of the obstacles created by a profession which at times hardly admits of personal cleanliness. While in Paris, notwithstanding his engrossing and continuous occupations, he still exhibited that fastidious neatness and refinement which he could not live without. He was, in truth, one who must have everything handsome about him; and this had early become a sort of ruling passion, the gratification of which was essential to his happiness, one might almost say to his existence. As to his attire when *en fête*, he reminded one of the finished and ornate elegance of a Corinthian capital. His brother Sullivan was wont to call him the *petit maître*. He was not slow to avail himself of the opportunities which Paris afforded for the adornment of his person, and he easily yielded to the temptations that beset him on every side. In the age of the Directory he would have been termed an *incroyable*, under the Empire an *agréable;* and though he had no leisure to saunter along the Boulevards, and manifest his gracious presence to the world of fashion, none the less did he feel constrained to indulge a predilection which had come unsought, and which he had really inherited from his father, who was always conspicuous for a certain exceptional neatness and luxury of apparel.

To Dr. Warren's elaborate make-up none but the best artists of Paris were allowed to contribute, and only such did produce those irreproachable coats and trousers, those exquisite shirts and waistcoats, which he wore. Ruffled shirt-fronts were then in vogue, and Dr. Warren's were something to be remembered and rarely forgotten. Even Beau Brummel or Count d'Orsay would have gladly bestowed his approval upon this delicate expanse of the finest linen, whose sportive frivolity was fixed in permanent expression by the daintiest prudery of starch. Over these elaborations the laundress sighed in despair as she sought to restore their first artistic features; and she continued to sigh, even after her enormous bill had been paid. As for Dr. Warren's handkerchiefs, nothing could surpass the fineness of their tissue, or the intricate mystery of the embroidered initials that lurked in their corners. Each monogram was a *chef-d'œuvre* of the needle, and would have lent a further grace to an illuminated missal, at least so far as its form was concerned. Dr. Warren liked to own these without stint, and to use them in the same measure. A fresh triumph of embroidery every day was the very slightest limit he cared to put upon his enjoyment of such a trifling adjunct to his personal appearance. His waistcoats, at that period a prominent feature in the dress of every exquisite, were each a separate triumph, of varied color and design, richly embroidered at times and radiant with a certain florid gorgeousness. D'aubigny's portrait, unfortunately, fails to do full justice to the various constituents of Dr. Warren's dress in those Parisian days. For purposes of portraiture, the artist would seem to have regarded the coat as the only essential element besides the features, and to this he sacrificed every other attribute of his sitter. As it was very high in the neck, close-buttoned in front, and provided with long sleeves, neither shirt-front nor wrist-bands are visible; and the same is true of the linen collar, which is

nearly swallowed up by the voluminous coils of the huge stock of the period, which by its height and stiffness, and the attitude of constraint it imposes on the wearer, confirms the reputed origin of its name. In that age of feather-bed neck-cloths and pillowy capes, man was more obviously "a cloth-animal" than now, and painters were no wise loath to make the most of this characteristic. To this treatment neither did Dr. Warren object; and as he was not a large man, he was then, and to the end of his days, quite willing to gain such size and dignity as he could by enlarging his drapery. Thus he always favored the stock, cumbrous as it seemed, and generally had his coats made much too large for his body, being conscious of the effect of quantity as well as quality of raiment when worn by a gentleman, and sensible of a manly bearing that was fully able to support it with due and appropriate effect. Jewelry, even in his youth, he never favored. He thought it altogether superfluous in one of his position and acquirements, and in a gentleman far too suggestive of an attempt to excite a baseless admiration.

In the spring of 1834 occurred one of those frequent outbreaks peculiar to the French nation, and mostly taking place in Paris. For the moment the wildest excitement prevailed; and although soon quelled, it proved to be a very neat and characteristic example of an insurrection, which Dr. Warren, from professional no less than other reasons, was very glad to see.

Paris, April 15, 1834.

My dear Father, — As had been supposed from the state of affairs at Lyons and consequent reaction on the republican party at Paris, so the result has proved. On Sunday, the 13th, towards evening some barricades were thrown up in the Rue St. Martin, and the fighting commenced. The rappel immediately beat to arms, and the National Guards assembled from all sides.

I was down on the Boulevards at about ten in the evening. The whole population seemed turned out into the streets. A long line of troops extended down the side of the Boulevards; and as we walked along an immense heavy mass of the National Guard debouched from one of the side streets, marching solemnly along without music, and seeming intent on the hard work prepared for them. Officers were galloping about giving their orders on all sides, and trains of artillery were stationed in the different squares with their matches lighted. The movement of carriages was cut off from one part of the city to another, and every precaution taken to prevent assistance being carried to the disturbers. Near by, in the Place St. Michel, a barricade was formed, but was soon carried by the National Guards and troops of the line. In the other quarters of the city the troops contented themselves with blockading the streets barricaded, reserving the attack till daylight. At about six on Monday morning — yesterday — the barricades were attacked and carried at almost every quarter, and many of the houses containing combatants entered and all within killed.

I went down to Hôtel Dieu in the morning, where many of the wounded were brought, and had an opportunity of seeing some singular wounds produced by balls, etc. One poor fellow had received the fire of a whole battalion, and had, as he said, been *attrapé* by about ten balls. One had passed through the shoulder joint, a second had carried away one or two fingers, another passed through the muscles of the abdomen, etc. A Municipal had received a ball in the abdomen. No traces of it were to be found. He seemed to suffer little, and the other symptoms good. A woman had received a ball while in a sitting position, which, after having raked the whole leg, passed into the abdomen and out behind, carrying away a portion of the os ilium. One man had a good part of the deltoid muscle carried away, leaving the capsular ligament exposed.

Many of the dead were disposed in the Morgue, some of them horribly slashed up.

It is difficult to conceive of a day more exciting than yesterday, being one of the most delightful of the season; and from the great commotion the streets were filled with the curious, and work seemed in a great measure suspended. As I walked down towards the quays, long trains of artillery wagons with

ammunition were coming from the environs. Here and there a file of soldiers conducted on a barrow some of the wounded sent to the hospital. The scene at the Tuileries was very magnificent. All along the Rue Rivoli and in front of the Château were ranged the splendid body of cuirassiers in armor. Beyond them the lancers, with their long lances and tricolored banners affixed to the end, produced a very picturesque appearance. The Champs Élysées were occupied by a fine train of artillery. On the other side the quays and the Place du Carrousel were filled by the Garde Nationale of Paris and the Ban-lieu. As the National Guard *à cheval* defiled before the troops of the line they saluted each other with cries of "Vive la ligne! Vive la Garde Nationale!" The King passed them in review, and seemed to be very enthusiastically received.

In the morning at about six the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Nemours rode down towards the barricades; and as they passed down the Rue St. Martin were shot at from some of the windows. The guards immediately broke into the house and killed every one in it, about forty. Before evening tranquillity seemed to be almost restored, and to-day we are entirely quiet.

April 28, 1834.

Among the various celebrities I have not neglected M. Cousin. As he is engaged during the day at the Chamber of Peers, I was obliged to call on him in the morning before breakfast, between nine and ten. After a short time he entered, apparently just out of bed. He is about forty years of age, good-looking, with agreeable manners and conversation. I passed three quarters of an hour with him. He spoke of the various peculiar religious sects in Europe and America, — the Saint-Simonians, Mennonites, Shakers, etc. He said his work on Education had been translated in England, and Owen had claimed some of his ideas as his own, saying that he had propounded them at New Lanark, though he did not believe it. He showed me the American edition of his work on Philosophy, which had been sent him. He has lately published another work, which I have bought. I regret not to have seen more of M. Cousin, as I have seldom met with any one whose conversation was more instructive. He inquired particularly for Mr. Everett, to whom he desired his best respects. I must also return him mine for his kindness in giving me the introduction.

Dr. Warren's second winter in Paris was essentially but a repetition of the first, both as to the nature of his occupations, the incessant claims of his professional pursuits, and the rapidity with which the weeks and months rolled on. Spring came upon him almost before he was aware of its approach, and the day upon which he had decided to leave for London found him with not a few of his many designs barely accomplished. Still much had been done, and the rest must be left to another season and more favorable opportunities. Under date of April 28, 1834, he wrote to his father: —

"I leave Paris to-day in the afternoon, taking the diligence to Strasburg, whence I propose to go down the Rhine and stop at Heidelberg on the way. I shall pass through Holland and Belgium, and see some of the medical men, if possible."

On the 15th of May he was in Amsterdam, whence he wrote at great length to his father.

"The Museum at Heidelberg is chiefly celebrated for its preparations of the lymphatics by Tiedemann, one of the pelvis the most beautiful I have ever seen. I went there with the expectation of seeing Blumenbach, but was much disappointed on learning that he was at Göttingen. I was almost tempted to take the diligence to that town and pay him a visit, but time was so precious that I was obliged to abandon it. By far the most magnificent collection of healthy and morbid anatomy I have ever seen was at Leyden. It was the work of many distinguished men, like Albinus, Brugmans, Ruysch, and others, and is most admirably arranged in a building designed for the purpose. I observed two skeletons, one six feet and a half high, the other that of a woman who died at the age of one hundred and ten years, with the vertebræ forming the segment of a circle. The wet preparations were exquisite. One of them was by Ruysch, the only specimen left from his collection, which was sold to the Emperor of Russia. It represented a child's face, so nicely injected, even to the papillæ of the tongue, as to look as fresh as the living subject.

"The dislocations were very fine, among them what I took to be a cast, as I could not examine it in the case, of a dislocation behind and backwards, which showed well the formation of the new cavity for the head of the bone. This must have been taken from an original in the possession of Du Pui, who has, I believe, a cabinet of his own. He is now very old and decrepit, and I did not think myself justified in calling on him without an introduction. The curator of the Museum, an old gentleman of the *ancien régime*, in wig, small-clothes, and shoes, very kindly went round with us and explained the specimens through an interpreter, who was a bright little boy, though we found his explanations somewhat unsatisfactory, as he did not understand medical terms. In the course of our visit I told the boy to express our gratification to the old gentleman, and also to inform him that we were Americans. I could not understand the deference with which we were treated after he had done this, until I finally discovered that the youngster had mischievously intimated to the custodian that I was the son of the Emperor of America, which he evidently believed.

"Altogether this collection would have been well worth a journey expressly from Paris, as it is unequalled in Europe, so far as I have seen. The Museum of Natural History at Leyden ranks with that of the Garden of Plants, and is in some respects superior."

On the 17th of May Dr. Warren arrived in London, after a somewhat stormy passage of thirty-six hours by steamer from Rotterdam. He learned on the next day of the sad loss of his friend Jackson, and was much depressed by it.

London, May 18, 1834.

I have just received letters informing me of the death of Jackson, which has thrown quite a gloom over us here. I had written him not long since, and was in hopes that he had quite recovered his health. His loss will be to Boston a real one, not only to his friends, but to the medical profession, of which he was destined to be a great reformer. The effect produced here and in Paris has been very great. One of his friends just from France tells me that Louis on hearing the news of his death was altogether overcome, quite unable to contain himself; and many

others of his friends there were much affected by it. Dr. Boott here, whom I have met, seems to have suffered a great deal, having been much attached to Jackson. I have seldom seen such a general feeling expressed on all sides. There was an enthusiasm about him such that few of those intimately acquainted with him could help being much interested in his welfare. I am happy to find that his father has displayed so much fortitude on the occasion, — a time at which a man's real character commonly displays itself.[1]

May 28, he writes: —

"The weather is delightful, and the city was never more crowded with strangers, or gayer, than now. There are not only great numbers of concerts and an immense display of musical talent, but six hundred musicians are to give a festival in Westminster Abbey, the first of this kind for fifty years, and it is under the patronage of the King and Royal Family."

For the next few weeks Dr. Warren found his time fully employed; and his only embarrassment arose from the difficulty he experienced in choosing among the numberless invitations, professional and social, that were offered on every hand and from every quarter. Mr. and Mrs. Bates were extremely kind. He saw much of his friend Mr. Phillips. Sir Astley Cooper and other prominent members of the faculty were lavish of their attentions.

[1] With so many memories that seemed to shine through his sorrow, like stars piercing the gloom of night, Dr. Warren must have read with a vivid interest the tribute, warm from a tender heart and quickened by recent grief, which Dr. Holmes paid to their mutual companion shortly after his death. No apology will be needed for reproducing it here, not merely as a touching pendant to that glowing Parisian life, but as a reminder of one whom not even youth, talent, and an heroic nature could rescue from an early grave.

"And thou, dear friend, whom Science still deplores,
And love still mourns on ocean-severed shores,
Though the bleak forest twice has bowed with snow
Since thou wast laid its budding leaves below,
Thine image mingles with my closing strain,
As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,
Both blessed with hopes which revelled, bright and free,
On all we longed, or all we dreamed to be;
To thee the amaranth and the cypress fell, —
And I was spared to breathe this last farewell."

"Dr. Boott desired me to call on him for anything in the nature of letters of introduction, etc. Mr. Clift, the curator of Hunter's Museum, has promised me a sight of it, though it has really been closed for two years on account of additions to the building. He has also most kindly offered to take me to a meeting of the Royal Society, at which the Duke of Sussex will preside."

The great yearly gathering of the Quakers was then taking place, and Miss Anna Braithwaite asked Mrs. Fry to introduce him there. Of the great variety and the incessant pressure of his engagements, the numerous and lengthy letters he contrived to write afford ample evidence.

London, June 5, 1834.

My dear Father, — The day after my arrival in London, I called on Sir Astley Cooper, who received me, as usual, with the greatest cordiality. He is now, I suppose, about sixty-five years of age, with a tall, commanding figure; slightly inclined to corpulency, though this hardly appears, as he wears a frock-coat buttoned up to the neck. His expression is peculiarly inviting, with an air of good humor which places the stranger quite at his ease. He becomes more serious as he enters into conversation, when he always introduces some subject of interest to his visitor. On the present occasion he inquired first for you, then asked if I had brought back Mrs. W., and finally touched upon our home politics, as to which he seemed well informed. We happened upon the subject of fractures, and he gave me his ideas on that of the neck of the thigh bone, upon which he has lately published an article in the "Medical Gazette," in answer to some remarks of Dupuytren in one of his lectures. He said he had thus far taken no notice of the misstatements of various persons as to his opinions in this matter, but now found it necessary to refute the assertions of so high an authority as Dupuytren. He never denied that a bony union of the neck of the thigh bone could take place, that he has specimens which prove it; but that it occurred only when the ligament which covers the neck was entirely torn through, so as to prevent all nourishment from reaching it. In most cases a ligamentous union resulted; and he thought that this should be permitted,

especially in old persons where extension might cause serious accident or death. In young and strong people extension might be tried for some time to give them a chance, though Nature seemed to have intended in some of the fractures that the union should be by ligament, as appears in fractures of the patella, especially among animals, which are almost always united in this manner. "Tell your father," said Sir Astley, "that our treatment of these fractures of the patella is entirely different from what it was when he was here. We now use a splint. The patient is placed with the thigh flexed, so as to relax the muscles and allow the ligamentous union to take place." This subject, and some others, occupied all my visit.

I called again on him yesterday to introduce a friend of mine from Philadelphia. He gave us the characters of some of the leading men in Parliament, and made some remarks on education in our country. Cobbett, it seems, opposed the other evening the bill for the education of the lower classes now before the House; saying that statistics from the New York prisons showed that educated criminals were in much greater proportion than uneducated ones, and that the same was the case in Ireland, Scotland, etc.; also that the French commissioner to our country had drawn the same conclusions. Cobbett proposed to put boys to the plough, and let them pick up what they could to a certain age. I have the "Times," and will try to send you the debates. Sir Astley gave me cards to all the different hospitals, — to Bell, Guthrie, Brodie, Travers, Tyrrel, Lawrence, and others. I attacked him about the preparation, which I told him I should insist on having before I left town. He seemed to yield a tacit consent, and I doubt not that I shall succeed. Sir Astley receives his consultation visits from ten to twelve, and his antechamber is always full. I found the only way to see him was to make the servant smuggle me in before my time through a side room, giving him something for his trouble.

I have been attending the Eye Infirmary, where there are over two hundred patients daily. I saw an amputation by Morgan, day before yesterday, and yesterday Mr. Clift spent five hours in showing us the whole Hunterian Museum. He was one of Hunter's students, and helped him put up most of his preparations, being thus one of the best persons to explain the object to be illustrated by each. The Museum has been

closed for some years with the object of making changes and additions to the building, so that we were very fortunate in having a letter to the curator, else we could not have seen it. The rabbits' ears, transplanted teeth, etc., mentioned in Hunter's work on Inflammation, were very interesting.

JUNE 6.

I was prevented from going last evening to the meeting of the Royal Society by an engagement to dine at Mr. Grant's, which I had forgotten. However, two of my friends went, and met there Mr. Stanley of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Mr. Green of St. Thomas's, one of the most celebrated surgeons here. They were both very polite, and asked them to attend their visits. This morning we went to St. Thomas's, and I delivered to Mr. Green my letter from Sir Astley. He is a tall, good-natured man, resembling Dr. Reynolds, and of very polite address. He took us round with him, explaining the customs, etc., of the hospital, and showing the most interesting cases. Among these were a couple of new noses, which resembled pieces of batter-pudding stuck on the faces, though the operations had been well done, and the new features will be much improved, doubtless, when the blood begins to circulate in them. After we had seen all the cases and asked various questions, he took us to the other buildings connected with the hospital, including the Museum, which is very fine. Here we saw the aorta tied by Sir Astley; diseases of the bone mentioned in his works; the preparation of the first case of carotid aneurism, the patient dying afterwards of apoplexy, showing no want of blood in the brain; and various others of interest. Mr. Green was exceedingly polite, and offered to introduce us to Elliotson and the other surgeons of St. Thomas, and desired us to come and see his practice to-morrow. To-morrow I shall go to St. Bartholomew's. I intend going shortly to Kingston on a visit to Dr. Roots. Through a recommendation from Mr. Clift, I have got a dozen and a half very nice small preparation bottles, and he also showed me his method of putting them up. The weather is very pleasant, and my continual engagements make the time pass very rapidly. To-day I intend visiting the House of Commons.

With best love to Mamma, believe me

Your affectionate son,

J. M. WARREN.

London, June 20, 1834.

My dear Father, — In my last letter I gave some account of Sir Astley's ideas on the fracture of the neck of the thigh bone, in which you will perceive that his opinion has been somewhat modified since you were here. He seems to avoid the question a little by saying that when he gave his opinion he had never seen a case, though he did not deny its possibility. Of this you can judge best yourself. I mentioned going round with Mr. Green, who was very polite, and gave me free admission to the Museum of St. Thomas, which, though not so large as that of Guy's, contains many very beautiful and valuable preparations. I saw Dr. Hodgkin the next day, and he gave me a ticket to Guy's Museum during my stay in London. I should have stated that among the novelties at St. Thomas's was their treatment of hydrocele by seton, which I saw done by Mr. Green at the bedside. The scrotum being punctured, and the contents evacuated, a long needle with seton was introduced through the tunica vaginalis, thrust out at the upper part of the scrotum, and the seton tied.

The day after our visit to St. Thomas's we went to St. Bartholomew's, where I delivered my card to Mr. Stanley, lecturer on anatomy and internal pathology, who introduced me to Mr. Earle, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Vincent. Mr. Lawrence has a gentlemanly air, a fine, bright eye, and decidedly intellectual features. I attended him on his rounds, and he very politely pointed out the interesting cases, among them a fracture of the neck of the thigh bone, which he ordered to be placed on the double inclined plane of Goodwin, now generally employed for this accident. There was also a fracture of the patella, which was treated, as I mentioned in my last letter, by placing the leg on a plane at an angle of forty-five degrees with the body. After visiting the other wards, we came to the syphilitic patients, who have one to themselves. Their treatment does not differ from ours,—mercury in the primary disease, and sarsaparilla for worn-out constitutions.

Mr. Lawrence gave us an invitation to attend his operations on the following Saturday, and Mr. Stanley gave us admission to the Museum, which is a very nice one. At Guy's I have not accompanied the surgeons of late, but have attended their operations every Tuesday. Key operated last week for popliteal aneurism, and this week I saw Callaway amputate the breast,

and Bransby Cooper cut out from the leg a ball which had been for a long time imbedded between the bone and the tendo Achillis.

One of the finest hospitals in London is St. George's, at Hyde Park Corner, which latterly has been altered and almost entirely rebuilt. The rooms throughout are admirably arranged, and furnished with small, low iron bedsteads, over each of which an iron bar supports curtains when required; and also a rope with a handle, for the patient to use when too weak to raise himself or turn in bed. The wards are ventilated after a new plan, not easily described in a letter. The surgeons are Mr. Brodie, Mr. Babington, and Mr. Hawkins. I had a card to Mr. Brodie, and he gave orders to one of the house surgeons to show us about. The water-beds, of which you have heard, have fallen into disuse, from getting damp. They were of oil-cloth, filled with water, and used for very debilitated persons, to prevent gangrene from long lying on one side.

I saw Mr. Green at St. Thomas's operate in rather an odd case, a few days since, of an apparently well-defined tumor just below the groin. On cutting down, however, no tumor was to be found; and after a long examination the swelling proved to have arisen from a large accumulation of lymph between the muscles, which had been compressed into adhesion by a blow.

Since I have been here I have given by far the most of my attention to diseases of the eye, and, through the kindness of those at the head of the various institutions, I have been able to see a great number of operations by the most eminent men, thus gaining much valuable information. The largest of these institutions is the Ophthalmic Infirmary, Moorfields. The surgeons are Scott and Tyrrel, to the former of whom I had a letter from Dr. Peirson and a card from Sir Astley. He invited me to attend him at the Infirmary, and also at the London Hospital, of which he is surgeon. I have, however, mostly followed Mr. Macmurdo, assistant at the Ophthalmic, who has been extremely polite, desiring us to ask any questions about the patients. Of this we have freely availed ourselves, and, I suspect, have much lengthened his visits. Among the numerous changes of late years has been the treatment of diseases of the lachrymal passages. The tumor of the sack, which was so often operated on, is not now in one case out of ten. The antiphlo-

gistic treatment is ordered, — leeches to the eye, one or two at a time, continued for two, three, or even six months. I think I have stated in one of my letters Lisfranc's practice in this disease, much the same as the application of steam from water to the nostrils by a machine for the purpose. I have never before seen such good examples of the use of belladonna as a palliative in cataract, and in inflammation of the iris to dilate the pupil and prevent adhesion.

For cataract, the method now most frequent here is that of extraction, the upper half of the cornea being divided, not only because the cicatrix at this point is less perceived, but also to avoid the escape of the vitreous humor, which does not so often occur by this treatment. The patient is placed on a bed made for the purpose in front of a window, with his head supported on a hard pillow, and is thus more steady. It has been observed that since this plan was adopted, the escape of the vitreous humor happens much more rarely. The operator sits behind the patient, having thus the full light on the eye, and also the advantage of being able to support the upper lid, and fix the organ himself.

Mr. Tyrrel operated very beautifully last Friday for extraction and for artificial pupil, and to-day I saw Scott perform two similar operations. The lens extracted in this case was very dark, with some blackish spots, and was the only one that I have ever seen at all approaching what has been called "black cataract."

The other hospital for diseases of the eye is that at Westminster, of which Guthrie is surgeon. I had a card to him from Sir Astley, and was received with the greatest kindness. He introduced me to the house surgeons, and has requested me to attend his practice during my stay in the city. I have already seen him operate twice, and very expertly. The patient is placed on a chair made for the purpose, the head laid back, and the operator behind. The operation is much the same as that described above, with this peculiarity that after the surgeon has passed his knife quite through the cornea, and just as he is about to complete the section, he suddenly withdraws it, leaving the cornea above attached by a slight pedicel. By this means, Guthrie says, in those large, full, bulging eyes, he prevents a too sudden escape of the humors. The section is completed by

a small bistoury, the capsule opened with a hooked needle instead of the cystitome of Roux, which, however, I prefer in appearance, and then, by slight pressure on the lower lid, the lens is slipped out. In one case in which, after the knife — that of Richter — had been introduced, the patient, by twisting round the eye, contrived to slip it off before the section was completed. Guthrie used a knife invented, or at least modified by himself, to effect his object. This has two blades, one slipping on the other. The under one is blunt, and of silver; the upper that of Richter, and sharp. In this case, as the aqueous humor had escaped, and the iris protruded and was in contact with the cornea, there would have been danger of wounding it if a cutting instrument had been introduced. The object of this one was to pass it in and across the iris concealed, when, on reaching the opposite side, the blade was thrust out, and compelled the division. The knife of Jager, which you have doubtless seen, and of which this is but a modification, has two cutting blades, and is used to prevent a double motion of the hand.

In Guthrie's practice there is nothing else that I see peculiar except in those cases of ophthalmia attended with a dilated, full, spongy state of the vessels of the conjunctive tunic. He introduced an ointment composed of ten grains of nit. argent. to the drachm of lard, which is done with a brush.

As my letter has already reached an uncommon length, I must defer to another time the museums, which are very interesting.

I dined last Tuesday with Sir Astley and Lady Cooper, — a very handsome party. Sir Astley introduced me as the grandnephew of General Warren, leader at the battle of Bunker Hill, which, by the way, I did not think they relished much. The party was very pleasant, consisting, with others, of Mr. Cooper, a brother of Sir Astley, and member of Parliament, — a fine-looking old man; Mr. and Mrs. Brodie; Colonel Cooper, a nephew of Sir Astley's; and some others, whose names I did not hear. The dinner was very magnificent; and among the dishes was a fine haunch of venison, not, however, equalling the American. In the centre of the table were a superb gold plateau and the vases presented to Sir Astley by George IV.

I was very glad to see Sir Astley in this light, and hear his conversation, disburdened of medical affairs. He seems to well

understand good living, and, from his specimens, must be an excellent connoisseur of wines. After the ladies had retired, the conversation took a different turn, in which Mr. Brodie joined, and seemed to be a very sensible man. He has at present, I hear, the best practice of any surgeon in London.

Sir Astley has in his drawing-room a full-length portrait of himself by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for which he said he sat six years. He has lately been at Oxford, at the installation of the Duke of Wellington, and made LL.D. there.

The medical men whom I have seen here are Bright and Elliotson, to both of whom I had letters of introduction. They were very polite, and Dr. Bright showed us the lunatic asylum connected with Guy's, one of the neatest and best regulated I have seen abroad. I say nothing of the English practice and mode of examination, which stands but a poor chance in comparison with that rigid scrutiny adopted to get at the truth in France; and the treatment is, after all, half of it quackery in England, though I think the French, when it is called for, are quite active enough in their treatment, notwithstanding the assertions of English writers.

At St. Bartholomew's this morning a distinguished surgeon of that institution favored me with the sight of a most perfect wet preparation of dislocation of the neck of the thigh bone, backwards and downwards. The case had occurred in his own practice, and he has politely offered to give it to me. I will mention the particulars in my next. Nothing has pleased me so much for a long time.

London, July 9, 1834.

My dear Father, — In my last letter I mentioned that I had discovered in the Museum of St. Bartholomew's Hospital a very interesting specimen of dislocation of the hip backwards and downwards. While Mr. Stanley was explaining to us the most peculiar of the pathological preparations he stopped at one and said, "Here is a specimen that will be very interesting to you Americans," and went on to remark that some time ago he saw in one of our papers a report of a trial in which it was asserted, in opposition to the testimony of a surgical witness, that a case in which he had been consulted could not have been a dislocation backwards and downwards because Sir Astley Cooper in

all his practice had never met with such an instance. This specimen, he said, proves that however large a surgeon's experience may be, some things may escape him. He then showed us a beautiful and most satisfactory wet preparation of a dislocation backwards and downwards which occurred under his own eyes. This is most valuable, as the patient died immediately after the accident and no attempts were made to reduce the fracture, and you have it with all the soft parts still there. I told Mr. Stanley that my father was the surgeon whose views were attacked, and I was most happy to have seen the preparation, which I had looked for in all the museums of Europe. The one at Leyden, though satisfactory, is not equal to this, as no history is attached. Mr. Stanley very politely offered to give me the particulars, so far as they had been preserved, if I would call at his house. This I did yesterday, and I enclose you the case as extracted from his book. He has been exceedingly kind to us, introduced us to all the surgeons of St. Bartholomew's, and given us free admission to his museum. He was a coadjutor of Abernethy at St. Bartholomew's, and is one of the most distinguished anatomists of London.

I had intended to leave town on Friday, but Mr. Stanley asked me to defer my departure, if possible, one day, and with my friends finish my visit here with a dinner of English mutton and a talk on anatomy. This was the more polite as being quite uncalled for; and I told him that on leaving London, whatever we might have to complain of, it would not be a want of hospitality, — in fact, we have received the utmost attention on all sides.

This morning Dr. Hodgkin gave me an introduction to Langstaff, who has one of the best museums in London, ranking next to that of Guy's, and particularly rich in specimens of diseases of the urinary organs. At Guy's yesterday I saw Key operate for a fungoid tumor of the antrum, — a most disagreeable operation. He used for cutting the bone the forceps of Liston, which I was glad to see tested, as I have just bought a pair. The pair I sent you are similar, though on a larger scale. Mr. Key afterwards took off a leg by a flap operation peculiar to himself. He is one of the most beautiful operators for the stone in Europe. I saw him operate the other day on a boy of eight years in half a minute. The rapidity with which he performed each

step of the operation was quite magical, and all with no apparent hurry. Dupuytren, on seeing him operate, said that he had witnessed many operations and had done many himself for the stone, but had never observed one to equal that of Key.

In my letter to Mary I mentioned having been at a large public dinner given for the funds of the Eye Institution. Travers and Tyrrel were present with others, and both spoke, as also did Farre, coadjutor with Saunders in founding the institution. The meeting was very pleasant, and a good example of a London dinner.

I had sent in to me yesterday a very neat case of newly invented forceps for extracting the stumps of teeth, which I have had made for Dr. Flagg. The inventor called on me yesterday and left his card. I believe he wishes to try them on me, that I may report their success in America. As I did not care to have this experiment made, I have not yet returned his visit.

I shall leave town on Saturday, the 12th, for Portsmouth or Salisbury, go through Bath and Bristol and Shrewsbury to Holyhead, from there taking the steamboat for Dublin. Dr. Hodgkin says there is to be a famous assemblage of the most celebrated literary men of Great Britain at Edinburgh on the first of September. If I remain in this country, as now appears probable, I shall try to be present.

By a vessel going to Boston on the 20th I send you a box containing preparation glasses, one of casts whose history I have, and a third of gazettes and papers; also some of Atkinson's almond soap and paste; also the work of Bennati on the Voice, the only one I know of. I have made every attempt to get Bell's paper, but my bookseller has not yet succeeded.

Your affectionate son,

J. M. Warren.

CHAPTER XI.

FUTURE PLANS. — JOURNEY TO DUBLIN. — EDINBURGH AND THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. — RETURN TO LONDON AND PARIS. — LETTERS FROM PARIS. — RETURN TO AMERICA.

When Dr. Warren left Boston for Europe it had been his father's intention and his own desire that his absence should last but two years, a period which was then regarded as sufficient to enable the young physician to gain such professional improvement as could not be secured at home. This limit had been already reached and exceeded; and though Dr. Warren had clearly perceived the advantages that would accrue from another winter abroad and had suggested them to his father, he had now given up any prospects of this nature and had decided to sail for home in the ensuing autumn. On the 5th of July he informed his father of his intention to sail on the 1st of October, "though I shall probably go to Paris in the middle of September for final preparations and purchases." A few days after his letter of the 5th of July, however, he received intelligence from his father which resulted in a complete change of his plans and a resolution to prolong his stay in Europe till the coming spring. In a letter from "Oxford, July 12, 1834," he writes: —

My dear Father, — Just after having sent off my letter yesterday to Boston, I received your letter dated June 8, on the subject of remaining abroad another year, and hardly know what to answer. I have omitted writing, hoping that a little reflection during my ride down to this city might arrange my thoughts, but do not find myself at all helped out of my difficul-

ties. When I look back on the long period of two years and think how favored I have been in having no great calamity occur in my own immediate family, it seems almost a tempting of Providence still to prolong my stay abroad. To break up also the hopes of seeing my family and of possibly being of some use to yourself just as they seemed about to be realized, must require a most cool and stoical consideration of the advantages offered by such a course. No doubt remains in my own mind that those must be great to a person who, like myself, has been necessarily obliged to divide his attention equally between the study of medicine and of surgery. Many of the collateral branches must be neglected. The object of another winter in Paris would be an attention to chemistry, surgical diseases, syphilitic diseases, and the eye, in which I have got a pretty good start here, the clinique of Louis, also the lectures of the Sorbonne, particularly those of Moral Philosophy, which I have much desired to follow and study.

During my residence abroad I have always given some time every day in the winter to a study of languages, — French and Italian. In a third winter I should promise myself the acquisition of the German language. The objection of a change in habits and feelings to a long stay abroad, though without doubt true in respect to some persons, yet I cannot allow it in regard to myself. I find my attraction to home and my own country only strengthened by time, and the sacrifice which I shall make if I should determine on this course can be known only to myself. I could wish much for the advice of some one to help me out of my difficulties, and must wait a time before I can determine. Whatever I do, however, I cannot fail to appreciate most highly the kind and affectionate consideration for my interests in which this consent has been given. I trust that if I avail myself of it, it may not be without its consequences.

To this his father returned the following answer: —

Boston, Aug. 22, 1834.

My dear Mason, — Yours of the 12th of July, in which you state the embarrassments you experienced as to remaining over winter, I received, and you request me to write you again on the subject. The letters I have already written contain all that I can say. On the one part, it is most desirable for yourself and

me that you should be at home; on the other, that your education should be so complete that you will want nothing but practice. You will be expected to come home with a perfect knowledge of the manual of surgical operations in the most improved form. You will be expected to be fully acquainted with auscultation and percussion, which are the fashion of the day, and to be well acquainted with the prevalent medical doctrines. A deficiency in these points would not fail to be noticed. For the rest, besides possessing a reasonable knowledge of the healing art, you ought to bring home, if possible, something new and striking, at the same time guarding your acquirements with the respect for others without which a medical man cannot be liked by his profession.

Your health is a primary object to me. It is more important you should be well than be learned. Bear this in mind. Do not fritter away your health by too much labor, still less by too good living. Twice you have barely escaped with life. Be careful of your living. Let your food be regular and sparing. Pay attention to the state of the bowels. Use sufficient exercise. Above all, turn your daily thoughts in thankfulness to the Giver of so many blessings, the Redeemer on whom alone you can rely for the atonement of all transgressions. Having viewed your position with the lights I have thus presented, adopt the best course you can; I shall be satisfied. Should you remain over winter, you will calculate so as to be here by the end of May, or sooner, if it will answer.

Your affectionate father,

J. C. Warren.

Feeling well assured of his father's approval of his plans, Dr. Warren left London for Dublin and Edinburgh, as he had designed, from whence he wrote home letters of the usual length and interest.

Dublin, July 28, 1834.

My dear Father, — The day after my arrival here I called on your friend Dr. Breen, who received me very politely. He is a good-looking man of middle age, quite gray and rather near-sighted. He inquired particularly for you and your pursuits. We had a long conversation about Edinburgh and the schools there at

the time of your studies. He remembered Dr. Simmons well; also Collins, who he said was still alive and in Wales. Another — Ives, of Norwich, I think — died many years ago. He mentioned your opinion at that time of Sir Astley Cooper, who was hardly expected to become the man he has. Dr. Breen is a thoroughly good-hearted Irishman and does nothing by halves. He asked me to dine with him the next day.

The following day, at his request, I called on him about eleven, and he took me round in his carriage and introduced me to a number of medical men; he also carried me to the Medical Reading Room, to which I am to have free admission during my stay here. I afterwards rode out of town with him, and he talked of the politics of the day, both at home and in America, with whose history he seems well acquainted. He said the last time he heard from you was through Mr. and Mrs. Sears, who were here in 1812 with their first child. He appears to have been much pleased with Mrs. Sears. He observed that he had expected to see many more of your writings, having in fact met with nothing but your paper on organic diseases of the heart, which was much prized here as well as in Edinburgh, where, by the way, I sent a copy to a gentleman who requested it about a year ago. I told him you had written occasionally on different subjects, but that the great pressure of business, both in and out of the profession, had prevented you from undertaking any very extensive work.

At Dr. Breen's we had a very pleasant party; with others, Dr. Kennedy, head physician and Master, so called here, of the Lying-in Hospital, who sat next me at table; very intelligent and agreeable. He was polite enough to ask me to breakfast the following day and see his hospital. Dr. Montgomery, a celebrated accoucheur, was also present; and I am to breakfast with him on Wednesday and see his museum, which is the best of the kind — being all preparations in midwifery — in Great Britain. I have also an engagement to call on Mr. Treat, surgeon of the Cork-Street Fever Hospital, and visit his establishment to-day. Dr. Breen's wife is still living, and he has six or seven children. His eldest daughter, a fine girl, and his son, who is studying law, were at table.

After dinner it is the invariable custom here to bring on hot water and whiskey, when each of the company is called upon

for a song; and on this occasion some of the guests sang with great effect.

Yesterday I breakfasted with Dr. Kennedy and visited his hospital, and afterwards passed two hours with Dr. Macartney, a most singular man, and went over his museum.

DUBLIN, Aug. 2, 1834.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Since I last wrote I have visited most of the public institutions here, and have been much gratified by the way in which they are conducted and by the obliging attentions of those in charge of them. The day after my dinner at Dr. Breen's I breakfasted with Dr. Kennedy, Master of the Lying-in Hospital, and afterwards went through the wards with him. The building can contain about two hundred patients, and is one of the best-conducted institutions I have seen in Europe. The patients are admitted by an order from one of the overseers, showing that they are not able to pay for assistance out of the hospital. Each is kept three or four days after confinement, and then, if in the right state, discharged with proper directions. I observed nothing peculiarly interesting in the treatment. Many of the children are affected with purulent ophthalmia just after birth, which is treated with a caustic solution, sometimes as strong as ten grains of nit. arg. to the ounce of water. The wards are cut up as small as possible, and generally well ventilated. The beds are well aired as soon as the patients leave them, and the floors sprinkled with chloride of lime. One of the most interesting facts I noticed here was the use of the stethoscope.

Having received an invitation from Dr. Montgomery to breakfast with him and inspect his museum, I went to him, and was much delighted with his fine collection, which consists entirely of preparations for his lectures on midwifery, which are delivered at Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital. The specimens were very beautiful, and after examining them I was taken through the hospital by Dr. Montgomery. It is built entirely of stone, with stone floors in the wards, which are very high and ventilated by apertures in the four corners of the ceiling communicating with the air without.

Part of another day I devoted to the museum of Dr. Macartney, at Trinity College. He made an appointment and occupied

two hours in showing me the whole of it. The preparations are many of them very fine and made by himself, he giving the greater part of his time to the sole object of preparing for his lectures on anatomy and physiology, of which he is professor in Trinity College. Among the curiosities which he has here, is a paper signed by a great number of persons, himself at their head, for giving their bodies after death to be dissected. He has already the skeletons of one or two persons who have given their bodies, — one of Dr. O'Connor, whose heart he has burned. He preserves the ashes in a little bronze vase on a marble pedestal with an appropriate inscription. He also has the arm exposed with the skin on in a dried state. Besides O'Connor's body, Dr. Macartney has the skeleton of Madame Barré, a celebrated Amazon under Robespierre in the French revolution and a correspondent of Bonaparte's. She left her body and ten pounds to have it dissected by the Doctor, writing this part of her will with her own hand. He has also a portion of her skin tanned quite as good as shoe-leather, of which he gave me a piece for your museum. He has also the skeleton of a man with many of the muscles of the back completely ossified, also of the legs, and other parts of the body. All the joints are in a state of anchylosis. The skeleton of an Irish giant seven and a half feet high is also curious.

Dr. Macartney is one of the most eccentric men I have yet come across, and his conversation was very amusing. He seems to set but little value on his wax preparations, which he keeps in a kind of outhouse in a very good state of preparation. A small burying-ground for the remains of the dissected is just behind the dissecting-room, and over the entrance a marble slab with something like the following inscription: "Here lie the bodies of those who after their death have honorably chosen to be of use to their fellow-creatures."

Dr. Macartney gave me some good hints as to making preparations, — one for the preservation of their color, which is to immerse them, previous to putting them in spirit, in a solution of alum and nitrate of potash. Wet preparations may be injected with this for preserving their forms, and may also be sufficiently hardened to keep without the aid of spirit.

Besides the above hospitals and museums I have been all over the fine Lunatic Hospital founded by Dean Swift, and of which

he himself was the first inmate, and the Steevens Hospital, the most extensive in Dublin. The chief surgeons, Drs. Colles and Cusack, are now in London attending an examination in regard to the state of medical science in Great Britain. I have been at two or three other hospitals with the physicians, to most of whom I have been introduced.[1] Having seen so much, I shall not remain longer in Dublin ; for though there is no difficulty in visiting these institutions, they are rather particular in regard to students following them unless regularly entered. I shall therefore stay longer in Edinburgh, where I can attend without difficulty. I am going into Wales for a few days, and through to Liverpool, where I have some business to attend to. I shall then take the steamboat back again, and go up by the Giant's Causeway to Scotland.

It gives me great pleasure to hear that your health continues good. I trust you will not give up your summer tour, which you must require after the hard work of the past year. I hope to learn by the next letters from home that you have done this.

Your affectionate son,

J. M. Warren.

Edinburgh, Aug. 22, 1834.

My dear Father, — I wrote last from Liverpool, which I left the following day after having made a trip to Manchester, seen the Royal Infirmary, and despatched my other business there. For a well-conducted institution, one great feature of which is neatness, I have seen no hospital to compare with that of Liverpool, which I was able to examine very thoroughly through the kindness of a friend who had lately been appointed surgeon there. The managers have just had another building erected expressly for syphilitic patients, so that this unpleasant class are almost entirely got rid of. I remember nothing peculiar in treatment or apparatus at this hospital. In the kitchen everything is cooked by steam, and a small engine is constantly

[1] Dr. Warren seems to have kept up to the end of his days the interest in his Irish brethren begun at this period, and always to have noticed their progress with a watchful eye. In a review of his work on "Fissure of the Soft and Hard Palate," which appeared in the "Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science" for November, 1866, the writer says: "Mr. Warren's acquaintance with Irish surgery might be a lesson to many at home who remain habitually ignorant of the doings of their brethren."

at work pumping water to the different reservoirs in the building and for other purposes.

On my return to Dublin I remained two days to collect my luggage, see my friends, etc. I called on Dr. Breen to take leave of him. He desired to be particularly remembered to you, and much regretted not to have heard from you more frequently. He has been very polite to me during my stay here, and altogether I have seldom experienced more hospitality and good-will than during my visit to Dublin. Every one seemed to do his best to oblige me without any reserve.

The cholera, which for the past few weeks has been gradually increasing in Dublin, on my last visit there was reported by some persons to be as bad as during its presence two years since, when over two hundred were admitted daily into the hospitals. Dr. Breen told me, however, that this was by no means the fact, although the disease was quite as fatal, and many more of the upper classes were attacked than before. There are no hospitals for cholera victims now, and none are admitted into the others. The cholera is largely prevalent now in London, though it is difficult to say to what extent, as no reports are published. Mr. Treat had the kindness to show me over the fever hospital, one of the most richly endowed in Dublin.

I arrived in Edinburgh on the 16th, and on the following day delivered my letter of introduction to Liston, who remembered my face, though somewhat altered in the course of two years. He received me very politely, and I have since been round with him daily at his hospital. He explained to me all the important cases. The first day we had the reduction of the dislocated thumb of a boy, which had been some time in that state. By a cord tied round the second joint all the force was applied that could be without pulling off the thumb, and this failing, the lateral ligament, I think, was divided, and the reduction effected. The second case was that of staphyloraphy, which he was obliged to defer till later in the day. He asked me to be present, but I arrived by mistake only just as he was finishing. However, he explained to me his method, which differs from both that of Lisfranc and that of Roux. Having freshened the edges of the palate by running in a sharp guarded bistoury at the top and sliding it down on both sides, he then passed his ligatures with an eyed hook less curved than that

commonly used. For this reason he passes it from without inwards. The ligature, having been passed on one side, is seized by another hook behind and drawn through double. Then to pass it on the other side, a single ligature is tied to the loop of the first, this threaded and carried through on the opposite side, thus drawing after it the double ligature. When placed, all the ligatures are thus double; but this is of no great consequence so long as the rest of the operation is simplified. I examined the patient afterwards, and the edges all seemed to be well in contact, only a small aperture being left at the top, just above the upper ligature, without which I have seldom seen a case immediately after the operation. This, I suppose, closes in time.

In cataract Liston prefers depression of the lens. Like Roux, he applies a blister to the back of the neck, but just after instead of before the operation. To-day I hope to see him perform lithotomy, at which he is very expert.

Mr. Syme since I was here has been appointed professor of surgery, and is now at the Royal Infirmary. I have not yet been through his wards, but have called on him and am to dine at his house on Saturday.

Sir George Ballingall, professor of military surgery, I also visited yesterday. Two years ago I called on him with my poor friend Jackson to make a farewell visit. At that time Jackson promised to send him a book on military surgery, and it is rather singular that the book was left at his house yesterday without any indication of the means by which it came.

The meeting of learned men is to take place here on the 6th of September. Sir Astley is to be here with others. I shall return to London immediately after it is over.

I remain your affectionate son,

J. M. Warren.

Edinburgh, Aug. 30, 1834.

My dear Father, — Since my last letter I have been attending the hospitals regularly, and have seen one or two very good operations by Liston. The most peculiar was that for the stone, which he considers one of his best and most original.

I dined a few days ago with Syme, and met a number of pleasant people, among others a son of Dr. Thomson, author

of the work on Inflammation, with whom I have since breakfasted. The father and two sons, both surgeons, are all in the same house. The former has his name in the centre of the street door, and the sons on either side. The father has, however, mostly relinquished his practice, and passes most of his time at his country-seat. After breakfast Dr. Thomson showed me a part of the splendid plates which his father has been collecting for many years. They now number three thousand, the greater portion of them drawn by the Doctor himself. He showed me those relating to diseases of the urinary organs. The pathological state is very beautifully and accurately represented, much surpassing even the drawings of Cruveilhier, which I have seen at Baillière's in Paris.

I have become acquainted with some very pleasant people here, and expect to see a number of my friends at the end of the next week, who will probably be coming to the meeting on the 8th. I shall leave here on the 16th for London. On the 15th is to be a grand dinner to Lord Grey, given by the citizens of Edinburgh in approval of his political course. This will probably be the most splendid affair that ever took place in Edinburgh, as all the Scotch nobility and many of the English are to be present. The cholera I hear is very bad at present in Dublin, one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty cases per day, and many of the most respectable citizens have fallen victims. This city has never been more healthy. I shall go this week for a few days into the Highlands, and on my return stop a day at Glasgow, to look again at the Museum there.

London, Sept. 22, 1834.

My dear Father, — I had intended to write you by the last packet some account of the proceedings of the British Association at Edinburgh, but the occupations of the week were so numerous and the hospitality of the citizens so great as to leave little time for myself. The members of the Association began to assemble three or four days before the 16th, and many of them were received into the houses of the most distinguished citizens, every facility being afforded them for seeing everything worthy of notice in the city. Strangers found all the libraries and scientific institutions open to them free of expense; and as soon as I presented myself at the Royal Institution I found

myself enrolled without difficulty a member of the society, and tickets given me for various breakfasts, etc., with admission to all the picture galleries and museums. It was necessary that every stranger should bring an introduction from one of the perpetual members of the Association in order to become a member. I had neglected to do this, and on being asked who introduced me, the secretary immediately stepped up and said that he did, although I had not known that he was acquainted with me. Among the celebrated men assembled on the occasion were Arago, the astronomer royal of France; Moll, of Utrecht, superintendent of the dikes in Holland, with whom I breakfasted at Dr. Thomson's; Brown the naturalist; the younger Ross, who made the expedition to the north pole; Dalton the chemist; Sir Charles Bell, and other eminent *savants*.[1]

Of the branch of medicine, Dr. Abercrombie, whose looks I liked much, was chosen president, and Dr. Roget secretary. Some interesting papers were read by young Dr. Thomson on the lymphatics, Sir Charles Bell discoursed on the nerves, and Dr. Hodgkin on the mammillated state of the stomach, though no very important debates followed. Every evening there was a meeting of the Association in the great assembly room in George Street, where was a brilliant gathering of ladies, admitted by members' tickets. At this meeting papers of general interest were read. Dr. Robinson, of Dublin, read an account of the comet to appear in 1835; Dr. Lardner explained the celebrated calculating-machine of Babbage, and another gentleman read an

[1] This meeting of the British Association was the largest and the most enthusiastic yet held by the society, and was noted for the number and distinction of the *savants* present. Among these Agassiz, then only in his twenty-seventh year, made his first public advent on the scientific arena, and before an audience but little disposed to take any statement on trust. Rich in the commendation of a manly and genial presence, with a noble simplicity and a fine Alpine flavor about him, he poured forth the revelations of the antique world, like the apostle of a new evangel. The flow of his fervid words, quickened by a fire from the heart of things, like "that large utterance of the early gods," inspired his tongue with irresistible persuasion, and won conviction from those to whom Truth was all in all, and who knew that from her presentment there was no appeal.

"I met you first at Edinburgh in 1834," wrote the venerable Professor Sedgwick in 1871. "It is a great pleasure to me, my dear friend, to see again by the vision of memory that fine youthful person, that benevolent face, and to hear again, as it were, the cheerful ring of the sweet and powerful voice by which you made the old Scotchmen start and stare, while you were bringing to life again the fishes of their old red sandstone."

interesting paper on geology. After this paper was read there was a promenade, with refreshments; and this ended the day.

I think I never experienced a more ample display of hospitality than during the week of the meeting. I hardly ever breakfasted or dined at home, unless when I had some of my friends to dine with me, for a fortnight. I was much pleased with old Dr. Thomson, and was frequently at his house, where many of the strangers were entertained. A gentleman named Arnott was also very polite to me. I met at his house Dr. Arnott, who wrote a work on physics, and other literary men. I likewise breakfasted with Dr. Maclagan, an eminent physician here. A Mr. White called on me, supposing it to be you, having seen my name on the list of visitors. He said he had received much attention from you while on a visit to Boston in 1816, and desired his best respects to you. He asked me to his house, but I had so many other engagements that I was prevented from going.

I left Edinburgh directly after the dinner to Earl Grey, an account of which I must defer to my next letter, and came direct to London. I shall remain here this week and then go to the Continent. London is quite deserted at present, a great contrast to the gayeties of three months since.

Yesterday I went to Mr. Bates's country-seat, about seven miles from London, to pass the day.[1] I have met with no welcome more constant or more kind than that of Mr. Bates, and there is no man for whose character I have a greater esteem. As a merchant he has reached the very summit of success, and is respected by all classes of society here. He is still true to his countrymen, and does everything in his power to promote their interests. His family is a delightful one, and I always meet a large circle of Americans at his table.

In the afternoon we rode over to Richmond Park in one of Raynor's gigs, which he has imported, made in the best manner, and which as a light summer vehicle has been much admired here. He has been much pleased with it, but thinks that the

[1] Nov. 15, 1834, Dr. John C. Warren wrote to his son: "Mr. Daly reports that you made a speech at Mrs. Bates's breakfast. This pleased me much, as it must have been as difficult an occasion for a young man as could well be, and you have had few opportunities for extemporaneous speaking. This is simply an affair of habit, however. I spoke with difficulty at first. It becomes sensibly more easy every year."

English cabriolet as a comfortable vehicle for the winter is preferable. I told him your idea of having one imported, and he offered, if I would give him the order, to send you a gig, horse, harness, and everything complete, made in a manner best suited to your profession. I told him I would write you, and if you still thought it an object would be much indebted if he would take the trouble. He is the best judge of what would be required, and I think if you have not yet furnished yourself there could not be a better opportunity. I think it would be advisable also to send the horse. Such an animal as the English gig horse is seldom seen in our country, and forms quite a distinct breed used solely for this purpose.

PARIS, Oct. 5, 1834.

I arrived here on the 1st of October, as had been my intention. Everything seems to be going on well here, the city being healthy and free from cholera, which has prevailed more or less all over Great Britain.

. . . Dupuytren, I am sorry to find, is very ill, probably dangerously so. His disease is said to be softening of the brain and probably disease of the heart, both having no doubt been much accelerated by his free mode of living and the violent passions to which he occasionally gave way.

. . . Dieffenbach from Vienna has been here lately, making some beautiful noses at the different hospitals. They are said to be done in a manner almost incredible. I much regret not to have seen the operations.

I am now living in a hotel and expect to get settled during the week. I have not quite determined what course to pursue, but think I shall begin with the Venereal Hospital and study surgery till January, and then go to Louis when his lectures commence. He has just published an answer to Broussais's work, which it completely refutes. It is dedicated to Jackson.

I am very glad to learn that your health continues good, and hope it will remain so during the lectures. I think I must devote a letter to convincing you of the importance of giving up practice for a year and breaking up old habits and passing a year abroad. I have talked much on this subject with various persons here, and have no doubt that the change would add ten years to your life.

Paris, Oct. 14, 1834.

I have begun my studies at the Venereal Hospital under Ricord, and have made an arrangement to attend La Pitié in the afternoon and attend to diseases of the chest with my old friend Hache, Louis's interne.

I had an opportunity to see Dieffenbach, who proved to be still here, exercise his skill a few days since on two noses, both of which he repaired in a very ingenious way. It would be impossible to describe the intricacy of these operations, or the complications that arise from cutting, paring, and fitting the different parts into place. He works with great perseverance, and does not spare pins or ligatures, which are used in a most liberal manner.

When a whole nose is to be made the form is first shaped with a piece of sticking-plaster, which is applied to the forehead and the skin dissected out, leaving only an attachment of a small pedicel between the eyebrows. The incision is extended down rather farther on one side of this pedicel than on the other, that in twisting the flap round less strangulation may be produced in the vessels. This is then nicely sewed and pinned down in its place, leaving the pedicel, which forms a little bourelet and is divided and fitted in a proper manner after the other parts have united. The success depends in a great measure upon the after treatment, such as keeping down the inflammation and moulding, pulling, and working out the nose into a becoming shape.

Noses are not the only parts which Dieffenbach restores, and several of us have applied to him to give us a course of operations to illustrate his peculiar skill. We have not yet received an answer, though he appeared much flattered by the request. I am afraid we shall not succeed, as his stay here is very limited. . . .

Sir Astley Cooper arrived in town a few days since from Lyons.[1] He is said to pass much of his time dissecting at the Hôtel Dieu. I called on him yesterday and left my card, though I found it impossible to see him from the great number of callers. . . .

[1] "*Oct.* 8, 1834. — Professor Dieffenbach called, without an introduction, to ask me to go to the Hôpital de St. Louis with him to see him make two new noses, which I declined, as I did not wish to be mentioned in the papers." — *Note-book of Sir Astley Cooper.*

They have a very good arrangement here for stopping a horse when disposed to run, in the shape of a double pair of reins. Every cab horse is driven with a curb and a snaffle-bit. One pair of reins is attached to the snaffle, and with this they are usually guided. The other, small and round, is connected with the curb and rests on the dasher ready for use, should the animal start. I should imagine this to be preferable to the machinery which I hear you have attached to your gig, as I fear such an impediment would induce a spirited horse to kick himself clear of the obstacle.

PARIS, Nov. 22, 1834.

Coming out of Lisfranc's lecture the other day with Dr. Davis, I happened to pass within range of his eyes, and he, having become well acquainted with my face, as I commonly sit directly in front of him, addressed us with "Comment cela-va-t-il?" and further inquired if it was as cold in our part of the world as here. As he probably took us for Englishmen, I set him right and then seized the opportunity to ask him in regard to the operations practised on the mastoid process. I told him of your case, and on his inquiring if the patient was deaf, I said I believed not. He informed me that he had never done the operation himself, and thought it would be useless except in case of caries of the part; also that it was not now performed in France. The patient's disease he thought must be nervous, and he should treat it by bleeding or locally by blisters. I have seen some cases of fever or phthisis with those unpleasant noises which seemed to be entirely owing to a nervous affection. You, of course, know best the constitution, etc., of your patient.

I have been looking about this last week for some Chinese and other heads which you could use to illustrate a lecture. The only ones I can find are in a magnificent work published by the Phrenological Society here, consisting of fine lithographic prints in folio of all the skulls, both human and comparative, of the different nations of the world and of animals, of which work I send you the title.

I still continue to take courses at Lisfranc's in the afternoon. Next week I shall commence dissecting with two of the internes of La Pitié, more particularly with reference to surgical anatomy. I have not seen any operation since I have been in Europe that

could at all compare with yours of the tumor of the neck. They seldom perform such delicate operations on this side of the Atlantic. They are too fatiguing for the students.

Paris, Jan. 4, 1835.

My dear Father, — In entering upon another year I have changed my scene of action, and am now at work in Louis's ward, where, though the labor is greater, it is at least refreshing to see the attention given to the examination and diagnosis of disease, so seldom practised by the surgeons here, who seem to consider that the all-important matter is the local affection, to which all their efforts are directed. Surgery as a science is undoubtedly far more advanced in England and America than in France, while medicine — as to which we have always flattered ourselves, under our English instructions, so enlightened, laughing in our sleeves at the French system — is now, under the efforts of Louis and his followers, emerging from the cloudy and theoretical ruts which the English have never dared to enter. "Keep the bowels open" appears to be the great point in their practice, all other means being accessory. In fact, I have myself always been so under the influence of this idea that on visiting Edinburgh it struck me as an era in my life when I first had the pleasure of seeing old Dr. Hamilton on Purgatives, who now walks about in his three-cornered hat, a long-retired veteran of the old *régime*, and no doubt prides himself that his ideas, at least in medicine, have stood the test of the progress of science in Great Britain. . . .

The packet of the 8th brought us the President's message, which has caused great excitement, both among the Americans and the French. War appears to be much discussed. The French feel their honor to be called in question by the message, and on this account the king yesterday declared in the "Moniteur" the recall of the ambassador at Washington. Mr. Livingston has received his passport and is to leave Paris to-day. The king has called a special meeting of the Chambers, having something of importance to lay before them. The bill is to be brought up to-morrow, to prove, as they say, that they have kept their word. If the claims are rejected, war is likely to be the inevitable consequence; and as it is, there are rumors to-day that an embargo is to be laid on our commerce in order

to satisfy their wounded honor. We are anxiously awaiting the news from Congress and the probability of our being driven out of Paris. If any embargo is laid it will be necessary to write by way of England, though I doubt much if affairs will become so serious.

PARIS, Jan. 26, 1835.

The American claims during the past month have occupied the greater part of the French journals, and the Government has finally put them into the hands of a committee for examination. The ministers are using all their influence to have them pass, but from what I can learn there is a great disposition in the Chamber of Deputies to reject them, the more that some one has demanded in the Chamber an explanation from the ministry with regard to the Russian claims which it is rumored have been lately advanced by a commission from that country. Nothing could render our debt more unpopular than by thus putting it into comparison with that of the latter government. The report of the Chambers will no doubt be deferred as long as possible, so that no fear need be entertained of an immediate war, at least from this quarter.

I have ceased dissecting for the last week or two, and am now occupied in some of those little practical courses peculiar to Paris, which it is desirable to attend to immediately in case of war. One of these is on bandaging, by Riban, which consists of a lecture, every third day of an hour, on the different methods, taken in order, commencing with the simple one for any part of the body and followed by the more complicated. The intermediate days are employed by the students in applying the bandages. Have you seen a work published by Mayor, of Lausanne, describing a system of bandaging by handkerchiefs, which take the place of the ordinary bandages for all parts of the body? These are certainly very ingenious, and may be called into use with especial effect when any sudden application is required by a surgeon who has no access to the customary resources.

I am also following a course of midwifery with Madame Lachappelle[1] in the evening, of which the touches and accouche-

[1] "I remember Madame Lachapelle, — the niece, I think, of her predecessor, the great Madame, — as one who taught me more practical midwifery in her private course in that department than I learned in three years at the Harvard Medical School." — *Dr. Henry I. Bowditch.*

ments are the most important parts. I am moreover following up Sichel's consultations during the day for diseases of the eye. He pursues the German method of refining the division of different diseases almost to infinity, and I desire to examine a little into the probability of this method. Hitherto specialties in diseases have been universally avoided in France, and with the exception of a consultation on the eye held by Sanson at the Hôtel Dieu, no classification has been made till lately. In following some of the practitioners I have often had occasion to verify the justness of a remark in one of your letters, that care should be taken in the matter of specialties that general medical attainments should not be neglected. In fact, one sees some of these men pronouncing a disease rheumatic, catarrhal, scrofulous, ophthalmic, etc., when you doubt whether they are competent to give an opinion as to the existence of any one of these diseases in other parts of the body, much less when complicated in so delicate an organ as the eye. . . .

Louis's lectures are excellent, and he delivers them with much greater facility than he used. He has a large crowd following him, which shows that they are beginning to appreciate him.

PARIS, Feb. 12, 1835.

I leave Paris in the middle of April, and shall be heartily glad when that date arrives, as the time begins to lag a little.

PARIS, Feb. 26, 1835.

From the contents of your letter I shall be induced to sail by the very first part of May for England, and as soon as my affairs there are completed. I shall allow nothing to delay my departure later than the packet of June 8 from London to New York.

I am just ending a very busy month, in which I shall finish a nice course of bandaging, which has more than answered my expectations. Included in it were the different methods of healing fractures adopted by the French and English surgeons, and many very important things in "La Petite Chirurgie." This branch of surgery I should think might be taught with more care to the rising generation at home. . . .

My next month will be chiefly occupied in following Roux at La Charité and the course of surgical anatomy. I have just

been making an arrangement with M. Denonvilliers, the head interne of Lisfranc, just graduated, for a series of surgical operations. I have my rooms engaged here till the 16th of April, and shall not be able to leave before that time.

I saw Roux this week perform his own operation of staphyloraphy, which he does beautifully. Though I have written you on this subject already once or twice, I commonly find something new each time, which in an affair of such delicacy is always important.

PARIS, March 22, 1835.

We are for the present very quiet here, and nothing is further from the intentions of the French than to precipitate themselves into a war with America. Not only the press but the merchants and manufacturers are entirely opposed to such action, which is clearly manifested by the urgent petitions sent to Paris by the principal manufacturing towns urging the payment of the debt. The bill has been referred to a committee, who are to report on the 25th of this month, and there is every prospect of the claims being paid. The republican journals have done all in their power to prevent the passage of the bill, more from a desire to attack Louis Philippe than from any regard to the merits of the case. A very absurd idea is prevalent here, or is urged, whether real or affected, that the debt is principally owned by General Jackson and Louis Philippe. Your old friend M. Baffos stated this to me this morning as undoubted, which I told him was ridiculous.

While visiting the Hospital of the Enfants Malades this morning I had a long talk with M. Baffos, who inquired particularly after your health and the manner of life you had led the last few years. He is a fine-looking healthy gentleman, stout and red-cheeked, who seems to have spent a happy life. When I spoke of your active career both in and out of the profession, he observed that much to his regret he had not lately done the same, but had fallen into lazy habits. Nevertheless, I am told he keeps a critical eye on everything around him, and as I know by experience is a very early visitor at the hospitals. I asked for your friend M. Héreau. He is not now in Paris, but is a distinguished physician in one of the provincial towns, enjoying the patronage of the archbishop, the judges, and probably the town-

crier. He wished to know if you had become very stout, which appears to be the lot of most of the French physicians, especially of those who are not in very active practice. M. Baffos has much vivacity and intelligence, and is full of reminiscences of the eventful period through which he has passed since he last saw you. I promised to call on him before leaving, and he intends writing to you.

Roux, whom I have been attending at La Charité, took his leave of that hospital a few days since, and goes to the Hôtel Dieu to replace Dupuytren. He seemed much affected at leaving the place where he had so long practised and performed so many brilliant operations. He is replaced by Velpeau, who moves quietly on and is probably destined for the top of the ladder.[1] His introductory lecture, in which he laid down the principles that would guide him in his new position, was the most replete with the true scientific and professional spirit that I have yet met with abroad in this connection. Therapeutics he thought, as does Louis, also, in need of complete renovation. He dwelt with earnestness on the necessity of studying the anatomical relations of surgical diseases, which have been too much neglected. If he continues as he has begun, Velpeau will undoubtedly be the most useful instructor for students to be found here. I have followed him somewhat in his practice, and he takes every opportunity to point out and discuss the diseases which come under his notice at the bedside and to impress his ideas on his pupils. Some reform is undoubtedly needed in the vague and unsatisfactory way in which the visits of surgeons are ordinarily made. . . .

It gives me great pleasure to hear that you have got so happily through with your lectures. I entertain hopes that you will be induced to follow the example of Dr. Mott and make a tour on this side of the Atlantic, where you will not only enjoy the leisure you have so well earned, but many delightful

[1] The sagacity of this remark was justified by the subsequent career of Velpeau, who died only five days before the writer thereof. The lustre of his final triumph left little to be desired. In an obituary notice which appeared shortly after his decease at the age of seventy-two we read: "The name of Velpeau shone forth during the last twenty years with unrivalled splendor, embodying, so to say, the fame and glory of modern French surgery. Since the days of Dupuytren never had the reputation of another French surgeon extended so far and wide, and the name of the illustrious professor of La Charité was known and honored wherever it was heard." — *The Lancet*, Aug. 31, 1867.

reminiscences. The undertaking is by no means so difficult as would be imagined, but I will leave this subject till my return.

Paris, April 5.

I shall sail from Liverpool on the 8th of May, and trust to be in New York by the 1st of June if my fates remain propitious.

Shortly before Dr. Warren left Paris his ever solicitous father wrote him as follows: —

My hope is that you will be here by the end of May, or as early in the season as is consistent with the safe passage of the Atlantic and the termination of your studies. It is not necessary for me to remind you that our people love simplicity of manners and dress. The first thing on getting home is to acquire the confidence of the profession by kindness to the younger part and deference to the elder, and to show a disposition to allow your acquirements to be drawn out rather than to display them. Above all, do not neglect a respect for religion and its services.

While on the one hand I would not have you spend any time in London unnecessarily, on the other I wish you would obtain the best conveyance home, and, if possible, in a vessel which does not make you pay for wine whether you have it or not. My earnest wish is that on the passage you will wholly abstain from wine and stimulants, which are particularly pernicious at sea; also that you will take your food regularly, so as to keep yourself in good order. I wish you also to lay out a plan of methodical exercise on board ship, and to pass a certain portion of the day in arranging your notes and reviving your recollections of what you have acquired. It will be a good plan to devote some of your time to the study of the languages and to natural philosophy. You can read the Greek or Latin Testament daily. Weiss advertises a dynometer for lithotrity. Is it worth having? I forgot to say that I put in some little temperance books, the productions of L. M. Sargent. You can give them away in London, or keep them for the ship's crew.

May the Almighty bless and protect you by land and by sea and restore you to us in health, is the prayer of

Your affectionate father,

J. C. Warren.

Thus fortified, advised, and encouraged, Dr. Warren quitted Paris for London on his way home. As may well be inferred, his departure was felt to be a subject for the deepest regret by those young members of his own profession with whom he had pursued his studies for so long a period and to whom he had endeared himself by the display of so many of the most attractive qualities. Numerous were the tokens of their regard bestowed upon him, and fervent their expressions of friendship and longing for his future prosperity. On the eve of his departure a few of his intimate associates gave him a dinner at the Trois Frères, and sought to mitigate their sorrow and his own by the choicest treasures of its famous cuisine. In spite of the shadow of coming separation and the sundering of cherished ties, the occasion was marked by much festivity, and the gloom of the future was brightened for the moment by the glamour of auld lang syne, while some were cheered by the hope of an almost certain reunion on the other side of the ocean in their own country.

After a short stay in London that he might take leave of the numerous friends, professional and other, who had shown him such generous hospitality, he went to Liverpool early in May and thence sailed in the packet ship "Britannia" for New York, which he reached on Sunday, the 7th of June, after a passage of twenty-seven days. He lost no time in starting for Boston; and never did son or brother receive a more affectionate, a more joyous, or a more richly deserved welcome.[1]

[1] On this voyage Dr. Warren was one of sixteen passengers, all English or Scotch but himself. Among them was Richard Cobden, on his way to our country to see if, happily, we might confirm his belief, then just published, that "the government of the United States was at this moment the best in the world," and that its citizens were "the best people, individually and nationally."

CHAPTER XII.

PROFESSIONAL OUTLOOK. — THE BOSTON OF 1835. — ADVENT IN SOCIETY. — PERSONAL TRAITS. — TAKES CHARGE OF HIS FATHER'S PRACTICE. — SURGICAL CONDITIONS AT THIS PERIOD.

And now began that professional career which for thirty-two years was to absorb the full measure of Dr. Warren's talents and test to the last degree his endurance, both physical and mental. To this main object of his life he was always eminently true, nor did it ever fail to engross the best of his powers, though the strain upon his health was often alarming and greatly exhausted his nervous system. Calmly ignoring every impediment and seeming to gain fresh vigor even from weakness, he pressed on with unfaltering reliance towards that ample achievement which crowned the end of his life, and into which it slowly and surely broadened from the beginning. The position in which he found himself on his return from Europe was peculiar, and wholly different from that of the young practitioners about him. It was regarded by most as an especially enviable one, and there were few that failed to think him far more fortunate than the great majority of his associates. It certainly was favorable in many respects, and well adapted to bring to the surface all his talents and all the manliness of his nature, though sundry drawbacks were not wanting, and his patience and self-control were often sorely tried to an extent that only the more thoughtful could appreciate. Even the reflected light of his father's fame was not entirely propitious, while the prestige of his foreign studies and his social standing

in the centre of a wide circle of relatives and friends, which on the one hand made him unusually conspicuous and so far aided his progress, on the other drew searching attention to the scope of his faculties and acquirements, and exposed him to a criticism which was not slow to manifest itself when occasion offered. As might have been expected, in certain quarters his superior advantages were viewed with jealousy, and acted upon his competitors as a kind of challenge to offset or surpass them.

Even the assistance which his father with an eager longing for his success very naturally sought to give him was in some measure a hindrance, as it exposed him to the charge of promotion at the expense of others not less deserving than himself. Hence arose still further rancor and carping remarks, which little attempt was made to conceal, all the more that his father's demeanor was generally hard and dictatorial, and the sharp angles of the *fortiter in re* were but scantily draped with the *suaviter in modo*. To tone down the prevailing antipathy so often caused by the bearing of this stern and energetic pioneer, and to replace it by a feeling of cordial interest and goodwill, was of itself a work of no little difficulty to the young physician; but it was done, and that thoroughly, though it required all his tact and discernment, all that sweetness of disposition and gentlemanly discipline for which he was so noted, to overcome an unfriendliness that might have grown into a serious detriment to his prospects. The triumph achieved over this and other obstacles that for a time shadowed his path was the natural result of qualities especially his own, — of a sanguine penetration that enabled him to forecast the future and a hopefulness that saw no cloud without a gleam of sunshine, however faint; of a genial kindness of temper, a good-humored manly force, and an entire absence of every form of jealousy or meanness; of an enthusiasm that proved stanch to the end and an ambition that fully equalled it; of a profes-

sional skill and aptitude that were obvious to all; of a solidity of character based on well-tried foundations; of a soundness of judgment rarely apparent at such an age, and which controlled from afar the complex elements of success; of a fixed resolve to regard the world as a place of brightness, of free expansion, of irresistible action, — of action, moreover, which should cause him neither fear nor shame.

Dr. Warren with characteristic energy gave himself up at once to the large practice which his father's position and influence opened to him, and spared no pains to master the numberless details of its daily routine in the direction of both medicine and surgery. His foreign acquirements naturally proved of great value and of immediate use. To his father they were especially welcome; and the young doctor was thus able to make a substantial return for the experience derived from his elder, — experience which the young of every profession ordinarily gain with such difficulty. His father greatly needed his assistance, as his labors had become almost unceasing and now had begun to make serious inroads upon his strength. Everything tended to call forth his ablest efforts, — filial affection, his father's example, his own interest, not to mention the further stimulus that was excited by the fact that he was entering into a lively competition with other rising men, eager, talented, ambitious like himself, and already well on their way towards that distinction which afterwards made them the bright particular stars of their profession. He did not disappoint the hopes that he had created in those most concerned for his welfare. While his abilities enabled him to hold his own and even to better expectation, his kindly temperament and persuasive manner won him hosts of admirers, whose increasing numbers bore witness to that confidence and esteem which, once bestowed, were never withdrawn. Even at this critical period he seems not to have had an enemy,

and but a short time was needed to make him the beloved friend as well as physician of many who had discovered that his amiable qualities of heart were fully equalled by the dawning signs of professional ability. Such was his steady advance that gradually he came to number among his patients nearly every family of prominence in the city. In the voluminous journals and account-books he left behind him their names may still be read; and a lively interest attaches to them as honorable souvenirs of a long career, and as evidences of the esteem and respect which was felt for him who recorded them by all the most noted persons in social or professional circles.

It is hardly necessary to observe that not only the aspects of medical and surgical practice at the beginning of Dr. Warren's course, but all the conditions of both public and private conduct, varied widely from those to which the young aspirant in Boston is now accustomed. The changes since his day, mostly for the better, have been numerous and complete, — so numerous that they are realized only when one is suddenly brought face to face with them by means of the tongue or the pen of keen observers; so complete that they can be appreciated only by those who have enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying the manners and customs of a half-century ago and a decided aptitude for contrasting the limitations that bounded their youth with the wide area of expansion open to the young of this time. Yet even in that day no man of talent, least of all the subject of this memoir, had reason to complain of his restricted surroundings. To him the field was a rich one, and he saw plainly enough that it would well repay every possible effort for its cultivation and enlargement.

In 1835 Boston had enjoyed its chartered rights as a city for only thirteen years, and its population numbered but little over sixty-five thousand. Taken as a whole its citizens held a rank much above the average for morality

and intelligence, for thrift, energy, and public spirit. They were by no means unconscious of this fact; and the stranger from afar was not likely to remain long in ignorance thereof, as they did not hesitate to assume this as an obvious truth too generally admitted to allow of any discussion. In this respect they had been richly endowed by their fathers, who had never been accustomed to reckon humility among the cardinal virtues, until now the self-satisfaction of their descendants was as prominent as their own full-bottomed wigs had been, and sat as easily upon them.[1] As the people were for the most part well educated and read much, there was no subject of popular concern on which they failed to have views of their own or thought themselves incompetent to offer an opinion. As they had long been broadly patriotic, they easily identified themselves with the well-being of the whole nation. Deeply impressed by their creditable past, they liberally discounted in their own behalf a future of which they were so constituted as to ignore any bounds, while they nourished the laurels already acquired with a vigor that never ceased. Their grand ideas and lofty aims led them to deem nothing beneath their notice in the whole domain of human knowledge; and if in their earnest striving they did not succeed in reaching what they sought, it was from no lack of energy that it passed beyond their reach, and from no lack of ingenious device or originality of measures. Drawn more closely together by their contracted territory and the smallness of their numbers, they displayed a consistent unity of purpose which added greatly to their strength, while from the same features arose a sincerer interest in the well-being of the community and a more fruitful recognition of individual

[1] Dr. Joseph Green Cogswell struck the key-note of the general estimate of Boston when he wrote, under date of March 8, 1821: "Boston is not everything I wish it to be, but it is really the best place among the great places in our land; and if they would but learn a little modesty there, and not praise themselves quite so highly, I should like them still better."

merit and capacity than is often encountered in such a society. Though the Bostonians of that period did not tend to fall away from the great principles that had descended to them, these found new forms of expression; and vigorous and independent thought was already displaying itself through frequent outlets and with results which, though doubtless the revival of ancestral fires that had always continued to smoulder, had been altogether unknown to their predecessors. Naturally conservative, they were not at all averse to becoming properly and correctly liberal, or even radical, when they were once persuaded that this was really in the way of progress. In this there were not a few who were already showing their readiness to go a great distance, even to a complete isolation from former beliefs, though the majority of the free-thinking citizens in such matters recalled the configuration of their town, which, though nearly an island, was not quite cut off from the main-land. As it was, there was everywhere prevalent a freedom of thought which expanded into wider aims and more eccentric shapes of progress, till, in spite of their orthodox antecedents, the fruits that resulted therefrom, though goodly in their way, would hardly have been acknowledged by the Pilgrims as the legitimate offspring of the seed they had so faithfully and persistently sown.

From that which has been recorded on a former page concerning Dr. Warren's manners, dress, and appearance at the time of his foreign studies it is easy to infer that his advent in Boston was attended with some little excitement, both in his profession and in society. Apart from all other considerations, the mere fact of his long absence in Europe caused a degree of importance to be attached to him, as in those days few of our countrymen travelled abroad compared with the great numbers that now cross the Atlantic, and this had been largely increased by the reports of his progress that had been brought home by

friends and relatives who had seen him in Paris from time to time. The final result, it is safe to say, bettered expectation; and if much had been looked for, much was visible even to the least discerning eye. A name for professional promise, a handsome person, *distingué* manners and a winning address, joined to elegance of costume and the piquant guise of novelty, would have done much for any young man in any community, and for him they drew quick audience and attention. Slender and almost frail in form, his face yet wore the ruddy glow of health and the lineaments of manly beauty. Erect and dignified in his bearing, his deportment revealed a self-contained and well-poised self-respect, as of one conscious of his position and of a gentlemanly feeling of independence. His eyes, bright, sympathetic, expressive of a certain intellectual keenness, seemed the very windows of his soul, and in their depths one appeared to detect the genuine spirit of sincerity. As he talked with genial *bonhomie* and a nice vein of humor, his hands, white, slender, and well proportioned, kept up with a rapid movement a running accompaniment that was very graphic. His manners were perfect, and attracted universal approval. There was nothing of self-assertion in his demeanor, and he showed a happy tact in adapting himself to all persons as they came before him. To the fair sex nothing could exceed his suave and courteous deference, and the entire absence of all assumption. This was the natural temperament which actuated his every word and deed, and one sought in vain the advent of anything in the least finical or artificial. His dress, of course, had no small share in the impression he made at this time; and there was not one of the various forms of elaborate taste and fashion which it presented that did not secure its share of observation and assist to round out the full understanding of his character. It powerfully appealed to the female mind, which is often affected,

perhaps unwittingly, by many collateral influences, even in so important a matter as the choice of a physician; though, so far as the young doctor himself was concerned, nothing could have been further from his thought than the use of any insidious aids to success. "Who is that fascinating young man in the shining boots? Pray introduce him," was the exclamation of a Belinda of that day at the first party at which Dr. Warren made his appearance after his return to Boston. Naturally, the fair one indicated him through the most prominent feature of his garb, which happened to be a pair of those enamelled boots, now so common, but then the last Parisian novelty.

Under every aspect Dr. Warren was a pronounced success with the ladies from the outstart. He was essentially a ladies' man. He was thoroughly sympathetic with the sex. He was a born admirer of beauty, and it was an instinct with him to tender promptly his loyal allegiance and respect. Chivalrous to the last degree, his homage led him to return in kind whatever interest or approval he might have excited.

In society Dr. Warren's many pleasing qualities assured him a position that others less liberally endowed often sigh in vain to achieve. A natural amiability of character and a kindly temperament made him peculiarly popular with his own sex, and so did his careful avoidance of all claims on his own behalf or irritating self-assertion. Considerate in the extreme of the feelings of others, he could not bear to give offence, and rather than do this, or even to run the risk thereof, he would submit to much from those less delicate than himself. The noble sense of honor with which his heart was ingrained led him often to ignore an apparent slight, and this not from lack of spirit, but because he thought it more manly to control his feelings and was reluctant to impute intentional discourtesy to any one. At times this generous forbearance caused him absolute suffering, especially when harsh

criticism was passed upon his father, as was often the case. Even to this he would silently submit rather than express the resentment which sorely rankled at his heart. Gifted with a ready and instinctive tact, he never lost an opportunity to ingratiate himself with those about him. The young he was always quick to help; to the poor and humble he displayed a gracious regard; to the uninteresting he proffered attentions quickened by good-will and free from any sense of patronage. Thus richly favored, it is not strange that he won golden opinions from all sorts of people, toning down many a jealousy, professional or other; dispersing, or at least brightening, many a rising cloud; and frequently diverting impending rivalry till finally it developed into a broad and swelling stream of friendship. In all his dealings, one should not omit to say, he was greatly aided by an ever present sense of humor, the rich superfluity of his mental strength, and by a faculty for appreciating the droll aspect of things, from which came also large solace for his cares, much turning of darkness into light, and frequent dissolving of sorrow in a hearty laugh. At this age he still possessed the temperament of a boy, and found it a blessing. He "doffed the world aside and bid it pass," not as lightly regarding the duties of his profession, but because he had been favored with a cheerful capacity for distilling the last drop of pleasure from responsibilities that would have borne heavily upon a less sanguine and happy nature.

At the end of nearly two years from Dr. Warren's return his progress had been so great that his father thought him amply qualified to take his place while he sought by a long tour abroad the rest he so much needed. On the 5th of June, 1837, he left Boston "with some trouble of mind on account of Mason's solitary and responsible situation," as his journal records. During his long absence the father never ceased to feel the pressure of this anxiety on his son's account, and was ever on the alert to

advise and encourage him. His frequent letters showed the depth and earnestness of this feeling. Since the lives of these two were so closely identified — especially at this period — as to make them almost one in unity of purpose, lofty aims, and professional devotion, little or no apology need here be offered for the insertion of a letter from Dr. Warren to his son written shortly before he sailed from New York. It goes far to illustrate the character of each.

New York, June 7, 1837.

My dear Mason, — Although I wrote yesterday I propose to give you a word more, before I embark, on your peculiar situation. I recollect to have heard it remarked of some one as a great proof of talent that he exactly understood his own position in the world. Few men have this knowledge, though all believe they have it. A correct knowledge of your relations to those around you will be the foundation of your success; a want of this might involve a failure. For a physician of your age you have made a considerable advance in practical standing. To retain and improve this requires greater efforts than ordinary.

An exact and methodical employment of your time. A certain period of it to be devoted to reading, another to writing, and another to daily dissection. I would not allow myself much light reading. It is not only a loss of valuable time, but it weakens our power of reflection. The periods of time not passed in the occupations mentioned should be devoted to patients, or to friends whose society is profitable and useful. Pass as much time with your patients as you can when they are very ill. This is the strongest foundation for affection and confidence. The most successful practitioners have risen on this habit. When you require relaxation go into the society of friends who will promote your interest. Mr. A——, Mr. W——, the G——s, P——s, and others may be rendered immensely valuable; while, if neglected, some other may insinuate himself between you and them. Merit and skill are necessary, but they must be aided by kind attentions, which show that you are interested in their happiness. Above all, our relations may be made our truest friends. Here I wish to caution you against

any irritation from apparent want of confidence on the part of patients. This is one of the regular trials of a young practitioner, — one that he must expect to experience even from the lower classes, still more from the higher. Such an expression, however it may operate on the feelings, must not be allowed to influence the external appearance or conduct; for the expression of such irritation is a fair proof that the want of confidence is well founded, since it shows a want of self-command.

Boston requires a perfectly educated surgeon. You have as good or better groundwork for the formation of one than perhaps any other person, and the advantages for your forming the right kind of man are uncommon; but this formation must be your own work, — the result of regular study of books, diseases, and dead bodies, — and to the latter there is no end.

You have a physical defect which may be overcome. It is partly the result of want of habit, but principally, I believe, arises from the too free use of stimulants. With the inducements which you have to excel it would certainly be worth a great effort to do all in your power to attain the faculties of a perfect operator. Great care in food, little or no wine, coffee and tea never strong, are privations which will improve your hand and your health.

Such are a few of the suggestions which occur to me as calculated to raise you to eminence. Perhaps you will think them too many; but I have no doubt you will judge differently hereafter, if you think so now. At least you will perceive that I can have nothing in view but your interest and the public utility.

At the time of his departure for Europe Dr. Warren left his extensive practice, so far as he could, entirely to his son, and issued a circular to his patients informing them of his plans and of his wishes in this respect. Anxious as he was for Mason's interests, he would not have done this had he not been entirely and conscientiously satisfied as to his fitness for this position and his ability to meet all demands upon him. The result fully justified his confidence. The young surgeon had already performed the first successful operation for the restora-

tion of the human nose that had then been completed on this side of the Atlantic, and this with a display of skill, nerve, and judgment that gave brilliant promise for the future, and showed how well he had spent his time in Europe under Dupuytren, Cooper, and other chiefs of the great art. The position thus attained he was competent to keep against all comers; and no sooner had his father departed than he proceeded to fortify and increase it by numerous other works of similar difficulty, which proved that he had by no means belittled the inherited fame and ability bequeathed him by his predecessors. The qualities he revealed were assuredly of no mean sort. Within five years from the beginning of Dr. Warren's professional career, he had already devised a new and effective method for remedying the deformity known as "fissure of hard and soft palate," or staphyloraphy, as it is commonly called by surgeons. This operation, though not dangerous, is one of peculiar difficulty, delicacy, and often of embarrassment. When successful, there are few operations which are attended with more gratifying results to the patient or are more satisfactory to the performer. In the "New England Quarterly Journal of Medicine and Surgery" for April, 1843, Dr. Warren gave a minute description of his mode of procedure, and stated that up to that time he had had thirteen cases, of which all but one had been followed by a complete cure. There is not space in this memoir to present any further details in regard to this subject, but the whole matter is fully set forth in Dr. Warren's "Surgical Observations."[1]

[1] It is gratifying to know that Dr. Warren's claims to the discovery of this method were universally acknowledged both at home and abroad. In the "Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science" for November, 1866, one reads: "We hail with pleasure this further contribution from the pen of one who has been for a quarter of a century the successful operator in the New World on cases of fissured palate. Mr. Mason Warren was the first man to recognize the fact that fissures in the hard palate were the result rather of misplaced than deficient bone, and to apply to their remedy the obvious method of dissecting off the muco-periosteum from either side and uniting its edges at a lower level. In short, he put what may

It has been truly observed: —

"While all agree that operations should be avoided when possible, the operative branch of surgery must be considered as affording an exhibition of high qualities on the part of the surgeon. A profound knowledge of anatomy, a thorough acquaintance with surgical pathology, a clear conception of facts suddenly presented, genius ready to meet them, an indomitable courage, untiring perseverance, and, above all, a perfect control of the mental energies, are not qualities to be lightly esteemed. They are in fact — to compare small things with great — similar to those required of the commander of an army in bloody action." [1]

In addition to these characteristics Dr. Warren revealed the possession of that rarest of all rare endowments, a good judgment, and in this respect was a fine example of the aptness of a remark by another light of the profession: —

"The excellence of the practitioner depends far more upon good judgment than great learning, and, other things being equal, the best practitioner is the man of soundest judgment."

Under one aspect the truth of these views was then more fully tested than now. At that period there were no means of producing insensibility in the patient, and prompt decision and instant execution were imperatively demanded. Life or death waited upon the agile dexterity and ready perceptions of the surgeon. Often the situation was such as to unman the stoutest soul and strain the nerves to the last tension of endurance. The groans, the shrieks, the fearful contortions of every muscle, the

be termed a false ceiling to the mouth. . . . Langenbeck had in 1862 (nineteen years after Warren's first publication) put forward an identical process as a new invention of his own, apparently in happy ignorance of what Warren had done. The readers of this journal are aware that Messrs. L'Estrange and Collis had also planned a similar operation somewhere about 1845, without a knowledge of Warren's work; but they have always yielded the palm to Warren, to whom the priority of the idea is justly due."

[1] Address of Dr. John C. Warren before the American Medical Association at Cincinnati, 1850.

tears that could not be regarded, the attempted writhings of the bound and helpless victim in his agony, the sweat, the clutching fingers, the wild appeal to heaven for succor or consolation, were all fitted to weaken the strongest operator, to benumb his arm, to confuse his mental powers, and to paralyze a courage that was above all things essential to success. Said Dr. Mott: —

"The insensibility of the patient is a great convenience to the surgeon. How often, when operating in some deep dark wound, along the course of some great vein with thin walls, alternately distended and flaccid with the vital current, — how often have I dreaded that some unfortunate struggle of the patient would deviate the knife a little from its proper course, and that I, who fain would be the deliverer, should inadvertently become the executioner, seeing my patient perish in my hands by the most appalling form of death! Had he been insensible I should have felt no alarm." [1]

[1] Pain and Anæsthetics: an Essay, by Valentine Mott, M.D. 1862. In the ante-ether days there were not many patients capable of the heroic pluck and stoicism displayed by Dr. Ebenezer Hunt, who went to Boston in 1789 to submit himself to an operation for the removal of a cancer in his head. This was done by Dr. John Warren. "'We must bind his hands,' said the Doctor. 'No cable in Boston could hold them fast,' rejoined Dr. Hunt; and with an effort that astonished the physicians themselves he quietly laid his head on a pillow and bade them begin. The ear was first nearly cut off, though afterwards successfully replaced; then for thirteen minutes the operation continued, and every stroke of the knife, so near the auditory nerve, was like the report of a pistol. Dr. Hunt did not flinch in the least, though the sweat poured down his cheeks profusely."

CHAPTER XIII.

MARRIAGE AND DOMESTIC ESTABLISHMENT. — SECOND TOUR ABROAD. — UNCERTAIN HEALTH. — DISCOVERY OF ETHER AS AN ANÆSTHETIC. — FIRST OPERATION IN PUBLIC. — DISASTER AT NORWALK. — LAST HOURS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

With Dr. Warren's capacity for drawing happiness from every source and his strong family attachments, with his appreciation of home comforts, his affectionate disposition, and his fondness for the society of the fair sex, it will strike no one as remarkable that his successful start in life was soon followed by the choice of a companion for better or worse. The engagement was not a long one, and on the 30th of April, 1839, he was married to Miss Anna Caspar Crowninshield, youngest daughter of the Hon. Benjamin W. Crowninshield, of Boston. The ceremony was performed at her father's house by Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, pastor of the church in Brattle Square, assisted by Rev. Dr. Stone, of St. Paul's. The young couple started for New York and Philadelphia on the afternoon of their wedding-day. At the end of a fortnight they returned from their tour, and Mr. Crowninshield gave a handsome reception in their honor at his residence on the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets, after which they established themselves at No. 29 Pemberton Square, which they continued to occupy for over five years. This home of the newly married pair was happily destined to be the scene of much enjoyment, such as Dr. Warren particularly favored, and of a continued

display of that affection which was to smooth his future path and thus vindicate the wisdom of his choice. Such a union was needed to round out his being into its appropriate fulness and symmetry; and in the resulting love, harmony, and peaceful fruition he experienced the truth of that saying of the French which compares a well-assorted marriage to a melodious duet.

During the next five years after his marriage Dr. Warren followed his profession with quiet assiduity. On the 3d of June, 1841, his mother died, — a cutting sorrow which sank deep into his affectionate nature and blighted for the time even that happiness which should have come from his increasing family and steadily growing reputation. In 1841 a daughter was born to him, and in 1842 the son who now survives him, though a son born in the succeeding year died before the end of his second twelvemonth. Otherwise there was little to record of his life at this period. In 1844 his incessant labors began to tell upon his health, and he decided to cross the ocean again in search of the vigor he had lost. Starting alone, he sailed from Boston in the "Acadia" on the 1st of April. He remained a fortnight in London, visiting old friends and gaining a few new ones with the addition of some valuable information. Thence proceeding to Paris, he went south to Munich, crossed the Stelvio, returned by another pass into Switzerland, and finally again made his way to the French capital, where he spent a few days and then crossed the Channel to Liverpool *via* London, sailing for Boston on the 4th of August in the same vessel in which he had left it. Reaching home much refreshed, he gave himself at once to the work that engrossed his energies for the ten years which were to ensue before he again saw the opposite shores of the Atlantic. During his absence the President and Fellows of Harvard University had testified their respect for his name and attainments by conferring upon him the hon-

orary degree of Master of Arts, thus in a measure expressing their regret that fate had denied both him and them the mutual benefit and distinction which would have accrued from the completion of a course so well begun.

Despite the saying of Dr. John C. Warren, above quoted, that his son had really a strong constitution and needed only care and prudence to retain his health, this would seem to have been not so much the dictate of his deliberate judgment as the heartfelt longing that it might eventually prove to be correct notwithstanding the ominous signs of weakness which had already made themselves apparent, and that at least one among all his children might worthily succeed him, might invest himself with his own honors, and confirm the well-earned allegiance that had been won by the talents, labors, and sacrifices of two generations. Unhappily, though his son, "whose blood was fet from fathers of war-proof," did preserve his great name untainted and add not a little to his ancestral renown, it was in the face of gradually and steadily failing forces that he did so; and such was his father's sorrow that he found at last his only refuge in death itself, for even his son's success was but a slight indemnity for the pain and suffering that so often attended him. Dr. Warren did not inherit a strong constitution, and his whole life from the beginning, with the exception perhaps of his first few years abroad, was a perpetual and unflinching struggle against pain and depression, against mental irritation and bodily languor almost irresistible. But though often hidden by clouds and the tempestuous tossings of a gloomy sea, his star was destined to rise and shine; and the opposing influences which would have cast most men deep into the abyss, altogether failed to prevent him from mounting higher and still higher towards the zenith. Never was more resolute bravery displayed than his; never a greater loyalty to principle. The quickening stimulus of a clear

conscience withheld him from any faltering, and sternly forbade him to be recreant to the trust reposed in him. And such was his life to the end, — a desultory and contrasted record; at times marked by deep furrows of suffering silently endured, and often followed by prostration against which all his strivings could hardly avail,[1] and then again expanding into periods of healthy and well-directed energy, when his days flowed on with the glad and steady impulse of a fountain suddenly released from icy fetters. Of a career thus ordered there is not much for a biographer to record; and little that would stir the pulse or excite the imagination. Such vitality as he possessed was entirely absorbed by the ever growing demands of his profession; and however much he might have longed for such distinction as his tastes and talents prompted him to attain in other fields, this privilege was denied him, and such leisure as he could secure was necessarily devoted to much-needed rest. It was in domestic retirement, surrounded by the quiet joys of home, that he mostly sought and enjoyed the relaxation so honorably earned.

A likeness of Dr. Warren now preserved by Mrs. Warren, a copy of which is given with this memoir, serves to show both the perfection attained by the wonderful invention of Daguerre within a short period from the first vagueness of its reality and the personal aspect of the original at the time of his second voyage to Europe. It was taken in Paris by a skilful artist named Sabatier-Blot,

[1] It is more than probable that Dr. Warren was largely indebted for this phase of his mental temperament to his grandfather, Dr. John Warren. Of him it is recorded that "he was liable, particularly in the latter part of his life, to a great depression of spirits. He allowed those sources of affliction from which none are exempt to make too deep an impression. Yet his disposition was naturally cheerful; he was always fond of social intercourse and always ready to join in social amusements. And it was seldom that the presence of a friend could not for a time dispel the cloud that hung over his spirits. Still he suffered at times enough to make him almost out of love with life, and he more than once declared that he had no wish that his life should be long." — *American Medical Biography.* By James Thacher, M.D.

J. MASON WARREN, M.D.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN PARIS DURING 1844,
BY SABATIER-BLOT.

and its present state is almost exactly the same as when it left his hands. The deep lines and somewhat haggard expression of the face; cheeks that had sadly fallen away from the ruddy contour of ten years before; a forehead wrinkled and contracted; eyes bordered by those dark and sunken circles which, once acquired, were retained to the last; and wan features neither relieved nor hidden by beard or mustache, — all give painful evidence of ill-health, pain, and hard work.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital held on the 2d day of February, 1846, Dr. Warren was chosen one of the six visiting surgeons of that institution. This honor, it is needless to say, had been thoroughly earned; and his fitness for the post he promptly proceeded to prove by entering upon the duties thereof, — duties which, when assumed, he performed with conscientious fidelity to the very close of his life. On the 16th of October in this same year Dr. Warren was present at the first operation on a patient under the influence of ether, or "Morton's Letheon," as it was termed by some. This was done by his father, and it formed an epoch in the annals of surgery which will never be forgotten so long as humanity is still subject to pain and mutilation.[1] At that time there were few or none who comprehended the full grandeur of this extraordinary discovery or the wide range of its ultimate beneficence. Even the principal agents in its introduction to the notice of the profession were for a time awestruck at the possi-

[1] Long after the verification of this famous discovery Dr. Jacob Bigelow did well-merited justice to the sagacious trust and intrepidity of character required to exemplify it to the world and thus assume the grave responsibility of possible failure. "It is not wonderful that in the designs of Providence medicinal agents should exist, capable of averting pain by the suspension of sensibility. But the wonder is that after mankind had borne pain ever since the creation of their race, any person should be found of sufficient courage and strength of conviction to put through the untried and formidable experiments necessary to decide whether life would continue under the inhalation of a scarce respirable vapor, carried to such an extent as to destroy sensibility and produce apparent death." — *Medical and Surgical Journal*, Nov. 25, 1869.

bilities revealed to them, and hesitated before the dangers — how serious they knew not — that might follow from its use. While acknowledging the present and indisputable effects of a powerful anæsthetic, their own judgment and learning taught them that a twofold influence might attend its workings, and that the alleviation of the moment might be dearly bought by decay of mind or body which would last for a lifetime.

A few days after the first great test Dr. John C. Warren gave certain results of operations performed by him, mostly satisfactory, and adds: —

"I think it quite probable that so powerful an agent may sometimes produce other and even alarming effects. I would therefore recommend that it should never be employed except under the inspection of a judicious and competent person. . . . It may become a valuable agent in the hands of careful and well-instructed practitioners, even if it should not prove of such general application as the imagination of sanguine persons would lead them to anticipate."

There were not many at first who had the temerity to run so great a risk as the unlimited use of ether would have inferred, and those who might have done so would have laid themselves open to charges of rashness and presumption, which not even all the blessings that have ensued from its discovery would have justified or effaced. Naturally conservative, like his father, endowed with a judgment cool and sound and not at all prone to hasty conclusions, Dr. Warren at first felt his way cautiously in this matter. Gladly welcoming this boon to tortured humanity, — if it should turn out to be such, — he was yet well aware that at any moment, in spite of hopeful appearances, pernicious effects might declare themselves and cast a gloomy shadow over the prospect. Eager to test its real merits, he proceeded to employ the anæsthetic as often as he dared; and as he did so, he made frequent studies and minute observations on its effects. The

results of these he published in the "Medical and Surgical Journal" on March 24 of the following year. As Dr. Warren has devoted the concluding chapter of his "Surgical Observations" to "Anæsthetics," and has given therein a detailed account of his connection with the first discovery and application of ether and his subsequent experiences of its effects, it would be superfluous to enlarge upon the subject in this memoir. Suffice it to state that on the 12th of November, 1846, he performed the first successful operation under ether which was done in private practice, and on the 15th of the next month he treated the first child[1] that had thus far been subjected to surgical attention under the same conditions. Subsequently Dr. Warren in connection with his father adopted the use of chloric ether in place of ether, though they both finally returned to the first-named anæsthetic and employed it to the end of their lives. Its superiority had been thoroughly established up to the year of Dr. Warren's death by over twenty thousand successful instances of its use at the Massachusetts General Hospital alone.[2]

[1] This child, aged twelve, was the son of Mr. Moses P. Ives, of Providence, and afterwards became the husband of Miss Motley, daughter of the historian, and wife of the present Sir William Vernon-Harcourt.

[2] The clang of the fierce dissension in regard to the actual discoverer of the anæsthetic use of ether which quickly followed its triumphant revelation to the world is still fresh in the ears of many, and, in truth, its echoes even yet have hardly died away. Rarely has the fierceness of professional partisanship, of civic jealousy, of foreign assumption, been more fully illustrated; and it can be realized by none save those who lived at that time and were often driven perforce to take a leading part in the conflict. Those who, sensible of great rights in peril and of great possible wrongs, earnest in behalf of justice and carried away by the prevailing excitement, dashed into the arena amid the madly contending parties, — these alone can tell of the passionate violence and persistency of the onset, of the dexterous thrusts given and returned, of the harshness of bitter abuse and recrimination.

Though Dr. Warren bore himself with no aggressive mien through all this contest, none the less was he firm in his defence of Dr. Morton, as the Columbus of this new and painless realm. Like his father, he ever asserted Dr. Morton's claims, and with him he signed the petition addressed to Congress in 1857, over ten years after the discovery of etherization, by all the trustees and surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital, in which they testified "that in their opinion

On the 23d of October, 1846, Dr. Warren completed his novitiate at the hospital by performing his first public operation, the dangerous and difficult one of tying the carotid artery.[1] It was in every sense an embarrassing ordeal, the terrors of which doubtless none are competent to appreciate but those who have been exposed to them. For a surgeon comparatively young the trial was the more severe from the fact that nothing was used to deaden the pain of the patient, as the employment of ether had not then been authorized by the authorities of the hospital. In spite of every obstacle Dr. Warren passed happily through the operation, and his success both gratified his father extremely and gave abundant promise for his future advancement.

The next ten years of Dr. Warren's life were marked chiefly by the ordinary routine of his profession and by a solidly advancing reputation. During his residence in Pemberton Square two sons and a daughter had been born to him, while at No. 6 Park Street, to which he had removed in 1844, four other children had been added to his family. These gave him a stronger and stronger hold on life, and drew forth with ever increasing fervor his charac-

Dr. William T. G. Morton first proved to the world that ether would produce insensibility to the pain of surgical operations, and that it could be used with safety," and therefore asked for "a recognition of his services." This view Dr. Warren never abandoned, and he quite agreed with the sentiments expressed by his friend N. I. Bowditch, in his "Vindication of the Hospital Report," when he wrote: "But whatever may have been Dr. Morton's deficiencies or his mistakes, I feel certain that to him the world owes this discovery. Should posterity ever erect a commemorative statue, I believe that it will be inscribed with his name." As Dr. Jacob Bigelow wrote in 1870, "He was not a man of much cultivation or science; but like the pioneers who have penetrated the Arctic regions and the deserts of Africa, he had a hardihood and tenacity of purpose which carried him where more cautious and perhaps better instructed men had failed to advance. As far as we know, he is the *only man*, without whom anæsthetic inhalation might have remained unknown to the present day."

[1] Dr. Warren had already performed with complete success the operation of ligature of both carotid arteries,—a much more searching test of skill, nerve, and judgment than the one above mentioned. It was done for a patient of his own in October, 1845, and a minute description thereof appears in Dr. Warren's "Surgical Observations." This is well worth perusal by any one interested in the triumphs of surgery.

teristic wealth of affection. In the joys and duties of home he ever found a delight that was followed by no pang of sorrow or regret. For the fashionable circles of Boston, "formal, heartless, conventional in manners and pretensions," as Judge Story fitly described them in a letter written shortly before this time, Dr. Warren cared but little. He held them at their real worth, and by his own hearth sought and obtained pleasures such as his taste and conscience commended to him as durable and genuine.

On the 30th of April, 1853, Dr. Warren went to New York for the purpose of attending the American Medical Convention as delegate from the Massachusetts General Hospital. With him were Mrs. Warren, his son Collins, and his nephew Benjamin Mifflin. Nothing that calls for especial mention occurred at that gathering, and on the 6th of May he started for Boston. By great and exceptional good fortune he and his family were destined to reach the end of their journey alive, but it was their lot to witness one of the most appalling disasters that have ever been recorded in the annals of travel, — the terrible accident at Norwalk, which caused the sudden death of over sixty persons, and of which even at this day the mere mention excites an irrepressible shudder.[1]

Shortly after his return Dr. Warren recorded in his journal the bitter experiences of this melancholy day in plain and graphic words. They are here given as a simple narrative of a casualty which will always awaken a tragic interest not to be increased by any powers of rhetorical description, — a narrative which, simple as it

[1] Luckily for the peace of mind of Dr. Warren's numerous relatives and friends, they were not compelled to remain long in suspense as to his safety, for his preservation was stated in the very first papers issued after the news had reached Boston. "Frightful and Fatal Railroad Accident! The cars thrown off the bridge at Norwalk! Twenty persons killed! Dr. Warren and others from Boston safe." Such was the announcement which, while it gave rise to a sharp pang of sorrow in the hearts of all, was followed by a thrill of devout gratitude in not a few.

is, is quickened into a stern and vivid impressiveness by the writer's participation in that which it describes.

"On Friday we left for home, taking the New Haven cars in Canal Street at a quarter before eight. As the first car was full we took the second, and occupied the eighth row of seats from the door, which Mrs. Warren preferred from the fact of there being a woman and child in front, though I had always been in the habit of securing the first. At Twenty-seventh Street another car was added between ours and the engine. At Stanford I stepped out for a few minutes, and saw Dr. Bartlett, of Boston, who had been in the next car to ours, but finding it too cold he joined us. Just after passing the station at Norwalk, forty miles from New York, I suddenly felt a convulsive crack, immediately followed by the disruption of the train in front of us. Our carriage was at once lifted up from the rails and struck the one before it, the forward half being knocked into splinters. I expected instant death, as I saw everything in front of us, up to the very seats on which we were sitting — cars, passengers, and all — plunge headlong into the water and disappear. Having dragged Mrs. Warren and the children up into the rear of the car which so happily for us had remained on the track, I made my escape with them on to the bridge behind, with the loss of nothing but my hat.

"Through the recklessness of the engineer, the speed of the train had not been slackened on approaching the bridge; and as this was open for the passage of a steamer, we were doomed to become the victims of his folly. Dr. Peirson, of Salem, I found among the dead; Dr. Lamb, of Lawrence, had his nose badly broken; while Dr. Ives, of New Haven, and Dr. Bemis, of Boston, were injured. Of all those who were plunged into the water with that part of the train which went down, the only person saved was Miss Griswold, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Griswold, of New York, who was resuscitated after two hours' constant exertion on my part.

"We arrived in Boston about one o'clock. Never has there been known a greater excitement than that caused by the occurrence of this dreadful tragedy. In Boston the whole town were in a state of distress until they could learn who were among the dead and who among the living."

Ten days later, Dr. Warren returned to the scene of the accident with Mrs. Warren. His journal goes on to state that —

"The weather was very warm, like the middle of July, and we slept with the window of our parlor open. We saw the broken car in which we were at the time of the accident. The back half of it had been brought down to New Haven from Norwalk. The engine was there also, hardly injured. The baggage-room was full of clothing from the broken trunks, — crushed hats and bonnets, shawls, boots, umbrellas, books, engravings, etc. Our trunk was not to be seen, though we recognized a jacket belonging to Bennie Mifflin, attached to a piece of twine which Mrs. Warren had with her at the time; the trunk, however, was subsequently discovered in the baggage-room at New York, and had probably not been put on the train."

This account of the Norwalk tragedy from Dr. Warren's pen is certainly incomplete in one respect, since it hardly mentions any of the efforts he made during several hours to minister to the needs of the survivors, and to bring something like organized efficiency to bear upon the frightful and chaotic confusion that came close upon the disaster. Bareheaded and almost stunned by the peril from which he had barely escaped, he wrought on and on, lending a helping hand wherever he saw any possible need of his skill and experience. Thoughtless of exposure, of hunger, thirst, heat, or bodily fatigue, he continued his arduous labors until the arrival of other aid and his own exhaustion rendered his retirement both justifiable and imperative. He chiefly directed his attention to Miss Griswold, who, though soon drawn up from the wreck, had been under the water long enough to quench almost entirely the vital spark. To his persevering efforts she owed her life, and never was the miracle of the resurrection more closely repeated. For over two hours she lay as one dead, and for over two hours did her preserver labor over her and refuse to surrender to Death

the prey he had so nearly made his own. His judicious and incessant remedies gradually expanded the infinitesimal remnants of life into confirmed action, and Miss Griswold was finally taken to her home, though in a state of such utter prostration that for three months she was unable to leave her bed. The sole survivor of those who were hurled over the precipice, she lived for years to bear witness not only to the happiness of her deliverance, but to the wonderful skill and gallantry which had wrested her from the grave.

Unfortunately, though Dr. Warren escaped for the time apparently unharmed, there is some reason to believe that he never fully recovered from the consequences of that trying day, but that the harsh shock to his nerves, with the subsequent exposure, labor, and excitement, seriously increased that mental and bodily debility of which he was already a victim and from which he was afterwards a far greater sufferer. Experience has shown that the effects of a railroad accident often fail to be appreciated to their full extent by those who have taken part in it until some time after its occurrence, and it has been thought that such may have been the case with Dr. Warren. It is a result that might well have followed from a strain so unwonted and severe upon a nervous system far from strong, and a constitution which could be kept in order only by incessant care and the avoidance of every disturbing influence. To the derangement of the whole system arising from such a shock might naturally be attributed many strange and mysterious symptoms to which Dr. Warren was subject for years after this accident, and for which it would be difficult to account on any other hypothesis. In a note from Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, which hereafter will be given in full, he says: —

"I look back now with poignant regret at the thought that what I supposed was the result of a partial weakness of mind

and of hypochondriasis was in reality only a desire to save himself from excruciating pains incident to that fatal complaint which finally caused his death after years of suffering."

Among all the cases and operations of which Dr. Warren left such voluminous records in his day-books none is more interesting than his account of the last hours of Daniel Webster. That he should have witnessed these was eminently fitting. Of Dr. John C. Warren the great statesman had long been an intimate friend, and mutual sympathy and admiration had gradually developed an attachment which ceased not to burn with ever increasing fervor to the very end.[1] This friendship for the father Mr. Webster had gladly continued to the son; and when he became conscious of the approach of that mortality which draws us all towards one common end, he gladly welcomed the suggestion that Dr. Warren should be summoned to his bedside in aid of the older physician who had been his more especial attendant for years.[2] The

[1] The following letter, which was addressed to Dr. John C. Warren in 1838, is of interest in this connection. It is equally creditable both to writer and recipient.

My dear Sir, — I must not leave home without thanking you for your letter of the 8th. Not only have I the profoundest regard for your professional knowledge and ability, but we have always agreed so well in almost all things, I have liked your conversation and company so much, and you now express yourself with so much kindness towards me, that I must give myself the gratification of expressing to you my most grateful feelings, and of assuring you that I reciprocate all your regard and good wishes. You greatly overrate my importance to anybody except my family; but that is owing to the warmth of your friendship I wish I was as sure of doing good for the rest of my life as you are. The efforts and labors of political men, however well intended, are uncertain, as well in their effects as in their rewards. But your labors cannot fail of either. While you relieve distress, heal the sick, and disseminate widely that knowledge which years of study and practice have given you, you are sure that you are doing good, and rewards of all kinds will not fail you. May you long live, my dear sir, as useful, as happy, as much beloved by your friends, as you now are. I can wish you nothing better in this world.

Yours as ever,

Daniel Webster.

[2] Mr. Webster's regular physician was Dr. John Jeffries, though he had been accustomed during the latter part of his life to consult Dr. Mason Warren at intervals, notably after that fearful accident at Kingston, when he was thrown headlong from his carriage, — a narrow escape, of which he bore the marks to the grave.

Mr. Hillard, in his relation of the circumstances attending Mr. Webster's last hours, writes that he said to Dr. Jeffries: "'Doctor, you have carried me through

record here given derives an additional value from the fact that it was written but a few hours after Mr. Webster's death, while the facts were fresh and clear in the writer's mind, and with the design of presenting nothing but an impartial and accurate description of the event. It is now presented in full for the first time, though a portion of it was communicated by Dr. Warren to Mr. George T. Curtis, one of Mr. Webster's literary executors, and was subsequently employed by him in preparing his life of the great orator.

"I arrived at Marshfield on Saturday evening the 23d of October [1852] at about half-past seven, Mr. Webster having requested in the morning that I should be sent for. I saw him first at eight o'clock, not having seen him before since the spring, when I was called to visit him at Mr. Paige's on his return from Marshfield after the injury he had received at Kingston. On my name being mentioned he turned his face and fixed his eyes upon me and held out his hand. He answered with clearness the questions I proposed, though these were few from the fear I had of disturbing him and causing a recurrence of the vomiting which had troubled him at intervals throughout the day. I stood for some time watching him, and was much struck with the change that had taken place in his appearance since the time above alluded to. His complexion was quite sallow; the eyes sunk in the sockets and when at rest turned up in the head, indicating a great degree of prostration. His whole body looked smaller, and he was evidently greatly emaciated.

"His motions were very difficult, and he required almost a constant change of position from one side of the bed to the other. In about half an hour from the time I entered the room, and after that interval of rest, he suddenly reached out his hand and begged me to lift him up in bed. This, with assistance,

the night. I think you will get me through the day. I shall die to-night.' The faithful physician, much moved, said after a pause, 'You are right, sir.' Mr. Webster then went on: 'I wish you therefore to send an express to Boston for some younger person to be with you. *I shall die to-night.* You are exhausted and must be relieved. Who shall it be?' Dr. Jeffries suggested a professional brother, Dr. J. Mason Warren, adding that he was the son of an old and faithful friend of Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster replied instantly, 'Let him be sent for.'" — *A Memorial of Daniel Webster from the City of Boston.*

was at once done, when without any great effort he vomited, or rather seemed to raise from his stomach a large mass of clotted blood. He immediately exclaimed, 'I feel as if I were going to sink right away. Am I dying?' We assured him that he was only faint, and having placed him back on the pillow, administered a little stimulus, which soon revived him, and restored the circulation. At this time, and from the moment I entered the room, I observed a clammy color to his hands. The pulse at intervals was scarcely perceptible, and in fact, had I not judged from other symptoms, I should have inferred from the state of the pulse that he could not have survived half an hour. This great tenacity of life, and the very gradual giving way of the vital organs, I have never witnessed in any other case.

"He now fell into a kind of doze, occasionally arousing himself, and demanding something to strengthen him, saying, 'Give me life, give me life.' Apparently fearing that he should fall into a condition in which he would be unable to realize the change from one form of existence to another, he proposed various questions, such as, 'Am I alive or dead?' and others similar to this, and seemed satisfied with the answers that were given, after repeating them in different shapes. Later in the evening he said something in which the word 'poetry' was distinctly heard; and the whole room was hushed, and he seemed gratified and attentive while his son read portions of Gray's Elegy. Between twelve and one o'clock he gradually became more quiet, and ceased to ask questions; his breathing became heavier, as of a person in a sound sleep, and his pulse could hardly be felt at the wrist. The only movement he made was to raise his hand and place it on the top of his head, which he did repeatedly. Even at this period he also made a motion with his lips, as if craving liquids, and took what was given him in a spoon, as one would do when still conscious.

"Respiration now became more difficult, and was accompanied by a slight blowing motion of the lips, which is observed in the last stages of life. His son was now told that his father's end was approaching, and entered the room. Very shortly after this the breathing stopped, then was resumed again after perhaps a quarter of a minute, and this final struggle was prolonged in a way that I have never before noticed. Once or twice we thought he had breathed his last, when respiration again re-

turned. At last a slight convulsive action passed over the face, all the muscles appeared strongly contracted, and the whole face turned almost black. This was the concluding effort of life, and was at once followed by a relaxation and entire calm of the features. He died lying on his right side in a rather constrained position, as for an hour before we had avoided doing anything that might disturb him. With the help of those present I now had him placed in the middle of the bed, and closed his eyes.

"During the evening his room was quite full of friends and relatives, who watched every motion and were ready to administer to every want. One or two of his favorite black domestics were also present, and took the most intense interest in all that was going on. I particularly noticed an old woman — his cook, I believe, called 'Monica' — who was incessantly moving about in great agitation, approaching his bedside, looking at him and holding up her hands, muttering bits of prayer to herself, with occasional exclamations, such as 'God bless me!' and others, taking but little notice of those around her. Once or twice, however, she addressed herself to me, and inquired, 'Isn't he going to die?' and 'Why don't he die?' and 'You don't think he 'll live till morning?' apparently laboring under the impression that I had an agency in prolonging his sufferings. This woman, I understand, was formerly a slave, and was set free by Mr. Webster. She was warmly attached to him, as in truth were all his servants."

Dr. Warren remained at Marshfield long enough to assist at the autopsy, which was made by Dr. J. B. S. Jackson. The cranial capacity proved to be the largest that had then been recorded; and the weight of the brain, which was $63\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, was most extraordinary, being greater than any yet known except that of Cuvier, which exceeded it by only half an ounce. Dr. Warren also embalmed the body by the injection of arsenic, and in 1866 was much pleased to learn that the remains had shown no signs of decay.

CHAPTER XIV.

THIRD TOUR IN EUROPE. — DR. RICHARD WARREN. — FAILING HEALTH. — AGAIN CROSSES THE OCEAN. — DEATH OF DR. JOHN C. WARREN AND HIS LAST MESSAGE. — RETURN TO PRACTICE.

After nearly ten years of arduous labor, steadily pursued in spite of failing health and a strength that would slowly decrease notwithstanding the pressure of a masterful will, Dr. Warren decided to seek a few months' rest in Europe. Never was rest more imperatively demanded. On the 24th of May, in the year 1854, he sailed from Boston in the "Europa" for Liverpool with his wife and son. After a passage of only ten days he reached his destination with little discomfort to himself or those about him. Soon after this he was in London, and occupied with a busy round of engagements, visiting hospitals, museums, and other institutions of especial interest. From many professional men of the highest repute he received abundant civilities, none the less that they retained lively recollections both of himself and of his father. Sir William Lawrence, Mr. Owen, Mr. Waterhouse, of the British Museum, and numerous others tendered to him and his family the most courteous hospitalities. His ancestral sympathies were never out of his mind even in the midst of all these engrossing occupations. "Yesterday," he records in his journal, "we went through Westminster Abbey. I noticed a monument there to Sir Peter Warren; also to John Warren, Bishop of Bangor."[1] The clubs

[1] The Bishop of Bangor was the younger brother of a physician who gained peculiar fame in both medical and political annals during the latter half of the last

were freely opened to him. He dined with Dr. Shaw, at the Reform Club. Early in July he went to Paris, where

century. This was Dr. Richard Warren, — a name familiar to New Englanders as borne by the only Warren among the passengers by the "Mayflower" on her first voyage. He was born in 1731 and died in 1797, leaving a widow (whose maiden name was Elizabeth Shaw, the daughter of Dr. Peter Shaw, an eminent London physician), and ten children, to whom he bequeathed £150,000, all the fruits of his own talents and industry and an enormous sum for that day. During the last years of his life his income amounted to £8,000 per annum. Wraxall calls him "in every sense the leader of the medical profession" of his time, and he had the honor of being termed by Burke, during a fiery and famous debate with Pitt, in the House of Commons, "the first physician in England." It was his fortune as "physician in ordinary to his Majesty" to have the principal care of George III., at the time of his insanity in 1788. His professional opinion as to his Majesty's actual condition was one of the causes which led the Whigs to contest the Regency question so strenuously, and produced a political tempest that shook the country to its centre. He was offered a baronetcy, which he declined, though he was so far honored in this respect as to be saluted on one of his visits to the insane monarch with the peculiar title of "Ricardensus Warrenensus, baronetensus." His portrait by Gainsborough is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection now belonging to the Royal College of Physicians, of which he was a Fellow and an Elect. He was succeeded in his professional name and fame by his ninth son, Dr. Pelham Warren, who was one of the most distinguished practitioners in London at the time of Dr. Mason Warren's first visit to that city. The name of Warren, it will thus be seen, had then been conspicuous in the profession in England for the better part of a century.

Few physicians have enjoyed a more prosperous or a more brilliant career, or have been held in greater respect by their professional contemporaries, than Dr. Richard Warren. In Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," we read: "To a sound judgment and deep observation of men and things, Dr. Warren added various literary and scientific attainments, which were most advantageously displayed by a natural talent for conversation that was at once elegant, easy, and natural. Of all men in the world he had the greatest flexibility of temper, instantaneously accommodating himself to the tone of feeling of the young, the old, the gay, the sorrowful. But he was himself of a very cheerful disposition, and his manner being peculiarly pleasing to others, he possessed over the minds of his patients the most absolute control; and it was said with truth that no one ever had recourse to his advice as a physician who did not remain desirous of gaining his friendship and enjoying his society as a companion. In interrogating the patient he was apt and adroit; in the resources of his art, quick and inexhaustible; and when the malady was beyond the reach of his skill, the minds of the sick were consoled by his conversation, and their cares, anxieties, and fears soothed by his presence."

In the year 1800, when delivering the Harveian oration, Sir Henry Halford, the illustrious *confrère* of Dr. Richard Warren, paid a long and well-deserved tribute to his many talents and virtues, and in eloquent Latin acknowledged the indebtedness of the profession to his bright example.

This somewhat lengthy reference to Dr. Richard Warren is given, partly from the numerous points of resemblance between him and the subject of this memoir and partly to show that the elements of success in the medical profession are everywhere and invariably the same.

some weeks were spent, the weather being "excessively hot." July 23d he writes, "I continue to get hold of some medical information every day at least." From Civiale he received the kind attentions invariably offered to all that bore his name. The beginning of August saw the party in Switzerland, where they went over the then customary "grand round" from Geneva and Chamonix to Interlaken, Berne, Zurich, Basle, and finally by the Rhine and Strasburg back to Paris again. August 23 they were in that city, and on the 10th of September they quitted it for Dieppe, *en route* for London, stopping over one day at Lewes to see Southover Church and "the seats of our ancient ancestors."

After a short stay in London the little party betook themselves to Edinburgh, where the peculiar kindness shown by Dr. Simpson[1] added greatly to their enjoyment. At the end of a week they left for Liverpool, where Dr. Warren attended the annual meeting of the British Association, "which is said to be one of the most distinguished

[1] Dr. Simpson, afterwards Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., was noted for his generous hospitalities to his own profession; and to none was he more amply attentive than to the American representatives thereof. Those who came from Boston found him peculiarly kind, though the last souvenir he received from this city can hardly have tended to increase his regard in their behalf. This was in the shape of a letter from the pungent and patriotic pen of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who took pardonable offence at the language of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1870, when he addressed Sir James on a public occasion as "the author of the greatest of all discoveries in modern times, — the application of chloroform to the assuagement of human suffering," — the truth of which was tacitly admitted by Sir James in his reply. This caused much excitement in the profession, and it may be rightly said in the world as well. Sir James's caustic, speedy, and exhaustive rejoinder was soon followed by his death in May of the same year; and the whole contest served as a sort of final reverberation of that virulent warfare to which the discovery of ether gave birth.

In the course of his rejoinder Sir James did not fail to pay his respects to that "nameless column," the ether monument in the Public Garden of this city. "There has lately been raised in Boston," he wrote, "a monument in commemoration of its being the birthplace of anæsthesia in dentistry and surgery in 1846. But have the erectors of this monument cut upon it the names of either of your fellow-citizens, Dr. Morton or Dr. Jackson, as the first investigators, or the names of Warren and Hayward, as the first Boston hospital surgeons who operated upon patients under the influence of sulphuric ether?"

that has ever come together." September 30 the party sailed for Boston, where they arrived on the 13th of October in good spirits, and with considerable refreshment to him for whose especial benefit the tour had been undertaken. As their steamer entered the harbor of Halifax a little incident occurred which was well calculated to excite the gratitude of the party for their safe return. It was the sudden advent of a little steamboat containing two officers and twenty-five of the crew of the unfortunate "Arctic," sunk on the 27th of the preceding month with three hundred and twenty-two souls. These survivors were taken on board the "Europa" and went in it to Boston.

Unhappily the experiences of another winter with its fatiguing duties made it very evident that Dr. Warren's health was far from being re-established with the completeness that had been desired and imagined. Ailments now appeared that were the source of more serious annoyance than he had as yet suffered. To bodily languor and feeble digestion had gradually succeeded the graver trouble of nervous prostration, accompanied at times by intense excitement amounting to hysteria. Mental lassitude had been followed by extreme dejection, which had finally pressed upon him with a weight so heavy that it became almost intolerable, and the sorely strained faculties at times threatened to give way altogether. Strange to say, however, through all this season of depression, nothing ever affected the performance of his medical or surgical duties. Though at times apparently "perplexed in the extreme," the spirit and habit of professional order and allegiance were invariably present, and never failed so shrewdly to control the hand that wielded the knife or the lancet, that neither nervous weakness nor loss of skill was perceptible to the keenest eye. To Dr. Warren the only chance of relief from these grave disorders seemed to lie in a more extended journey and a longer absence

from the cares of his practice. The same view was taken by his life-long friend, Dr. James Jackson, though it was never favored by his father, in whose unceasing experience and devotion he would have done better to confide, stimulated as it was by an anxiety as intense as any father ever felt in a son's behalf, and so poignant that even at the very last hour he forcibly urged his son to abandon his project.

Shortly before his departure for Europe, Dr. Warren assisted at the removal of the remains of General Joseph Warren from the crypt of St. Paul's Church to the family lot at Forest Hills, where they now rest. It was a pious office, though a melancholy one, — more melancholy in truth than he knew, as he and his father, who stood by his side, were on the verge of a separation which was to have no end in this world. Had they chosen one last ceremony to solemnize that parting and unite them still more closely for the moment than ever before, it would surely have been such a one as this. Faithful to each other even unto death, nothing could have more thoroughly blended their very souls in one than the work of tenderly caring for the ashes of him whom all men had ever held in reverence, and whose example had always urged them on towards everything that was noble, just, and patriotic;[1] towards those monumental deeds which rise high in the memory of mankind —

"When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

On the 29th of August, 1855, Dr. Warren sailed from Boston in the "America," with his wife and three of his children, — his son and two daughters. The steamer had one hundred and four passengers in all. From Liverpool

[1] "The remains of General Joseph Warren were removed from St. Paul's to Forest Hills on Aug. 3, 1855, when my father, Sullivan, William Appleton, and myself put them into a stone or earthen urn, like those of John Warren, Mrs. Warren, and my mother. The place was quite moist where they were put, and the hole in the head of General Warren was becoming enlarged by the crumbling of the margin. I had a photograph made of it in three positions." — *Journal*, May 6, 1859.

they travelled to London, and thence, after a few days, to Paris, which on the 16th of October they left for Geneva, and finally reached Vevay, where the son was placed at a school for the winter. From that town the party left for Italy by the way of the Mont Cenis Pass, which they crossed in their own carriage to Turin, — one of the very last instances, by the way, of travelling by post over that route. Going through Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, they at length arrived in Rome on the 7th of November, "in a perfect deluge of rain." Having secured an apartment in the well-known house of Serny, No. 25 Piazza di Spagna, Dr. Warren settled down for the winter. The season proved to be unusually trying and disagreeable from many causes. The remarkably bad weather gave fresh support to Dr. Warren's opinion that, taking all things into account, the climate of New England was the best in the world. So far from experiencing the benefit that had been sought, the patient became rather worse, both in mind and body, the former becoming so sadly affected that his family were much alarmed. Dr. Warren did what he could in his own behalf, and in a letter to his brother-in-law wrote, "I employ myself in giving the children lessons, walking, and riding on horseback, but am debarred from going into the galleries from fear of the effects of cold after exercise;" but nevertheless the reins were slipping further and further from his grasp. Slowly the winter moved on, with much distress and many a fear to those about him. It was a decided relief to his family when the conviction finally came to both him and them that nothing was likely to be gained from a longer stay in Rome, and that Dr. Warren's own home and his own climate offered far better conditions for a possible recovery than anything to be found in Europe. Accepting the escort kindly offered by a friend[1] and

[1] Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., the friend in question, gave the writer a most interesting account of the perfect self-control which, as has been before remarked, habit

neighbor, they made their way slowly northward in the spring, and travelling by way of Civita Vecchia, where they took a steamer to Marseilles, ultimately passed through Paris and London to Liverpool, reaching Boston in the "Europa," on the 3d of July, 1856. On his arrival he went at once with his wife and children to the old family mansion at Brookline, where they spent the remaining summer months, and that with decided refreshment, as he found all the conditions — the air, the locality, the driving with a spirited horse that had belonged to his father — most favorable to his recovery. He seemed to draw in new life with every breath. These were all the more necessary to his cure, as he had encountered on his arrival many gloomy fatalities, which might naturally have confirmed his customary depression, and in any event were but little fitted to restore a mental equilibrium that had been so seriously disturbed.

On the 4th of the preceding May Dr. Warren's father had died, having gradually succumbed to advancing years, though the immediate cause of his decease was undoubtedly grief at his son's condition and despair of his final recovery. On the very day of Dr. Warren's return his sister, Mrs. Charles Lyman, had also passed away, and thus deepened the darkness that had gathered about him, though her loss, compared with that of his father, would have been easy to bear. That sorrow none could really estimate but himself, and the sundering of a tie so strong and tender wrenched his very heart-strings; but, as before, he endured this also in silence, and even of those nearest and dearest to him none could realize the depth

and professional instinct led Dr. Warren to display, even when agitated by the greatest mental disorder. On board the steamer to Marseilles a cinder had been blown into the eye of one of his daughters, causing much pain and distress. Her father, in the midst of all his agitation, became instantly calm at the sight, and whipping out an instrument from his pocket ordered his child to show her eye to him. Trembling she did so, when with a keen and characteristic rapidity the particle was removed, and again the mind of the operator gave way to those strange influences that before were ruffling it.

of his affliction from any outward and visible evidence. In his mind his father had through death been born into a sacred immortality, and in his own memory was still an undying presence. From this new life achieved beyond the grave came a certain strength and invigoration, which, fortified by the pure elixir of a past so lofty in its aims, ever incited to fresh labors, fresh discipline, and a stronger faith.

Some weeks before he turned his steps towards home Dr. Warren received from his father the last letter he was destined to have from his hand, and apparently the last of any length that the writer ever penned. It was written two months before the latter's death, at a time when the "grasshopper had become a burden," and every unwonted exertion told heavily upon failing powers. Though too long to quote in its entirety, the concluding portion may properly here be given, as the final utterance of a dying father to a son who was dear to him beyond all earthly things. Its perusal will show how earnest was the writer's anxiety for his son's eternal happiness, and his trust that Heaven might send that help which earth seemed unable to provide. After the expression of his deep solicitude for his son's condition, with much sound and sensible advice, Dr. Warren ends his letter as follows: —

There is nothing better adapted to relieve your present feelings than a right religious sentiment. I was therefore gratified with your allusion to the subject. Perhaps it has pleased Providence to afflict you so severely for the purpose of directing your attention from your bodily sufferings and reliefs to a higher and more permanent source of comfort, in the thought that all these troubles are destined to produce a more immediate sense of dependence on the Author of all good. In order to accomplish the work thus begun you must give up this close attention to your painful feelings, and throw yourself, body and soul, at the feet of Him who alone can give you permanent relief. If you can do this thoroughly, not as a momentary feel-

ing, but a settled temper of mind, you will realize a tranquillity which you can experience in no other way.

So, praying God to bring you to this most happy conclusion, and your family also, I remain

Your affectionate father,

J. C. Warren.

To the unspeakable gratification and relief of all his friends, at the end of a few months after Dr. Warren's return favorable symptoms began to appear, and these were soon followed by increasing physical strength, and a mental vigor to which he had long been a stranger.[1] The dawning light gradually brightened into perfect day, without cloud, serene; and the self-absorption born of his troubles gave way before the inspiring claims of the profession that he loved so well, and to which he now gave himself up with increasing energy and absorption. In October he exchanged his somewhat contracted abode on Park Street for No. 2[2] on the same street, which had so long been the residence of his father. As he had now five children, this removal greatly increased his comfort; and, in truth, the need of more roomy quarters had become absolutely imperative, as the dwelling at No. 6, though cheerful and convenient, both without and within, was but a little slice of a house, at best. For the next few years Dr. Warren's health, though always delicate, and requiring careful and judicious management, continued equal to the ordinary demands upon his strength, both mentally and bodily. In 1859 his oldest child, Mary, was married to Mr. Samuel Hammond, an alliance

[1] During all Dr. Warren's protracted trials he derived abundant aid and efficient encouragement from his father's early and devoted friend, and his own as well, Dr. James Jackson, whose skill and experience had seldom been more severely tested. The attachment he had ever felt for the father Dr. Jackson never ceased warmly to manifest towards the son, and in any trouble, professional or other, especially after his father's death, Dr. Warren confidently relied upon his advice, and never in vain. He outlived Dr. Warren but one week.

[2] A descriptive sketch of this house — so long a centre of domestic and professional interest — will be found appended to this memoir.

which was the source of much comfort and satisfaction to the end of his life, and none the less that he was not destined to witness the marriage of any one of his other children. From the year 1846 his summers were almost invariably spent at Nahant, a spot for which he felt an extraordinary attachment. This annual recreation greatly invigorated him, while the vicinity of the place to Boston enabled him to continue his daily visits to the hospital,[1] and this with more ease to himself than could have been experienced elsewhere, since he could pass to and fro in the steamer, — a means of conveyance which he found indispensable, as any wheeled vehicle now caused him a degree of discomfort that he could no longer endure even under the most favorable conditions.[2] To alleviate this as much as possible, he had finally been obliged to employ an air cushion, which he carried continually under

[1] On the afternoon of Saturday, the day of the customary weekly operations at the hospital, and on the afternoon following, Dr. Warren was wont to visit the institution, that he might see the new patients and look after their condition; and never did he fail to bestow a few kind words upon them, or to minister to their various needs. Not unfrequently, on these occasions, he was accompanied by one or more of his young daughters, who would sometimes take tea with the nurses. The whole place had a winning charm in his eyes. "Sunday, June 24, 1866," his journal records, "in the afternoon visited the hospital again. Rosamond, Alice Bradlee, and myself went there last evening by moonlight. The scene was very beautiful. Found the students very assiduous in brewing claret punch, one of the principal operators, who is a patient, having a bandage round his head."

[2] This infirmity had gradually come to be the cause of much deprivation to Dr. Warren, as he was naturally very fond of riding and driving, and not only needed the bodily exercise, but his quick nerves found a certain composure in the lively and vigorous motion. Like his father, he was conscious of a sort of magnetic sympathy with a good horse, and could well appreciate the fine points of one. He had a keen conception of the animal's nature, and a knowledge of his anatomy as well. At one period he was accustomed to ride daily with his brother-in-law Mr. Charles Lyman, and at a very rapid pace. On Cambridge Bridge his horse trod on a lump of frozen earth, and soon came to a stop. Having dismounted, the Doctor passed his hand over the animal's leg, and quickly showed his comprehension of the accident by declaring that the great pastern bone was broken. Subsequent examination showed that it was fractured in five places. He was rarely taken by surprise on any occasion, and when again riding with Mr. Lyman near the locality where this incident happened, and a man in a wagon rudely drove into the latter, Dr. Warren at once urged his steed forward, crowded the offender on to the sidewalk, and compelled him to give his name and address.

his arm, and thus deadened the pains which were sure to result from a sitting posture.

The outbreak of the great Rebellion made a prompt and urgent appeal to all Dr. Warren's patriotic sympathies. His own instincts taught him at once the course to pursue, and throughout the war he never failed to extend in innumerable shapes to his struggling country the help she had a right to demand from every citizen. Professionally his services were bestowed with especial interest and ability, and as one of the State Board of Medical Examiners he was able to offer much effective aid as the outcome of his large experience. To gun-shot wounds he gave particular attention; and many of the most important cases that came to his notice or were brought to him for treatment, he published in a pamphlet for the benefit of the profession. In 1862 Dr. Warren sent to Paris for three surgical knapsacks, of the pattern used in the French army, with the design of presenting them to regiments which had gained notable distinction since the beginning of the war. One of these was subsequently given to Dr. Greene, surgeon of the Twenty-fourth Regiment; another to the Forty-fifth, or Cadet, Regiment; while the third was forwarded, with a complimentary letter, to Dr. Dyer, surgeon of the Nineteenth.

CHAPTER XV.

INCREASING ILLNESS. — ADDRESS TO THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY. — "SURGICAL OBSERVATIONS." — GROWING WEAKNESS. — CEASELESS ACTIVITY. — LAST VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL. — GRADUAL APPROACH OF DEATH.

In August, 1865, while at Nahant, Dr. Warren was prostrated by a sudden and violent attack of dysentery, which excited no little alarm to his friends. Though for the time he rallied from this, his convalescence was very slow, and the results made serious and permanent inroads upon his scanty powers of reaction. He was, in fact, in a state of comparative debility till the ensuing summer, when in the same month another illness of that nature reduced him to a state of still greater invalidism. To his stomach the consequences were peculiarly disastrous; and so weak did his digestion become, that from this time to the end of his life his diet was limited to small quantities of bread and meat, and for the proper assimilation of even that slight nourishment brandy and other stimulants were necessarily taken.

To those who knew the pain and weakness which Dr. Warren hardly ever ceased to suffer during the closing years of his life, the work he managed to achieve seemed most wonderful.[1] Ample evidence thereof still exists

[1] This continued and unflagging application, no less than their strength of will, was from the first a peculiar feature in the character of the Warrens; and it was especially noticeable in the career of Dr. John Warren, to whom Dr. Mason Warren bore in certain respects so decided a resemblance. "The same fervor," says Dr. Thacher in the biography previously quoted, "was exhibited in all his pursuits.

in the record of his surgical operations, written out with his own hand day after day, month after month, year after year, to the extent of hundreds of pages. With painstaking diligence he set down the prominent features and characteristic details of every operation he performed. Many of these were striking in the extreme, and such as none but a skilful and practised hand could accomplish. In contemplating this long roll of honorable enterprise one cannot fail to be struck with their vast number, and with the fact that there is hardly any portion of the human body of which the surgeon failed to evince his intimate knowledge. The various cases are stated in a compact, graphic way, — the style of one who knew what he was about, and desired to tell the simple truth as honestly, as vividly, and in as short a compass as was consistent with thoroughness. It recalls the neat, curt, and effective incisiveness of the Doctor's own rapid hand when wielding the knife or the lancet. In addition to these evidences of labor, frequent articles in the medical and surgical publications of the day disclosed an industry and activity which gladly welcomed an outlet wherever good might be done or the best interests of his profession be advanced. His position as member of various societies also brought not a little hard work upon his shoulders, as he well knew what his station demanded, and did not wish to partake of the honors bestowed upon him without performing his share of the labor that might be justly called for. On the 25th of May, 1864,[1] he de-

He entered upon them zealously, and devoted his whole soul to their accomplishment. He allowed himself no rest, day or night, till he was satisfied that nothing in his power to perform remained undone. It was probably from the strong interest his pursuits excited that he acquired in so eminent a degree the power of concentrating his faculties. To this power, joined to his extensive knowledge and observation, may be attributed the rapidity of his mental processes, the facility with which he arrived at his conclusions. Hence it was that he was able to perform so much in a given time as to astonish other men of even industrious habits."

[1] Previous to this time Dr. Warren had already written and published various medical and surgical papers on subjects of professional interest, several of them on elaborate operations performed by himself, and all containing the rich fruits

livered the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, with which he had for so many years been connected as counsellor. His subject was "Recent Progress in Surgery," and it gave him the opportunity of presenting in a compendious form the matured richness of much thoughtful and intelligent observation. The style of the writer and the wide reach of his information made this address most entertaining, even to those outside of the audience for whose benefit it was more particularly designed. Dr. Warren's kindly nature, in which was no taint of professional jealousy, gladly welcomed this occasion as a means of publicly honoring in terms of the warmest eulogy the characteristic excellences and attainments of the numerous friends and colleagues to whom he had so greatly endeared himself, and from whom he had received so many evidences of the esteem in which they held him, especially Dr. Jackson, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, and Dr. Holmes. From the latter he received the following charming note, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of his address: —

June 6, 1864.

My dear Warren, — Accept my cordial thanks for the beautiful "private" copy of your Address. I am not much of a surgeon, but I shall read what you have to say from your ripe experience with great interest. I see that you speak indulgently of my somewhat too noted discourse. Be assured that the kind words of an old friend always please an author more than the eulogies of aliens.

I could not hear you very well where I sat. I suspect that my ear-drums may not be quite so tightly corded up as in the days when we saw our young faces in the Burgundy of the

of his own experience and observation. In 1851 he brought out a pamphlet giving an account of "Two Remarkable Indian Dwarfs," by some called Aztecs, that had been exhibited shortly before in Boston. To the volume of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" for 1865 he contributed a memoir of his father, written at the request of its editors.

A list of Dr. Warren's writings, to the number of twenty-six, is given in Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature."

Trois Frères. But Dr. Jackson was near enough to hear you, and paid you a compliment, at the expense of a good many of us, — to wit, that yours was the only address he had ever listened to without falling asleep.

I look forward with much pleasure to the regilding of my somewhat tarnished chirurgical knowledge from the pages which hold the golden results of your long and faithful study of the branch which you have practised with so much honor to yourself and so much profit to the community.

Always your sincere friend,

O. W. Holmes.[1]

As a sort of sequence to this address, and that he might also develop and illustrate the views and facts contained therein, Dr. Warren published a work entitled "Surgical Observations, with Cases and Operations." To this he had given much time and thought during the final years of his life; and the book was in reality an epitome of his whole career, embodying, as it did, the more important results both of a large private practice and of his twenty years' experience at the Hospital. It was more especially welcome to his own fraternity, as none others could thoroughly and critically estimate the value of its contents. In the preparation of this volume, which did not appear till nearly three months before his death, Dr. Warren found a certain indemnity for the pains he suffered while engaged upon it; and though he did not live long enough to realize the full appreciation bestowed by those who read it, the criticisms that reached him caused him much satisfaction, and sufficed to show that his labor had not been in vain. Especially did the approval of his pro-

[1] In his journal Dr. Warren refers to this occasion as follows: "*May* 25, 1864. — Delivered the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society; Dr. Jackson present, Dr. Ordronaux, Brown-Séquard, Dr. Mauran of Providence, and other distinguished men. Got through much better than I expected, considering that I have been ill with a sore throat for the last six weeks. Notwithstanding many omissions, the address took up an hour and ten minutes. Afterwards there was a collation at the Revere House, at which Dr. H. J. Bigelow and Governor Andrew made speeches."

fessional brethren serve for the time as a panacea to his wasting forces, infusing new vigor into his frame and lessening the terrors of coming death. The first copy that came to him he sent to his friend Dr. Holmes, whose characteristic note of thanks might well have done its part towards lengthening the life of its recipient.[1]

At a meeting of the Medical Board of the Hospital held Feb. 23, 1866, Dr. Warren resigned his place as secretary, "which I had held," his journal records, "for twenty years, having been originally chosen on the nomination of Dr. Jacob Bigelow. Only two of the original

[1] At a special meeting of the Suffolk District Medical Society, called three days after Dr. Warren's decease, to testify the respect of his former associates for his memory, Dr. Holmes delivered an address, of which a short extract has heretofore been given. In this he sought in feeling language to portray the varied worth of one whom none knew better or more intimately than himself. To his last work he referred in terms which were amply justified by the esteem in which it was then and still is held: —

"It has been most happy for Dr. Warren's fame that he lived to complete that noble volume containing the record of his surgical practice, which bears the date of this very year 1867. How full of valuable observations, plainly and simply told, — for he made no unnecessary show of words in telling the most startling cases that came before him, — this important work is, many of you know well. Almost everything which has been dared in surgery is there set down from his own experience. No matter what the gravity of the case or the brilliancy of his success, whether the tying of both carotids, or the extirpation of the upper maxilla, or amputation of the hip-joint, it is all told without expletives, without notes of admiration, in all the dignity of true science, — told as the engineer describes a section of the earth, as the astronomer describes the transit of a star. It would have been hard to part with such a man, even when age had dimmed his eye and relaxed his strength; it is very hard to relinquish him with so much seemingly in prospect for him, and through him for us."

These words are not only interesting as the inspiration of kindly and candid esteem for a friend just parted, but valuable as the prompting of a sense of merit in the mind of an expert, both professional and literary, whose opinion could not be lightly regarded.

In June Dr. Warren wrote to his son, then in Europe: "I have just received a letter from Mr. Colles, of Dublin, highly praising my book. I have sent one to Langenbeck. The review in the 'American Journal of Medical Science' is quite flattering. I have a plan for another book, which I will tell you about hereafter." The book thus proposed in the very face of impending death is probably more fully described in the following extract from Dr. Warren's journal: "*July* 23, 1867. — Called on Mr. Fields yesterday, and had some conversation about publishing my father's surgical papers, with additional observations, prefaced by a memoir which I had already prepared for the Historic Genealogical Society. He thought they had better be brought out in the same style as my own book."

board remain in it, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow and myself." His long service now entitled him, as the oldest member, to the position of chairman, which he retained till his death. In the ensuing April Dr. Warren completed his term as president of the Suffolk District Medical Society, an office which he had filled since April, 1864.

After the appearance of his book Dr. Warren's health grew obviously worse, and his feebleness and emaciation daily appealed more and more strongly to the sympathies of his friends. He was seen less and less in company; and the last invitation he accepted was from Mr. Gardner Brewer, to meet Mr. George Peabody at dinner on Thursday, April 11, 1867. Shortly after this he displayed his liberality in a conspicuous manner, and with a generosity highly appreciated, by the gift of two thousand dollars towards the new operating-theatre which was soon to be erected for the use of the hospital surgeons, though he himself, alas! was never to behold it. The profound attachment felt for his brother Sullivan has been before mentioned. On the 6th of February, 1867, Sullivan died in spite of all that could be done to save him. This struck on his sensitive nature with the force of an eternal pain. He heard the knell of coming doom,

> "The far-off curfew sound,
> Over some wide-watered shore
> Swinging slow with sullen roar,"

and carrying conviction to his heart with fateful force. Said his sister, Mrs. Dwight: "The day before, when Mason and I were together in the room next to that where Sullivan lay in a dying state, I observed, 'This is your birthday.' A sort of shudder passed over him as he answered, 'I hoped nobody would remember it.' He never came out of the shadow which his brother's death cast upon him. From that moment he felt he was to follow."

Having for several months suspected the existence of some serious internal trouble, Dr. Warren desired his friends Dr. Putnam and Dr. Cabot to make an examination. This was done in the month of May, and the result[1] was a confirmation of the fears that had so long oppressed him, and had of late assumed a mournful certainty. But even this death-sentence was accepted with silent resignation, and caused no change in his bearing or in his daily life. Though dying, he suffered no unmanly lament to escape his lips, nor during the long weeks and months of slow approach to the solemn future did he betray the natural frailty of man when in pain, or agitate the minds of those around him by even a suggestion of his and their coming sorrow. Silent, cheerful, uncomplaining, full of a gentlemanly reserve, he was content to follow his usual avocations and inflict his burden upon none but himself. No pain, however intense, extorted any tribute from him, nor did he ever refer to his approaching doom, except on one occasion, when inborn affection for those most dear to him wrung from his lips a few words of distress at their impending desolation. By the pressure of an iron will he retained the majesty of his self-control, and quickened his wasting powers with the indomitable energy which had inspired his whole life. On the 6th of May, 1867, he presided for the ninth time at the annual meeting of the Boston Medical Association, knowing full well that this was the last. To the labors of his profession he continued faithful to the end, and there was no sign of falling away, either at the hospital or in his private practice. The lion heart still held its own. "Ce n'est pas la victoire qui fait le bonheur des nobles cœurs; c'est le combat," said Mirabeau; and thus Dr. Warren felt during that struggle, dire and long, while Death was ever more and more peremptorily knocking at

[1] This was the discovery of a tumor in the right iliac region, which was thought to be of a scirrhous nature.

the door. Like Cromwell, he believed that "a governor ought to die standing." Fortunately for his own peace of mind, there was consolation for many woes in this absorption in honorable pursuits, in this steady progress along the path of duty. Never during his past career had he performed a greater number of operations within a similar space of time, or those requiring more skill or labor, than the work of his closing weeks. "Le repos, c'est la mort," said Dupuytren, when urged to cease for a time those labors which were so rapidly wearing him out. And so it was with Dr. Warren. No token was there of failing strength, dexterity, or enthusiasm. Under date of June 6, 1867, one reads in his journal: "During the day I had patients from every quarter, and prescribed for more at the house than I remember ever to have done before." June 29 he wrote: "During the last four months I have performed ninety operations at the hospital, and about thirty in private practice. There have been about two hundred operations at the hospital by all the surgeons."

On the first day of July he received his twenty-first appointment at the hospital, and on that day he paid the institution his last official visit. He had now been for nearly five years the head of its professional staff. He was then suffering so acutely from pain and weakness as scarcely to be able to walk. Directly after this he went to Nahant for his annual summer sojourn, to which, though aware of his sad condition, he had looked forward as promising at least a temporary alleviation of his sufferings. He continued, however, to return to Boston, and to his private practice each day in the steamboat, where his spirits still rallied round him a host of friends and admirers, who were charmed by his humor and his rich and luxuriant powers of description. In these respects he never flagged. To the end he was a *raconteur* of the first lustre. This movement to and fro could not long be borne, unhappily,

and his forces gradually ceased to be equal to the exertion. In the train of growing debility came a still increasing pallor that daily blanched his cheeks to a whiter hue, till they at length were almost perfectly colorless. Never were hearts more sorely wrung than those of the friends who saw death in his features as he moved among them, and yet were powerless to help. "We all pitied him," said one, "because we more than respected him." Never were sufferings more widely or deeply lamented than his; and could unstinted sympathy have saved him, these pages had as yet been unwritten. Nervously conscious of his aspect and unwilling to cause even this anxiety to those about him, he sought to hide or at least to mitigate it by fishing for hours in the broiling sun on the rocks at Nahant, that he might thus acquire a browner and more healthy hue. On the 18th of July Dr. Warren was seized with a chill, of which he well understood the meaning. Tranquilly accepting it as a foretaste of quick-coming fate, he returned to Boston, taking a last and sad farewell of that home by the sea which years of enjoyment had made so unspeakably dear to him. On the 26th of that month a telegram was sent to his son, urging his speedy return home. It reached him at Munich, and he left for Liverpool on the same day. Landing in New York on the 14th of August, he speedily made his way to his father's side. Too feeble and too overcome for the moment to speak, Dr. Warren could only extend his arms with an affectionate and fervent welcome which no words could deepen. Sad as was the darkness that was now gathering around him, there was peace and assurance, as of coming dawn, in his face when he recognized the presence of one who would dutifully receive the expiring lamp which was so soon to pass from his own hand.

With increasing strength he found words to express his delight at his son's return so opportunely, which he re-

garded as little short of miraculous, — a pleasing illusion which it was thought best not to disturb, his friends having designedly kept him in ignorance of the summons that had been sent, and being quite willing that he should regard his son's arrival as the result of a natural desire to employ his summer vacation in a visit to his home. The father was destined to survive yet a few days longer, though with steadily failing faculties. His mind was clear almost to the last. Feeble as he was, he disdained to surrender, even to inexorable death, any of the proprieties with which during his life he had never ceased to surround himself. Of these he ever possessed an exquisite and clinging sense. He was resolved to die as a gentleman, with no falling off in the appointments of a life till then so well rounded out. To a gentleman much was due, and he had a wide appreciation of all that could justly be claimed by one who knew in his heart of hearts that he had a right to the title. He liked to hear music softly and continually played on the piano. From time to time his children were brought to him from Nahant, and at his request always gayly dressed in their best and prettiest. Till within two days of his death, he never failed to take his customary bath. As to his food, though he could eat little or nothing, he always observed the ordinary routine of three meals and a cup of tea. Weak as he was, he would compel exhausted Nature to take one spoonful of soup, and pay at least this tribute to the conventionalities of refinement and propriety. Not Chesterfield himself could have retired with more becoming grace from the halls of Life that he had so adorned; nor Chatham have moved with serener composure towards the entrance to the court of Death.

On Monday the 19th of August, at five minutes before eleven o'clock in the evening, his sufferings ended and he ceased to breathe. A mighty calmness crept over his face, and he rested forever from the joys, the sorrows, and the

triumphs of life. He died surrounded by his family, whom he rallied sufficiently to recognize only three hours before his decease. On the following Thursday there were services at his late residence, under the care of his brother-in-law, the Rev. William Mountford, after which the remains were taken to the church of St. Paul's, of which Dr. Warren had for so many years been a communicant, as was his father before him. Its rector, Dr. Nicholson, and the Rev. Copley Greene together ministered at that sweet and solemn farewell with which the Episcopal Church accompanies its members to the verge of eternity, and invokes for them the blessing promised of old to the dead who die in the Lord. Rarely has the majestic, reverent, and inspiring eloquence of its burial service been more befittingly read or responded to with a more cordial and sincere amen than by the multitude that thronged the edifice. From St. Paul's the body was transported to the lot at Forest Hills, where it now reposes with the ashes of his father and of the other members of his family who had gone before him.

"Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, through the only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Their life in God hath made them one forever."

To those who were left to bewail his loss he bequeathed a name and fame that might well have done much to arrest the tears which affection must offer to those who have worthily lived and died. Cut off at an age too early for the interests of his profession and of the society which he had so greatly adorned, deeply conscious that the possibilities of his future far exceeded the achievements of the past, he yet yielded with calmness to the approach of death, feeling it incumbent upon him to do nothing weak, or which might tarnish the fairness of that vesture

which had come to him from men whose lives had inspired his own and which they had worn with such a daily beauty. The shadows of approaching mortality were illuminated not only by the brightness of dawning heaven, but by the consciousness of good desert, of a life consecrated to noble aims, and of an ever-abiding desire to do nothing that might be called unbecoming a gentleman and a Christian, or cause one pang in the hearts of his friends.

"He was the soul of goodness;
And all our praises of him are like streams,
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full and leave
The part remaining greatest."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONNECTION WITH VARIOUS SOCIETIES. — TRIBUTES OF RESPECT. — RESOLUTIONS OF THE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL. — LETTER FROM DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

As might naturally have been inferred from the honor and esteem with which he was regarded, Dr. Warren was in various forms connected with many societies and institutions. From February, 1846, he was one of the six visiting surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was also secretary of the Medical Board at the same institution, and perpetual secretary of the Boylston Prize Committee from his election in 1850. He was president of the Boylston Medical Society, and of the Suffolk Medical District Society. On the 30th of October, 1866, he was elected president of the Massachusetts Medical Benevolent Society, and from the death of his father in 1856 he served as president of the Thursday Evening Club till his own decease, and likewise of the Warren Museum of Natural History. He was a councillor of the Massachusetts Medical Society; a fellow of the American Medical Association; a trustee of the Humane Society and of the Lying-in Hospital; one of the standing committee of the Cincinnati, and of the committee for visiting the Medical School. In 1849 he became a fellow of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. During the War of the Rebellion he was one of the Board of Medical Examiners for the Commonwealth.

He was a director of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, a member of the Boston Society of Natural History, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was one of the prudential committee of the Boston Society of Medical Improvement, and an honorary fellow of the New York Medical Society, a member of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and a fellow of the Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the State of New York.

The universal feeling of regret for Dr. Warren's loss naturally found expression in numberless resolutions passed by the societies of which he was a member. Of these there is space in this memoir for but one series; and for the insertion of these it is trusted that a sufficient excuse will be found — if any be needed — in the important position of the body that adopted them, in the length and intimacy of the relation of its members with the deceased, and in their minute delineation of his character as a man and a surgeon.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the physicians and surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital, held at the house of Dr. H. J. Bigelow on the 26th inst., Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, the chairman, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted: —

"*Resolved*, That the members of this Board are deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained in the death of their late associate Dr. J. Mason Warren, in the maturity of his faculties and usefulness.

"Occupying an enviable position at his entrance upon professional life, he carefully cherished both his personal and hereditary reputation, and did honor to a name already illustrious. From the outset he surrendered himself to his favorite pursuit with a zeal so exclusive that everything connected with it seemed to assume, in his view, an importance sometimes partaking almost of exaggeration. For more than twenty years the Massachusetts General Hospital reaped the benefit of this

concentrated professional devotion, which the illness of the last year or two of his life hardly abated; and remembering that he undertook no duty that he did not perform with conscientious exactness, this Board recognizes the extent of its obligation to him, both in the value of his daily services and in the reputation he has added to the institution of which his father was a founder. He was an accomplished surgeon, and brought to the deliberations of his colleagues an inherited and prompt decision, not the result merely of strong conviction, but tempered and guided by a mind instinctively logical as to the recurring facts of every-day surgical practice; based on a breadth of view such as long experience only can give, and comprehending not merely the material pathology, but the mental condition and the surrounding circumstances of the sufferer. He devised new and valuable operative methods, of which the free dissection in the case of cleft palate was perhaps the most important; although, in omitting to specify with anatomical detail the parts divided, he enabled a foreign surgeon to lay doubtful claim to an operation which he had himself really devised and first successfully performed.

"In surgery life often hangs upon the difficult decision what it is best to do. To do it afterwards is comparatively easy. As a good executive surgeon, possessing most of the lesser and more common attributes of modern surgical excellence, Dr. Warren was a cool and skilful operator, and possessed a desirable boldness or confidence so far that no timidity or hesitancy ever warped his judgment away from an operation of serious or critical character. Yet he was neither bold nor cool from any constitutional indifference or insensibility to giving pain; nor was he ever led into an operation hastily or indiscreetly by an undue desire for novelty or notoriety. Indeed, the extent of his surgical practice placed him beyond the reach of influences like these. But to a surgeon, his superiority was in his sound judgment and his great experience, — higher and rarer qualities than that mere mechanical dexterity in operating which in the ruder days of science was identified with it, as it is now often by the public at large and sometimes even by physicians.

"We cannot forget his gentle and high-bred courtesy of manner, never obsequious, nor in his case incompatible with a keen relish for social enjoyment; of late years combined with

somewhat less reserve, perhaps, than formerly, but always diffusing a genial influence, and gathering dignity from the purity of his character and the gentlemanlike quality of his sentiments. At the occasional discussions of his colleagues he did not shrink from a necessary expression of opinion; but he never expressed uncalled-for dissent, and often disarmed or qualified the opposition of those who differed from him by his uniform and manly urbanity. Those who were in frequent professional relations with him for many years will find it difficult to remember a word of disparagement or even criticism of his professional brethren, while it is easy to recall his earnest advocacy of the claims of those allied to him by ties of friendship or obligation. His interest in our own Board always continued; and when, at its last meeting at his house, only a few months ago, he said that while he lived he should be always happy to see us assembled there, he — though he alone of all those present — must have known that his mortal illness was upon him. Skilful in his calling and wise in counsel, he exerted by his social position, his fine temper, his breeding and the elevated tone of his mind, an influence in our Board and in our profession here, the loss of which will be long and profoundly felt.

"*Resolved*, That we recognize in our late colleague many of the attributes of a practitioner which are of greatest value to the community.

"In practice he was conservative and cautious, not prejudiced against novelty; on the contrary, quite ready enough to give it attention, but with sagacious discrimination; open to conviction as well against as for it; and in his relations with others, guiding unsteady minds, both of educated and uneducated persons, among the ever-intruding new and futile remedies, the unprofitable or pernicious expedients and advice, with which the path especially of the surgical sufferer is too often beset.

"But the measure of a usefulness to which his health alone set the limit was dependent upon qualities as well of the heart as of the head. The welfare of those with whom he dealt professionally seemed ever to preoccupy his mind. He visited them so cheerfully and assiduously, both at the hospital and elsewhere, even long after his disease had seriously impaired his strength and rendered all bodily exertion painfully laborious,

that one could not but pause and admire the courage and spirit which sustained him. If, during his active life, he had secured the confidence of his patients by his fidelity and by a decision of character which betrayed no doubt, he did more in winning their attachment by his unremitting kindness and attention, his discriminating perception of their character and wants, by his social qualities, his cordiality, and by the many traits which assured to him also a devoted affection in the nearer and narrower relations of his home."

These sentiments awakened many a responsive echo even from the other side of the Atlantic, where Dr. Warren had created a permanent respect for his talents and acquirements. In the "Dublin Quarterly Journal" for November, 1867, one reads: "America has lost in him one of her ablest sons, one whose reputation had long since reached these shores, as an earnest worker and most successful surgeon. This year has cost us many who stood in the position of well-nigh personal friends."[1]

The following tender and appreciative remembrance of Dr. Warren from his life-long friend Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, from which a short extract has been already given, needs not to be commended to any of the readers of this memoir in order to insure its perusal. Interesting in itself, it will bear an added grace and meaning in the minds of those who are aware how early the intimacy between these two eminent men began. It was an intimacy which gradually grew from small beginnings and at length deepened into mutual affection, as each realized the other's sterling merits and the profound stability of that broad basis on which their attachment actually rested.

[1] The summer of 1867 was sadly memorable in the medical and surgical professions. Reference has heretofore been made to the death of Velpeau in August of that year, while the preceding June had already witnessed the decease of the illustrious Civiale, the inventor of lithotrity; of Trousseau, the eminent physician and rival in fame of Velpeau; of Sir William Lawrence, and of other luminaries only less brilliant. In August Dr. James Jackson also passed from earth.

Death might sunder the tie that bound them together, but neither death nor time can ever extinguish in the mind of the survivor the sweet savor of its invigorating memory, —

"When memory
Is all that can remain —
The Indian summer of the soul,
That kindly comes again —
Reviving with its souvenirs
The loves and hopes of early years."

DEAR SIR, — I regret that I promised to write to you about my excellent friend Dr. J. Mason Warren. Not that I would not desire to express my warmest admiration of him as a man and as a professional associate, but because, although I knew and really loved him for many years, I have no incidents to relate which will materially aid his biographer.

Mason's life — all who knew him called him familiarly by his middle name — was, comparatively speaking, uneventful. He never thrust himself forward. He was satisfied with doing the daily round of duty and of courtesy, and the courteous gentleman performed these offices well.

I was in Paris with him. We occupied adjacent rooms at the Hôtel de l'Odéon, Place de l'Odéon, for nearly a year. But our lines of study lay in entirely different fields. I followed Louis and Andral and Chomel in medicine; he sought instruction in surgery at the feet of Dupuytren, Lisfranc, Velpeau, and Roux, whose cliniques I never attended because it seemed a waste of time for me to do so. But to Mason Warren, who was destined to ably fill the places of his grandfather and father in surgery, these great Paris surgeons were of incalculable advantage. Moreover, as I was desirous of learning to speak French as soon and as thoroughly as possible, I kept aloof to a certain degree from all Americans, and took my meals with French and Swiss medical and law students.

The result of these arrangements was that though living near him I rarely saw Mason, save when we accidentally met as neighbors. What I did know of him was always agreeable and of excellent tone, if I may so speak. No one ever heard aught against him. On the contrary, the record of his life, as written in the minds of all of us, was that of a pure-minded, earnest

youth, devoted to the high purpose of a thorough surgical education. This was in 1832 and 1833; and of all those Americans who were students with us, the memory of no one is sweeter than that I have of him.

After our return home we went on together always harmoniously, and in Mason's skill as a surgeon I had unbounded confidence after the following incident.

I had a very severe case of croup, — a child of one of my most intimate friends. An operation was needed, and as a matter of course I called upon Mason's father, Dr. John C. Warren, whom I had always looked upon as equal, if not superior, to any surgeon I had met, not only in America but in Europe. I supposed that, as I had requested, he would operate; and to my astonishment, not to use a stronger term, I saw the father, after making all arrangements for the operation, and without a single word of counsel from me, resign the scalpel into the hands of my young friend. It was too late to protest, and I simply thought within myself, "I put the responsibility on you, sir; and there it rests, even if you operate through the hands of another." But my satisfaction was more than I can express when I observed the skill of hand and perfect self-possession of Mason. His father knew to whom he could trust.

For myself I always, after that incident, called upon the junior, and he never failed to come up to my idea of the perfect surgeon.

Mason, I think, had another quality which is too often wanting in men skilled in any department; namely, a power of looking at dispassionately and deciding with fairness upon ideas and plans of action differing from those usually employed by himself and by other professional men, and to which, in fact, the general rules of our art were opposed.

I experienced his kindly courtesy and his willingness to inquire into a new subject very soon after I began operating upon the chest for removal of fluid therefrom by means of the delicate instrument suggested by Dr. Morrill Wyman. I knew that surgery did not uphold me, and I knew also that the usual operation for thoracentesis, as performed by surgeons, would not answer my purpose, which was to get fluid from the chest by a simple, comparatively easy and innocent process, instead of the bloody operation by scalpel.

Mason had seen this latter operation done by his father on one of my patients at the hospital. When I commenced operating, Mason, as I have stated, treated my suggestion with candor, and asked to be allowed to see me do it. I was no surgeon; but I felt compelled to operate, because the surgeons, except Dr. Wyman, opposed the plan. Mason, I may say, was the only professed surgeon who at first after seeing the process heartily sustained it, instead of ridiculing or ignoring it, as the chief surgeons of that day did. They all use Wyman's method now at first, though in chronic cases they use the scalpel.

I felt very grateful to Mason. I mention the fact simply to illustrate a trait in his character. It showed alike his kindness of heart and also his ability to look at more sides than one of any question.

During his long illness we all pitied him because we more than respected him.

I look back now with poignant regret at the thought that what I supposed was the result of a partial weakness of mind and of hypochondriasis was in reality only a desire to save himself from excruciating pains incident to that fatal complaint which finally caused his death after years of suffering.

I am sorry that I cannot give you anything of real value; but perhaps what I have written may suggest a thought or two to aid you in your undertaking. If in any way I can further aid you by conversation, I shall be happy to do so. A talk upon Mason Warren's life, and of his many gentle and excellent qualities, would always suggest to me pleasant and kindly thoughts, although perhaps at times accompanied with pain at the remembrance of his persistent suffering and ill-health.

I remain respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. WARREN'S CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS. — HIS HIGH IDEAL. — PROFESSIONAL RELATIONS. — PECULIAR MERITS BOTH AS SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. — AT THE HOSPITAL. — TREATMENT OF HIS PATIENTS AND THEIR ATTACHMENT TO HIM. — TENDERNESS OF HEART.

The numerous friends, professional and other, whom Dr. Warren gathered about him during his successful career, ever recognized, and the world at large gladly acknowledged, those sterling virtues with which he was so richly endowed. In life he ever stood prominently before them as the model of a manly character. Born under the smiles of fortune; enjoying the prestige of long-descended repute, ample talents, wealth, and social position, he regarded all these but as means to an end, and that a worthy one. They were but incentives to a noble goal, a goal of grander proportions and more difficult attainment from his own sense of responsibility for all the advantages he had inherited. His ideal was the natural offspring of his character, and he never forgot that all the more was expected of him from the very fact that fate had placed him on a higher pedestal than others. His love for his profession was such as neither furious tempests nor soft seductions could quench; and it quickened and inspired his life to the end with an enthusiasm which triumphed over failing health, acute pain, and a growing weakness that daily brought him nearer and nearer to inevitable death.

His energy with all its fervor was guided to great results by a judgment that was ever sound, penetrating, and

broad in its grasp of facts. His mind took in everything essential at a glance, and flashed through a rapid and shrewd analysis of the conditions displayed before him. Hardly any aspect of mental or bodily defect was hidden from his insight. Widely ranging, his intellectual vision saw every detail; and he quietly planned the future, like a general overlooking the field where glory is to be reaped on the morrow. With him no seed failed to germinate. But few years of active labor were needed to enrich him with a depth of experience which brought forth fruit an hundred fold, and ripened his judgment till it achieved notable effects from afar, and obstacles of forbidding mien bowed to the maturity of a perception almost unerring.[1] Though confidently relying upon the past, he was provident of the future, and had ever ready abundant resources against that pressure of events which none can foresee, and those possible disasters from which few are exempt. Even when aware of an impending crisis, the cool command of self for which he was so noted did not waver; and this calmness in extremity of itself did much to encourage those who had good reason to prepare for death.

It can be truly said of Dr. Warren that he never sought to advance himself by any adventitious aids, nor did he need them. Though quite willing in his own way to appear in certain contrasts with the rest of the fraternity, he disdained to employ for this purpose any unbecoming arts. Naturally responsive to high-minded impulses, he rejected with light scorn whatever failed to reach the height of his ideal. All external wiles he could afford to ignore, as he did every form of eccentricity, or of coldly calculating pretence to that which was not. Prompt to

[1] This is mentioned by Dr. Bowditch in the letter before quoted: "Mason, I think, had another quality which is too often wanting in men skilled in any department; namely, a power of looking at dispassionately and deciding with fairness upon ideas and plans of action differing from those usually employed by himself and by other professional men, and to which, in fact, the general rules of our art were opposed."

assert such rights as were properly his, he never attempted to challenge the popular esteem by proclamation of his own merits, by flippant innuendoes, or jealous depreciation of his brethren, such as the leaders of the faculty in France were wont to employ. In his strong, compact, and vigorous nature there was no room for petty meannesses. Open as the day, with nothing to conceal, with no dark background of ignoble mystery or unmeaning artifice, candid and bold, he was a man to live with and find no taint. No undue pride tarnished the success that so early attended him. He sought to rule solely by his own desert and by gentle influences, as one to whom all harshness or dictation was repulsive in the extreme. Singularly accessible, though screened from undue familiarity by a self-respecting reserve which was one of his peculiar attributes, from the very first he made himself beloved by every member of his profession, both old and young. To the former he was deferential and conciliatory; to the latter invariably helpful, omitting no opportunity to gain their confidence and show the real depth of his friendly interest. To them he seemed a very prince among surgeons, and none the less that his courteous manners and easy good-breeding did much towards toning down their often inborn roughness. Of rising talent he displayed no envy, nor was he capable of feeling it. Fresh and ardent aspirants in his profession were cordially cheered by well-placed encouragement, and not disheartened by derogatory remarks or carping criticism.

Gifted with a sensible apprehension of true progress, he saw the right way with penetrating insight, and eagerly, though with caution, pressed forward therein, seeking to lead others with steady step. Sensibly liberal, he was yet no radical. This was made plain at the time of the discovery of the anæsthetic value of ether. His course, when brought face to face with this new revelation of immunity to man, was that which might justly have been

inferred from his rare wisdom and enlightenment. Realizing in the full richness of their scope the blessings that had hitherto lain dormant, but were now suddenly outspread before him, like a second land of promise, his nimble, quick, and forgetive spirit gladly aided in imparting them to the world, though his wonted prudence forbade all haste or show of rashness. While none could discern more clearly than himself the possibilities of this dawning future, none could temper their dazzling brightness with a healthier discretion or a keener tact. This may serve as one of the more prominent instances of that stimulus, wholesome and well directed, which he so frequently gave to his profession, — a stimulus which few sensible souls could resist, and which to this day invigorates his memory and quickens it with an ever growing life in the minds of those who have the well-being of humanity at heart.

Never did any successful practitioner excite less envy or personal jealousy than Dr. Warren. There was among his associates no feeling of pique or expression of disparagement at his prosperity. Such feelings could hardly exist in presence of his genial spirit of conciliation and utter lack of assumption. When with his professional brethren, he claimed to be simply a gentleman among gentlemen. His easy suavity and good temper, his deferential courtesy of manner, placed all on a common level of consideration; and when he differed from them, as he not unfrequently did, though he resolutely held his own, it was with an affability which disarmed resentment, while it mellowed and refined all the crudeness of active enmity. Self-assertion in his case came not from vanity, but from that firmness of reliance which is born of conscious strength, and is less likely for that very reason to give offence. With him courage, self-poise, and thorough training early developed into a maturity and solidity of idea which never failed to offer the suggestion of high achieve-

ment and of great resources in the background, and none the less that they were well supported by that sound discernment of character which generally accompanies a large heart, and in him had been self-elaborated by culture and experience. Loving his life's labor with a quiet and ever youthful enthusiasm, he was always drawn on and on, out of the frivolous present into the serious future; and his regard for his profession forbade him to be ever looking over its edge for something easier and more pleasing. Crowning the narrow and simple path of duty, he saw the encouraging vista of a renown that from its desert would be the more satisfactory when attained. Always progressive, he realized the truth of Rousseau's maxim, "La vérité est dans les choses et non dans mon esprit qui les juge." By no means the least of the many wise results to which constant reflection led him was the gradual diminution in the quantity of medicine he prescribed, and his constantly increasing faith in the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

Responsive to the suggestions of a nature truly noble, Dr. Warren disdained everything base. From his own lofty ideal he calmly overlooked the weaknesses of others. Making no secret of his profession, he freely explained whatever might seem intricate, imparting with ample liberality from his own resources, and ready to assist any and all deserving claimants to the extent of his ability. Possessing an innate sense of justice and a far-sighted perception of merit in others, he acknowledged this promptly, and especially in those younger or less favored than himself, thus often helping to smooth paths strewn with obstacles to fruitful progress. His was a soul teeming with healthy impulses, and of a peerless fidelity, which elevated even the daily duties of life into a pure and reviving atmosphere. Justly led to believe in his own inspirations, he depended upon them with a growing firmness. With their shining in his heart he enjoyed an

ever growing peace, whatever outward friction might tend to raise or depress him.[1]

Dr. Warren was equally eminent, both as surgeon and physician, — a union seldom encountered, since few are so constituted that the qualities needed for success in the one calling do not tend to prevent, to a certain degree, distinction in the other. Only minds of large and unusual calibre can expect to excel equally in a profession that demands a quick grasp of the situation, promptness of action, a certain mechanical dexterity, a skilful hand, and the coolest of nerves, joined at times to a seeming if not actual harshness and cruelty, and in one where softness of demeanor, slow studies of mysterious and contradictory symptoms, nice detection of possible progress, and long and earnest reflection on constitutional peculiarities are the essential elements of success. As to his distinction as a surgeon, the simple mention thereof will suffice to bring clearly before the mind of every reader of this work a hundred illustrations in proof of its universal admission. "He always came up to my idea of a perfect surgeon," wrote Dr. Bowditch; and no utterance could be more completely satisfactory than this, especially to those who bear in mind that it came from a brother practitioner who has been so greatly praised himself. It is a further instance of the fact that Dr. Warren was not only one of whom his associates could feel no jealousy, but one whom it was a peculiar pleasure to enrich with their own commendation. In every phase of his professional work he was invariably master of himself, and

[1] Dr. Warren's sense of justice took a wide range, and often led to acts which failed to harmonize exactly with the general tone of his sympathies. He invariably tried to do that which was right, whatever might be the conflict with his own opinions, professional, political, religious, or other. On one occasion of much civic excitement in regard to an approaching election, he observed to a friend, "I find the name of a black man on my ticket. I don't think I can quite swallow him. I shall make some inquiries." Coming home shortly after, he said, "Well, I made my inquiries, and swallowed the whole prescription, as I discovered that the black man was the best one on the ticket."

therefore of the position. His grasp of all attending circumstances was quick and complete. His hand, *l'instrument des instruments*, was admirably adapted by its form and play to give expression to his mental workings. It was hardly broader than his wrist, the remarkable width of which enabled him easily to command fingers that were long, slender, and of peculiar flexibility, radiating from such a strong *point d'appui*. They were the fit and necessary agents in the performance of many operations where coolness of nerve and soundness of judgment must inevitably be followed by rapidity of execution, if success were to be expected. This was especially the case before the discovery of ether, when celerity of movement was more indispensable than now and one might say absolutely so to a nature like that of Dr. Warren, who was ever sensitive to pain and trouble. Though the sight of the acute anguish caused him much distress, he did not allow it to unman him; yet there were occasions when this might have occurred had not stern self-control and concentration of power been supplemented by the most agile and dexterous co-operation of the hands. Thus he was able to reduce to its minimum the pain he could not wholly prevent, and, impelled by generous motives, kept himself free from that hardness of nature and loss of sympathy which his profession appears unavoidably to develop in many of its members. And such he always continued to be. Aware that it was his mission to save life, he sought to effect this with the least possible suffering to those who resorted to him; and so a life that was at all times broad in its aims broadened likewise in its tenderness of feeling.[1]

[1] Of Dr. Warren's skill and rapidity many instances are related. A patient called with a tumor on his head. The Doctor examined, took his instruments, and to the anxious watcher seemed carefully preparing himself for the operation. At length the patient said, "Well, Doctor, are n't you about ready to begin?" "It is all done," was the reply of the operator, who had removed the tumor, and was already putting his implements away in their cases.

In a note to the writer of this memoir, Dr. John Ellis Blake, a former pupil of

During all his long connection as visiting surgeon with the Massachusetts General Hospital, where Dr. Warren gave so much of the best that was in him, nothing could exceed his popularity. His large acquirements, his dexterity of hand, his ready sympathies, were at the service of all indifferently; and not these alone, but he was equally lavish of those engaging attentions which made him so welcome to patients who had apparently stronger claims upon him. That the greater part of the hospital inmates were needy, and of a lower station than his own, was nothing to him, and nowise influenced his treatment of them. He shrank from no exertion in their behalf, and the very helplessness and destitution he so often witnessed among them but served to commend them the more urgently to his good offices. Many were the words of cheer that he dispensed as he moved from bed to bed, from ward to ward. They were but the dictates of a natural kindliness which flowed with the sunny brightness of running water. Nor did his care of his patients cease with the performance of his more essential duties. Those on whom he had operated continued the objects of his interest till it was no longer needed. He was by no means satisfied to leave them to the ordinary attendants, but he made a practice of visiting them soon again, that he might satisfy himself as to their condition and see that nought was lacking for their comfort. Not unfrequently he took them flowers, or other little offerings that might please and encourage. Later in life it was his habit to bring his children with him on these occa-

Dr. Warren, says: "His manner to all, high and low, was most courteous and gentle, inspiring confidence at once. The best interests of the patients were with him always the paramount consideration, and he would never sacrifice them to any desire for personal fame. I remember once, at a time when there were present by invitation a number of distinguished surgeons from other cities, he postponed an operation which could not have failed to show his skill in the most favorable light, because the patient was a little indisposed. He was unwilling, from any motive of self-interest, to endanger the patient's chances of recovery. The operation was afterwards done most successfully in the presence of the hospital staff only."

sions, partly from fondness for their company, partly from their inspiriting effect on the sufferers. "Come, my little ladies," he would say in his blithe and sportive tones, "shall we go and see how the patients are getting on?" And off they would start on their errand of mercy.

As a physician Dr. Warren possessed a remarkable sense of the peculiar ailments of his patients and a shrewd appreciation of their symptoms. His diagnosis was generally rapid and correct, and often resulted from some crucial test on which his observation had taught him to rely. This arose not more from long experience than from quickness of perception that had been stimulated by his own delicate organization and uncertain health. The aptitude with which he detected the special troubles and wants of his patients was accompanied by an equal aptitude for relieving them. Especially was this true of those minor discomforts which are the source of perpetual irritation, and can yet be remedied by tact and discernment. As a nurse no one could be more efficient than he in the proffer of those little alleviations which, through their apparent insignificance, are so seldom estimated at their true value, and yet are so grateful to the ailing. He never overlooked the import of these slight attentions, but estimated them at their real value, being conscious, moreover, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. His influence over those who sought his advice was both strong and lasting. They became his friends from the first, and generally, in the end, his admirers; and the attachment thus based on both love and esteem almost inevitably endured to the end. He was not one to weaken the connection by any act of his, since he was not only professionally true to his patients, but was the very soul of honor as well, and scorned all furtive or devious ways.

In the society of one so beaming with comfort, so ready to point out the silver lining of that cloud which

often overhangs and darkens our poor humanity, there were not many who could fail, for the time at least, to detect a brighter dawning beyond all the depression that blackened their lives. Nor did his patients yield less surely and pleasurably to that tact which Dr. Warren ever evinced, — a tact which silently admitted that the patient was for the moment, whatever his position, on the same level as himself, and was entitled to that urbanity and consideration which were so peculiarly his own. He was a gentleman ministering of his best to gentlemen or ladies; and all breathed while he attended upon them the same fine air as himself, the effluence of hereditary courtesy and good taste. He dispensed a grateful aroma of old-time affability, flavored by a sympathy the fervor and sincerity of which none were disposed to question. However pressing the claims upon his time, or with whatever authority these might be urged, an inherent conscientiousness would not suffer him to tender less than full justice to all, or to refuse to any one, however humble might be his class or condition, the courtesy that he felt to be his due; nor was this courtesy suffered to degenerate into the frigid and conventional civilities that so often wait upon a fee, but had all the aspect of a personal concern, and was utterly void of any sign of rigor or dictation. Often his patient was favored with a witty *bon-mot* or lively anecdote, of which he had good store. When he had thus smoothed the way, and done his best to excite a gayer feeling and a partial oblivion of trouble, he would say, "Now what is the matter, and what can I do for you?" His very prescriptions at times were leavened with fun and humor, which would bubble up like a never-failing spring of cooling and refreshing vigor. He had a clear perception of the value of cheerfulness as an aid towards the recovery of health. No one understood better than he that a sad countenance invites failure, and presages funereal trappings and suits of woe. Even in

her earliest infancy, medical experience had discovered this truth. The oldest manuscript yet found records the saying of the Egyptian physician, "Let thy face be cheerful as long as thou livest; has any one come out of the coffin after having once entered it?" Dr. Warren was an obvious contradiction of the French theory that his profession was "le plus triste des métiers." Even when racked with pain himself, he never ceased to display that all-pervading genial smile which by its mild lustre disclosed a heart ever ready to revive and console. However serious the condition of the sick one, he never allowed himself to assume an expression of sadness; and this no less from natural temperament than from policy, and an inherent sagacity which was daily strengthened by the results of his experience.[1]

It frequently happened that long attachment begot other confidences than those usually reposed in a physician, and he became the recipient of numerous secrets of importance from those who had learned to esteem his judgment and saw the worth of his advice. Such confidences he was careful to guard with diligence and use with caution, well aware that any indiscreet employment thereof might entail irreparable mischief, alarm, and expense. Many were the tokens bestowed upon him by those who had profited, either professionally or otherwise, by his sound sense and skill, and desired to offer a

[1] Of the Rev. Mr. Nathanael Williams, who in 1703 was appointed master of the Latin School — "the then only Publick and Free Grammar School of this Great Town; the Principal School of the British Colonies, if not of all America" — and who still continued to practise as a physician, it was said: "He was much concerned for all his Patients, tender of them, careful in attending them, made up his more important Medicines with his own Hands; gave those whom he tho't proper, wise and pious Counsels; and at their Desire often added his suitable & gracious Prayers in their dying Sicknesses. He helped the Families of his Pastors and the Poor *Gratis;* and yet as careful of them, as if he had his Fees. And how encouraging his lively Voice & Countenance when he came into our Chambers! They did good like a Medicine, revived our Spirits and lightened our Maladies." — *Funeral Sermon by Rev. Thomas Prince, M.A.* Delivered Jan. 15, 1738.

permanent recognition thereof.[1] These took various forms, according to the taste or means of the donors; and Dr. Warren's family still preserve numerous works of art in gold, silver, bronze, or other material, wrought into shapes of beauty well pleasing to a cultivated mind. From Mrs. Isaac P. Davis came a valuable picture by an old Spanish master; from another friend a group exquisitely modelled in bronze by Barbedienne; from a third, a statuette of Lorenzo de' Medici; from another, a silver dish of great value and elegance. The relatives of Daniel Webster presented him with a handsome salver of solid silver, as an acknowledgment of those assiduities which he was so glad to bestow on their illustrious father during his last illness. These and various other reminders of the deference and affection paid to Dr. Warren are now guarded by his children as heirlooms to be forever cherished.[2]

Nor was the high opinion of Dr. Warren which was entertained by those who were able to offer such costly

[1] Not a few families had been from one generation to another under the care of the Warrens, so that they might almost have been termed the hereditary patients of Dr. Mason Warren. In such cases as these the mutual interest was firm and deep, and rarely did it succumb to any alien influence. Under date of Oct. 29, 1865, Dr. Warren writes in his journal: "Mrs. Doggett says that her grandmother was attended by Gen. Joseph Warren, her mother by John Warren, and she has been attended by my father and myself. She is eighty-four years old, and still well. Took Collins to see her."

[2] The reader may not be uninterested to learn that Dr. Warren's fees were unusually small, and to the practitioners of this generation would appear in many instances absurdly so. He disliked anything like an undue estimate of his abilities, and really charged much less than others for his professional work. When his health began to fail, and it was suggested by some of his intimate friends among the fraternity that he ought to ask more and work less, he peremptorily refused even to take it into consideration. He derived one of his choicest pleasures from the gratified and unconcealed delight manifested by some at the small amount of their bills. In his journal one reads: "1859, *Nov.* 17. — Rev. Dr. —— left me yesterday well, and insisted on paying me one hundred and fifty dollars, though I asked him only fifty." One day a Western man came in, and after finding great relief from a somewhat complicated operation, expressed his astonishment at the small amount of the fee required. It was but ten dollars, and to pay it he produced two bills of fifty dollars each, evidently expecting to have been called upon for both of them. Instances like these were very liberally scattered along Dr. Warren's path to the end of his days.

gifts in any degree lessened by their knowledge that he was just to all, and quite as willing to bestow his skill and his kindly attentions upon the poor as well as upon the rich. To the former he was in fact particularly courteous and generous, abounding in provisions for their comfort and never overlooking even the humblest of them. He assumed no airs of patronage, but, careful of their feelings, treated them with a politeness — that true politeness which, like great thoughts, comes from the heart — which increased their self-respect while it did not lower his own, since it made them sensible of a common manhood and tended to raise them to a higher self-respect. Understanding that which was due to himself, Dr. Warren was equally mindful of that which was due to others, and was prompt to render it. He had in perfection the art of rendering to every one what was socially his right, and in any company where he might be placed was the master of an easy good-breeding. The gratitude of his less prosperous patients was very agreeable to Dr. Warren, and was displayed with as great strength and frequency by them as by others more favored. They could not present him with silver or gold, but they were ready to manifest their thanks by such means as they possessed. Now and again messages quivering with fluent gratitude would come to him from one or another of his beneficiaries; at times halting lines of uncouth though expressive poetry, or letters quaintly worded but rich with affluence of creditable feeling. In these he would often find a quiet enjoyment, flowing both from the fervor of their acknowledgments and from the unwitting drollery of their style and language. Says one: —

"All I can offer is my fervent thanks and deep and heartfelt gratitude, which will cease only with my life. If the consciousness that you will always live in the hearts of those who through your benevolence have been raised from despondency and made to rejoice can afford you satisfaction, it is yours."

To this it may not be amiss to add one further testimony to the excellences of Dr. Warren's character, the interest in which is not a little increased by the thought that it was written in the face of impending death.

DR. WARREN:

DEAR SIR, — I feel as if I could not die without expressing some of the feelings which I have toward you. Your kindness and attention to our family, the sympathy always expressed (to say nothing of your generosity), have made you in my eyes, even from a child, the object of heartfelt respect and sincere affection. Your kind attentions to my brothers, and, above all, to my mother, now that they have gone, I have thought of much in this my last sickness; and as to-day is the last that I expect to see on earth I cannot refrain from leaving this line for you.

When I saw your name among those who so narrowly escaped death on the Norwalk Railroad, and that you sailed in the steamer which followed the ill-fated "Arctic" rather than in her, I could not but feel that if guardian angels are appointed to watch over those loved on earth, some of my family were among those permitted by God to watch over you, and I well know they would want no more welcome mission.

I have been very sick the past month. Great would have been the comfort to me to have seen you, and have had your skill and experience in my case, which has been peculiar in many of its features; but I could not think of taxing you with all your cares to come out and see me.

I can leave no better wish for you and yours than that the same glorious hope which has sustained me in my sufferings, and renders this the happiest day of my life, may be yours when called to that hour to which I am now looking forward.

With much love I am your faithful friend,

——— ———.

BROOKLINE, Feb. 26, 1855.

Dr. Warren's constant tenderness of heart made him peculiarly sensible to every form of misery or sorrow. Each example of this which came under his notice impressed him as a sort of personal appeal which he found it almost impossible to resist, nor, had he been able to

resist, would he have done so, as a liberal charity was with him a matter of conscience. His purse, his tongue, his skilful hand, his generous sympathies, were invariably at the service of poverty, sickness, or other phase of human distress. Not a ripple of trouble moved across his vision that he did not try to still it. Many a time and oft it was his fortune to excite in natures apparently apathetic a torrent of feeling that would find vent in burning language which through the fulness of its utterance would show how deeply the heart had been touched, both by his well-directed energy and by his cordial and sincere beneficence. Having once been summoned to the help of an Irish boy whose hip had been dislocated while trying to save a child from a runaway horse, Dr. Warren performed the operation with his usual success, setting the bone, and doing all in his power to allay the pain and to comfort the fears of the sufferer. Not satisfied with this, as he noticed that the boy had more intelligence than most of his class, he explained with much minuteness the nature of the injury, and instructed him how to favor the injured part and thus aid his recovery; afterwards even showing him a skeleton that he might more clearly comprehend the anatomy of his body. All this he did in an interested and enthusiastic way that revealed his native goodness of heart, and actually drew tears of gratitude from the poor fellow's eyes in acknowledgment of a kindness such as he had never before witnessed, still less experienced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. WARREN'S YOUTHFUL SYMPATHIES. — HIS CHILDREN. — "MOUNT WARREN." — AN IDEAL HOME. — HIS SENSE OF HUMOR AND DESCRIPTIVE POWERS. — DROLLERIES OF PATIENTS. — AN ADMIRABLE STORY-TELLER. — THE THURSDAY EVENING CLUB. — RESEMBLANCE TO DR. JOHN WARREN.

DR. WARREN retained to the end of his days a large share of that simple childlike nature which has so often been observed in eminent men from the remotest times, and which had been characteristic of him from his youth. The company of children pleased him well, and he derived a peculiar gratification from listening to their droll remarks and studying their ways. With a relish that never tired he loved to unbend in their society for the moment and become himself a child. He always had "a great dash of the boy" still in him, — the outcome of perennial youth of mind, of heart, of soul. Its development caused him rare and healthy delight. With the young he was as popular as with those of his own age. They liked him, and gladly received him at once into their little confidences, expanding in the sunlight of his genial nature, and overflowing with returning love for the attentions he bestowed upon them. Nor was there in all this intercourse aught undignified or puerile, nor did he cease to win their respect, though for the time he and they were on an equal footing of cordiality and friendship. Their sports drew forth his lively consideration; and especially did he unite in their love of the country and the myriad

phases of rural life, so dear to all of tender years, with its birds and butterflies, its flowers and greenness. He knew well how to treat children, and all his dealings showed a remarkable knowledge of their often peculiar temperaments. As to boys, no one could excel his apprehension of their quick susceptibilities, of their precocious manliness, of all their mysterious ways and oddities. He frequently paid tribute to the justice of Juvenal's sentiment, "Maxima debetur puero reverentia."

"If you wish to find out anything," he was wont to say, "stop and ask a boy." Having a quick sagacity of observation and rare experience of humanity, he would early detect in a boy or girl many a sign of promise, hidden from one less keen, which would be vindicated in the growth of years.

Dr. Warren's children from the very dawn of their infancy were the light of his life. The affectionate relations which existed between him and them were charming to witness. They daily renewed his youth and brightened with their vivacity a mind at times oppressed with care and dulled by the increasing routine of an exacting and toilsome profession. At home or abroad they were never out of his mind; and whenever he could manage to do this, he was accustomed to take one or more of them with him on his visits in the suburbs of Boston. He watched the unfolding of their characters with a tender solicitude, as when one bends over the bud of some favorite plant about to expand its delicate petals; and, like the sun, he sought to warm them with his love, and by every fond allurement to nourish their unformed natures into purity, grace, and symmetry. Nothing gave him more unalloyed satisfaction than to detect some new sign of their progress in the path that he had marked out for them. This he was prompt to recognize; and he would often, after it had become habitual, call attention thereto and strive to fix it firmly in the memory by a happy and encouraging epi-

thet. One of his daughters he termed his "little mother," thus seeking to show his appreciation of her prudent management in his household, and her mature, womanly character; and yet again, on account of her tranquillizing influence over the family, he called her "the peacemaker." So closely was his existence blended with that of his children that the veriest trifle was endeared to him by their use thereof, and no article was too trivial for him to preserve as a souvenir of their past.[1] The toys that had once belonged to them, the books they had read, trifling portions of their dress, retained in his eyes a certain preciousness and sanctity long after their owners had done with them; and many of these he would put away in a safe nook, where he could occasionally meet with them, like little oases to cheer his pilgrimage. Their first odd little attempts at drawing or poetry, and divers other offerings by which they manifested their affection on memorable days, he carefully pasted in an album for future reference. All such objects had to him a vital meaning, and never ceased to unfold whole realms of enjoyment.

He derived a choice gratification from having his portrait taken with those of his children — daguerreotype, ambrotype, photograph, or what not, he had tried them

[1] This affectionate interest steadily increased with age, and his growing family gave him daily renewed opportunities of displaying it in innumerable forms, and thus showing his healthy temperament and his capacity for pure and simple pleasures. The only grandchild born during his life was welcomed as a fresh object of love and devotion, and in his journal one reads his name with a frequency that reveals the continual presence of the child in his mind. "*June* 5, 1866. — Baby dined with us on Saturday, and after dinner I told him to look out into the street and see what was there. 'A pony!' he exclaimed. I took him downstairs, and he got on to the little broad-backed creature, with a new saddle and bridle which I had bought at Bailey's in the morning. He is one of the English Exmouth breed, and very tame. He rode at once down Beacon Street, with the groom leading him, to visit his friends. He said he had been 'pulling bones' (wishing-bones) for two years for him." "Baby" was to him a source of perennial delight. A few weeks before his death he wrote in his journal: "*May 25th.* — Mrs. Hammond and Baby dined with us; and his pony, Scamper, which I gave him about a year ago, was brought up for him after dinner."

all — in every possible style, dress, attitude, expression, or combination that could be suggested by the taste of the artist or by his own ingenuity. It was a sort of chronic domestic dissipation, and the evidences thereof now existing are innumerable. One of these represents the father, mother, and all their offspring then living, except their son who was in Europe, under the guise of "Mount Warren." They formed a pyramidal group, of which his own head served as the apex, while a space, cunningly contrived to be of the right proportions, was reserved for the absent one. This amusing and felicitous illustration of the family union was a great favorite with Dr. Warren among the abundant groups in his possession; and it was pleasant to notice the affectionate and complacent pride with which he looked upon it, none the less in all probability from the tinge of melancholy suggested by the fact that the name it bore was likewise that of the lot in the cemetery at Forest Hills, where he and they all one day might hope to repose in peace together.

With a father so devoted and so full of thoughtful care for his household, it is not strange that the retreat Dr. Warren provided for his wife and children was a model in its every feature. Gentle influences hedged it round and pervaded it throughout, and there was no hindrance to their harmonious working. Many have striven to build up an ideal home, but few have been favored with success in this regard so completely as Dr. Warren. It was the natural result of his untiring efforts in that direction, of his well-directed watchfulness, his care and tact, his all-pervading parental affection, — of all those qualities, in short, which spring up with fresh and always quickening life in the mind of one to whose happiness a well-ordered house is essential, and who discerns from afar the elements necessary to its creation. No one was more impressed than Dr. Warren with the truth of the saying that "People must look at home for real, substantial happiness,

since it is impossible to find it for any length of time elsewhere." Of this he himself was an obvious example, and he lived to prove that one may be a man of the world without the loss or even the diminution of his fondness for the pure pleasures of domestic life.[1] In his family he found a haven of rest, and at his fireside he enjoyed the choicest pleasures that the passing hours could afford. In that sweet seclusion his happiest days were spent in the society of wife and children, who were all in all to him, and to whom he looked, and not in vain, for a return of that wealth of affectionate care which he lavished on them. His household moved on with the regularity and precision of well-planned machinery, and the placid content with which he contemplated everything around him revealed his satisfaction. His tastes were simple. He liked a lively chat with his children, or a quiet evening with his wife, when he would often turn over the leaves of some favorite volume of engravings, works of the old masters, — the Dresden Gallery, for example, — in which he especially delighted, and call her attention to their endless beauties. While thus engaged he was sumptuously happy. Whether with one or more, he was invariably good company. Conversation never languished in his presence. His very features and expression seemed to stimulate it, and it would have been impossible to sit in silence before those speaking eyes. He appeared to be always surrounded by an atmosphere of sunny gladness, which had a magnetic

[1] Not only in other features, but in affection and domestic attachment, did the Warrens manifest a striking family similitude. This was prominent among the numerous traits which served to recall the memory of Dr. John Warren in his grandson Mason. Said Dr. James Jackson in his eulogy of the former: "Could we be permitted to follow him into the sacred retreats of domestic life, and to view him in the delicate and endearing relations which he there sustained, his character would swell upon the eye in colors still more rich, still more grateful. It was there his happiness centred. In that connection, which decides everything in respect to domestic enjoyment, he found his greatest felicity. He was truly blessed in a large family; and the intercourse between parent and children was marked with all the tenderness of affection on his side, as it was reciprocated by the confidence and respect of sincere filial love."

effect on others, and brought their better qualities of heart and mind to the surface. "The unlovely fret and folly of common life" retired afar off with their earthy and belittling friction. Nor did this depend upon extraneous circumstances. Be his dwelling large or small, it made no difference to a nature which stood in itself collected. Over the door of his residence at No. 6 Park Street — a little atom of a house — might have been inscribed the familiar motto which Ariosto chose for his abode at Ferrara, "Parva sed apta mihi." For the time being it was perfect in his estimation, and, like sunshine in a shady place, filled up the measure of his desires. Looking around him one day, his face beaming with satisfaction, he said, "I do not see why this is not quite equal to the —— mansion," mentioning the largest and most luxurious dwelling in his neighborhood.

He had a catholic appreciation of the beautiful, under whatever shape it might lurk, — in the shape of woman or the form of man, in the faintest strain of melody or the humblest flower, — nor was he chary in the expression of his delight. His attachment for places once endeared to him was most tenacious, so deeply seated became feelings that had formerly excited him, and so powerfully did circumstances call them up again. Of the house No. 2 Park Street, that he last occupied, he remarked, "Here was I born, and here will I die;" and he derived no little comfort from the fact that the very room which witnessed his advent into the world would behold also his departure therefrom, and the close of a career which so fully illustrated the lines of the Persian poet, —

> "On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
> Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
> So live that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
> Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep."

To his children, and in fact to all who spent much of their time in his company, Dr. Warren was a continual

instructor. His whole organization was so delicate, so nicely blended; his character was so true, so thoroughly unselfish, and so entirely free from the ugly pride of negation; his pure morality was so beautified by the invigorating verdure of good temper,— that his daily life wrought upon all about him by a thousand influences which, though unnoticed at the time, were powerful for good in the end. No circumstance, however annoying,— and there were occasions when he was sorely tried,— ever tempted him to the display of any vexation. His easy good-breeding appeared to those who knew him the proper issue of his amiable qualities of heart and soul, and notably of that sensitiveness which was so peculiarly his. This was almost an instinct, and in consequence rarely at fault, often displaying itself through a subtile discrimination. As he practised a temperance in all things, one was conscious in his presence of a powerful reserve of self-command. In his every action one detected a certain air which became him like a well-fitting garment, a lordliness that never gave offence and was far removed from the cold artifices of mere deportment. He was no Gibraltar of propriety, forbidding and repellent. He desired to do everything becomingly, and, however slight it might appear, never failed to impress a character upon it.

The unusual virtue of punctuality belonged to Dr. Warren in its perfection. Prompt himself to every engagement, as might have been inferred from his general moral earnestness, he could not bring himself to endure tardiness in others. Under his own roof nothing of the sort was permitted, except from inevitable obstacles, and at meals he exacted a Draconian attendance. Any failure in this regard he looked upon as both inconsiderate and discourteous. As a host and entertainer he was in his element. Generous by nature, and liberal of his purse, though with a wholesome and

judicious retention when he thought it necessary, as of one who did not like to waste his money, he was able to maintain the full measure of a liberal and popular hospitality.

Nothing adds a greater charm to the society of a well-bred man than a sense of humor, and of this Dr. Warren offered a fascinating example. In him this quality of mind peculiarly illustrated Lord Houghton's remark: "The sense of humor is the just balance of all the faculties of man, the best security against the pride of knowledge and the conceits of the imagination, the strongest inducement to submit with a wise and pious patience to the vicissitudes of human existence." Dr. Warren's feeling for the comical aspects of human nature needed but little stimulus to bring it to the surface. It was the involuntary offspring of his own genial temperament, and played to and fro with the easy freedom of heat lightning, flashing though never wounding. It was void of artifice, flippancy, or frivolity, and its genuineness was plain to all who shared it. Having this faculty well under control, and never losing his consciousness of self, Dr. Warren knew just how far to allow it to range, and was careful not to suffer it to degenerate into buffoonery. Also was he sparing of everything that might hurt the feelings of others, or hold them up to ridicule. He never sacrificed his friend to his joke. Having a nice insight into men and things, he was the better able to adapt his matter to his hearers, and temper his facetiousness by a due regard for their sympathies. In these attributes of humor and good-nature he was thoroughly American, and that in their most winning shape. For their display his practice gave him abundant and ever-growing opportunities, and the droll revelations of his patients alone would have kept him well supplied with illustrations of their working. The characteristics of the humbler class among those who resorted to him for ad-

vice fully indemnified him in many cases for the lack of other compensation; and their queer evasions of propriety, their crude ideas, and the picturesque language in which they set before him their ailments gave him unspeakable delight. These peculiarities he shelved in the recesses of his brain for future use; and though he listened with commendable patience and an air of serious concern, one might infer from his gleaming eyes that he was reading their stories between the lines. When he was at ease with his friends these were drawn forth for their delectation, and certainly lost nothing in the telling. In bland, melodious voice he would produce them, as he accented every phrase with many felicities of descriptive fancy and graphic gestures. His whole tone and manner were inimitable, and those who had once listened to his lively descriptions were so impressed with their attractiveness that they seldom dared to run the risk of repeating them. While passing to and fro between Boston and Nahant, where he was accustomed to spend his summers, the little steamer was frequently the scene of these entertainments. Taking his place in a corner of the saloon, where he could be sheltered from any possible draught, to which he had an almost French or Italian aversion, he would quickly make himself the centre of an admiring knot of friends, whom he would fascinate as long as the voyage lasted by an incessant flow of odd anecdotes and funny stories, mostly from his personal experience or observation. In this respect, again, he recalled his distinguished *confrère*, Sir Astley Cooper, whom his biographer reports as "constantly pouring forth a fund of anecdote, chiefly illustrative of the scenes of his long and eventful life, and relating in many instances to ludicrous or remarkable circumstances in the history of some of his professional brethren, all told in such a way as to convince one that he possessed an innate love for fun or mischief, so refined, however, by benevolence as never to

wound or tarnish the characters of those whose peculiarities or infirmities he portrayed.[1]

Dr. Warren for years attended an old gentleman living in his neighborhood, whose singularities appeared to increase with every visit. Having finally worn himself out with his freaks, and exhausted the patience of every one about him, the veteran became too infirm to quit his chair, where he would sit planning fresh mischief. If the Doctor, after listening to his various symptoms, suggested anything for his refreshment, as gruel, beef tea, or whatever else might seem desirable, he would say, with a mingled expression of malice and amiability, "Yes, Doctor, I will order it at once." Thereupon seizing the bell-handle, he would pull it to and fro and up and down pertinaciously, without once relaxing his efforts till the servant, eager to "silence that dreadful bell," made her appearance. "You see, Doctor, I always ring till they come," he would invariably observe, while a grin of unspeakable delight lit up his face, and seemed for the moment to invigorate his whole system. Ultimately this troublesome old invalid was constrained to take his final refuge in bed, where he employed his failing intellect in devising new torments for his heirs and attendants. His ingenuity long seemed inexhaustible, though fortunately for the peace of the household, he was unable to get at the bell. At last he bethought himself of total silence as an engine of aggravation, and for some days not a word could be drawn from him by threats, cajolery, or soft persuasion. His children, now greatly alarmed, hung over him with many endearments. "Speak, dear father, if it be but one word," they exclaimed again and again. For days this obstinacy continued; but at length his lips parted, and while his sorrowful issue could hardly repress the

[1] "Everything Sir Astley Cooper said and did produced a double effect from his manner and its accompaniments. His voice was remarkably sweet, yet sonorous. He was one of the handsomest men of his day, and perfectly self-possessed."—*Address before the American Medical Association by Dr. J. C. Warren*, 1850.

eagerness of their expectation, he uttered the simple word "Custards;" and this, for want of a better, his family were fain to accept as his last dying message, for he persisted to the end in refusing to impart any other.

Dr. Warren was wont to tell a story of one of his female patients which afforded him much amusement at the time the incident occurred, and much more afterwards, though on some of his brethren a similar experience might have had a different effect. For a number of years he had been in the habit of giving his professional services to a lady in reduced circumstances, whom he regarded as hardly able to offer him any compensation. At length she ceased to consult him, and he did not see her for a long time. Happening to meet her one day in the street, he accosted her: "Why, Mrs. ——, what has become of you that you have not been near me for so many months?" To which she replied, with *naïve* simplicity, "Well, the fact is, Dr. Warren, I did n't seem to gain very much, and so I thought I 'd consult a pay-doctor." As this answer put an effectual stop to further colloquy, the parties separated, though Dr. Warren retained a gleeful recollection of the affair to the last, and often narrated it with much zest.

Dr. Warren's reputation as a *raconteur* held its own to the last, while his large and ever-widening experience daily increased it. Being very sensitive to new impressions, and favored with a prompt appreciation of any eccentricity, his supply of novelties in that field never dwindled; all the more, from the great variety of people with whom he was necessarily brought in contact. Later in life he was wont to speak, as he wrote, in short, compact, incisive sentences, well packed with the material which his tenacious memory and ready sympathies enabled him to keep ready for instant use. An earnest, persuasive delivery, a bland and harmonious voice, united to a refined air and a genial smile, gave his utterance a

vitality of its own. Never was he more entirely himself than when he thus poured forth his mind at his own table, and the pellucid current of his thought flowed full and free. Though he could not excel as a lecturer on account of the long-continued strain upon his vocal organs, yet on other occasions and with a less numerous audience he was wont to speak with much effect and not a little eloquence; the more so that experience had taught him to economize his voice and make the most of such resources as he might possess.

Owing to his birth and position, Dr. Warren was, of course, from the beginning of his career brought into relations more or less close with those who were most prominent in his own city, whether socially or otherwise. He fully appreciated his situation in this respect; and his refined sympathies and self-regard naturally led him to commend himself to his own order, though he went decidedly farther than the mere assertion of his own claim to rank with the best society. Especially did he seek to promote whatever seemed most fitly to concern the vital interests of his native city. As in his youth he had not consorted with contemporary idlers, but with the highest and maturest natures that the free commonwealth of good society brought within his reach, so in his maturer years did he favor such intellectual development as might flow from literature, art, science, or other phase of excellence. With the most prominent, the worthiest, and ablest men in every department he made it his aim to be familiar, and was prompt to pay cordial tribute to their talents, while they invariably derived a peculiar pleasure from the companionship of one who had so often been praised himself. He was ready to detect all that was really valuable, and by taking it within the compass of his own observation, to adapt it, so far as was possible, for his professional use. Thus at times the crude thoughts of others, exposed to the diligent action of his mind, found

themselves expanded into fresh and wider forms of usefulness, the poetry of one becoming in this way practical and useful in another, and quickened into unwonted strength and vigor.

Of the Thursday Evening Club, which his father founded on the most broad and liberal principles, with the idea of periodically bringing together all those whose especial talents in any direction might add to the real progress of society, Dr. Warren was from the first a leading member. He regarded it, to a certain extent, as a sort of family institution. He identified himself with its prosperity, and never failed to employ his best endeavor to keep it up to its original standard of efficient working. It still flourishes, and still bears the impress of that zeal with which he inspired it during his whole life. Regularly every winter he entertained its members at his own house with sumptuous hospitality, and always with the addition of really valuable contributions to its intellectual record. Not unfrequently he presented the results of his own discovery or observation, whenever he might have met with anything that he regarded of solid merit.

The same feeling of liberal and sensible interest Dr. Warren manifested towards the Society of the Cincinnati. This feeling was partly patriotic, partly ancestral. His father was chosen an honorary member thereof in 1847, and a full member in 1854, in a manner most flattering to his self-esteem, while he himself was elected to represent the Warren family in 1863.

It has often been noticed, in the history of families, that qualities and peculiarities apparent in one generation vanish almost wholly in the next, while in the third they reappear with not a little of their former strength. Of this Dr. Warren offered in many respects a remarkable illustration. Reference has heretofore been made to several of the more prominent attributes which he probably inherited from his celebrated grandfather, Dr. John

Warren; and no one familiar with the lives of these men could fail to be impressed with the number and strength of the affinities they developed with increasing years. So close was this similarity, that the eulogy on the character of Dr. John Warren which was pronounced shortly after his decease by Dr. James Jackson might serve to present again to the world, in many of its details, the attributes of his grandson. In "the quick and acute perception, the lively and strong imagination, the tenacious memory, the rapid judgment, the prompt and decided actions" specified by his eulogist as peculiar to the elder Warren, we recognize the coming merits of his successor, and quite as distinctly when he goes on to say: —

"He was liable, sometimes from ill health, and always from the afflictions common to our race, to have his spirits greatly depressed. It was not gloom; it was, especially when from moral causes, an affection which had more of passion and more of tenderness. But this affection was never of long continuance, though sometimes violent; for there was a peculiar elasticity in both his moral and physical constitution, and he was quickly restored to that quickness and vivacity of temper which spread sunshine on all about him.

"In his deportment there was nothing imposing, yet his manners were exceedingly graceful. He had the affability and dignity of true politeness. To the young and the humble he was always accessible and singularly agreeable. From this cause the junior members of our profession were extremely fond of consulting with him; for while they were sure of benefit from his advice they had never to apprehend that they should be borne down by the display of his superiority."

In the memoir of Dr. John Warren to be found in Thacher's "Medical Biography," many other details are given which still further reveal these family similitudes. The writer speaks at length of —

"his temperance, his love for the country, the deep inroads made by the severity of his labors on a constitution naturally

weak, the rapidity of his mental processes, the facility with which he arrived at his conclusions. He entered readily and warmly into the feelings of his patients. He affected no interest in their troubles that was not sincere. If they were in pain he knew what their sufferings were, and it would have been abhorrent to his nature to have treated them with indifference. In all the anxieties of those who were connected to the sufferers by the relations of domestic life he warmly sympathized, for no one had felt them more deeply than he.

"His eminence in society never elevated him in his own mind above the lowest about him; for he considered all as members of one family, was at all times as ready to attend to the calls of the poor as of the rich, and his attentions to them were equally kind and soothing. To all his heart felt sympathy, and he administered those consolations that contribute almost as much to the ease of the patient as does the skill of the physician. His liberality was not confined to professional services; he cheerfully gave pecuniary aid to those whom he found in want, and all enterprises of a public or charitable nature found in him a ready contributor both of money and time.

"His manner of operating was perfectly cool, composed, and decided. Though sympathizing in the sufferings he was called on to inflict, he did not allow that sympathy to influence him, to hurry one step of his operation, or to omit any detail which could contribute to its success."

In illustration of these family affinities, these outcroppings of hereditary strata, many other examples might be cited with effect, were there space for the purpose; but they have been well summed up in the felicitous and discriminating "Life of Dr. John Warren" from the pen of his grandson, Dr. Buckminster Brown.[1]

In closing this record of an honorable life but little remains to be said. The reader will already have formed his own judgment from the facts presented, and no comment

[1] This can be found in the "Lives of Eminent American Physicians and Surgeons of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Samuel D. Gross, M.D."

Dr. Buckminster Brown is the son of Dr. John B. Brown, who married one of the four daughters of Dr. John Warren; and his personal resemblance in features and expression to his distinguished grandfather is very remarkable.

that could now be added would materially change his views or do much towards enlarging or contracting his estimate. Long before death has overtaken him public opinion has passed upon every man a verdict according to his merits, and this is almost invariably correct. To Dr. Warren few will deny that the world in which his life was passed, or at least that portion thereof which knew him best, early proffered its full and ample approval, and that future years served but to strengthen this view and to justify it with ever growing conviction. Confiding in this approval, and anxious only to show how well it was deserved, the writer of this biography has striven but to portray fitly the symmetrical development of a career which in all its features was pure and noble, high in its mental and professional aims, and of consistent Christian merit.

At the beginning of this attempt to perpetuate the name of one who ever sought to do his work diligently and well, a passage was cited setting forth the rightful claims of the healing art on those who would become her honorable votaries. As a fitting conclusion thereto the reader may not be unwilling to accept a few further words of wisdom, — words of fervent cheer and truth, the final legacy of one who also was an honor to his profession, and who, grandly striving to the end through a life of fierce though not ignoble warfare, died in the harness, a triumphant and laurelled athlete, on the arena he had made so glorious.

S'il est vrai, cependant, que l'homme actif use ainsi les deux tiers de sa vie à conquérir des objets ou des jouissances dont il ne peut plus jouir, ou qui lui échappent, une fois qu'elles lui sont décernées, il est vrai aussi que le travail, gouverné par une ambition légitime, est et sera toujours la principale, presque la seule source réelle du bonheur auquel il puisse prétendre sur terre; la perspective éloignée, qu'on a sans cesse devant les yeux et dont on se délecte le long de la route, ne vaut-elle pas le bonheur lui-même? — VELPEAU.

APPENDIX.

A.

RULES FOR THE DAILY CONDUCT OF LIFE AND FOR PROFESSIONAL PROGRESS, COMPOSED AND WRITTEN OUT BY DR. JOHN C. WARREN FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS SON MASON, WHEN THE LATTER WAS ABOUT TO CONTINUE HIS STUDIES ABROAD.

THE following memoranda are of very different degrees of importance; but I have taken pains to bring them together, and I hope you will find them all sufficiently important to be worth the remembrance.

JOHN C. WARREN.

BOSTON, 20 March, 1832.

I. Let no day pass without an act of devotion to the Supreme Being, to thank him for his mercies, to beg his forgiveness, and to ask his aid in all you do.

II. At evening think of what you have done and learnt in the day. Write every new fact down in a book. Make this an unfailing habit, and you will find great reason to be glad you have done it.

III. Never omit to attend public worship, in whatever country you may be, once at least on a Sunday, particularly in France.

IV. The importance of a regular study of the Bible is too well known to you to need a memorandum. Never omit it on account of the presence of others. You will find a respect for it the best letter of recommendation in every Christian country.

V. Give a part of every day to the retaining your knowledge of Latin, Greek, and natural philosophy.

VI. When you fall in company with persons better acquainted with any branch of science than yourself, encourage them by questions to communicate their knowledge.

VII. Study the history and topography of places before you visit them.

VIII. When abroad, be cautious of new acquaintances. Be familiar with no man not introduced to you by persons who know his history.

IX. Search out the learned and wise. Get introduced to eminent men of science and religion. Pay them for their attention by information of the botany, natural history, customs, and modes of acquiring knowledge in your own country.

X. Society requires effort. When you are in good company abroad, make a proper effort to cultivate acquaintances and to do your part in conversation.

XI. In all your pursuits, when you have anything to be done, do it at the earliest possible time.

XII. Do your work thoroughly. Superficial knowledge is of little use. Know one thing well rather than many imperfectly.

XIII. Be careful to arrange your course of studies well before you begin. Attend to those branches most necessary.

XIV. Your attention will be principally directed to the practice of surgery.

1. Treatment of surgical diseases.

2. Surgical operations. Perform these many times over in France with great attention under a proper director.

3. Observe operations. Get as near as possible. Anticipate the steps.

4. Observe all surgical instruments and apparatus.

XV. Pass some time in following attentively the practice of some English physician. Notice the mode of prescribing carefully, and write down the prescriptions.

XVI. Chemistry may be studied in France.

XVII. Lectures on midwifery will not be necessary.

XVIII. Comparative anatomy may be studied in the museums of Paris with Cuvier in your hand. The noble collections of natural history and mineralogy should be studied in the same manner. The collections of morbid anatomy in London and Paris should be carefully and frequently visited, and

notes of them taken. Anatomical dissection not to be pursued abroad. It can be done at home, and would occupy too much time.

XIX. Lectures to improve and invigorate the intellectual powers should be attended if possible. The best of these are the lectures on the history of philosophy by M. Cousin, at Paris. I wish you to get an introduction to this gentleman, and inform him that his lectures have produced a great sensation here; that they are translating them. I should be glad to open a correspondence with M. Cousin. I think General Lafayette may know him.

XX. Frequent the societies, — the Royal Society, the French Institute; also the medical debating societies. Take part in the debates.

XXI. Write home an account of the societies, — of the men and of the lectures; of the private societies. Write once a week, very carefully, as an exercise in composition, and so as to form a regular suite of events. Write in a very fair, large, and careful hand. Use ruled paper. Keep the best pens. Your letters will thus possess an intrinsic value. They will be useful to me and important to yourself as memoranda. Number your letters. Give me minute details of the following operations, as they are practised by those you see. In fact, I wish a minute description of every operation you see, in order that I may know what improvements are making. This will be a substitute for my going there.

1. Trepan.
2. Fistula lacrymalis.
3. Harelip.
4. Cataract.
5. Suture of palate.
6. Removal of tonsils.
7. Extraction of nasal polypi.
8. Treatment of lateral curve of spine.
9. Account of hospital erysipelas.
10. Amputations of fingers.
11. Other amputations.
12. Excision of joints. See Mr. Liston and Mr. Syme of Edinburgh.
13. Flap operation of thigh, how it succeeds.

14. Fractures. Attend Mr. Amesbury; also for amputation, M. Lisfranc.

15. Lithotrity. M. Civiale. Observe his instruments.

16. Dressing of fistula in ano. Whether it is long continued after operations.

17. Lithotomy in England and France.

18. Treatment of hip diseases, and of white swelling in knee.

19. Treatment of scrofula.

20. Treatment of primary syphilis.

Whenever you see any of these operations write me a minute account of it.

XXII. Give me regular accounts of the cholera. Its treatment. Opinion as to contagion. Be particular on the different points.

1. Places where it is.
2. Number of cases.
3. Number of deaths.
4. How supposed to be introduced into each place.
5. What precautions are taken against it.

XXIII. In all your statements be methodical. Arrange in your own mind before you begin.

XXIV. Inform me how the Temperance cause goes on in London.

XXV. An account of the state of religious improvement in France.

XXVI. Health. Remember that Providence has ordained to you a constitution that requires abstinence. In ordinary, help yourself at once to all you mean to eat. When you dine out recollect that one single excess will entail evils of months' duration. Be on your guard against wine. No champagne. Take claret.

XXVII. Deposit your bills of credit or exchange with your banker, and draw out in sums no more than is required for present use.

XXVIII. The term of your absence is to be two years. You will return seasonably before the autumnal gales. It is important you should not prolong the time, as in case of accident to me my business would fall into other hands. This will, of course, operate as a powerful reason for every exertion consistent with health.

XXIX. If I should be called to another world in your absence, it will be proper for you to continue abroad the time above mentioned; for on your due qualifications will depend your ultimate success rather than on any aid I could afford you.

XXX. The first part, and I may say the greatest part, of your practice will be in medicine rather than surgery.

XXXI. In addition to the professional objects of your attention while abroad, make notes of every improvement that can benefit your country. Recollect that you are sent into this world not to promote your own interest alone, but to perform a certain part for the good of mankind, and the honor and pleasure of God. Therefore you ought to study every object of public utility so far as you can do it without interfering with your profession, to excel in which is your first object.

XXXII. As far as you can, give me an account by letter of every such improvement or discovery. Send me without delay every new book containing anything very important, every new instrument, etc.; particularly, useful surgical instruments, new books on surgery, new books on medicine, if important. A single book may be sent by a private hand when opportunity presents. This requires judgment, but you know my pursuits and my wants.

XXXIII. Subscribe my name for the "Lancet" and the "Medical Gazette" from the beginning of the present year, and make arrangements for my getting them, as often as they come out, by the mail, if not very expensive. For this purpose confer with Mr. William C. Hale, whose address you will find at the end of this.

XXXIV. Among other modes of improvement let me counsel you —

1. To practise reading aloud, both in French and English, with a loud voice and a most distinct articulation.

2. To practise thinking by arranging your thoughts under general heads and committing them to paper.

3. To practise composition, which will be done by writing out your thoughts at length in manuscript books and in your correspondence.

XXXV. Observe the manner and mode of different lecturers, whether they use notes or not, and every circumstance that can improve my lectures. For example,

Whether they have any person to aid them in doing operations on the dead body before a class.

How they manage dissecting-room demonstrations; making preparations; demonstrating different parts, as nerves and deep-seated viscera.

These things will become very common to you; but to me they will be very interesting, and you may safely write in the fullest manner.

XXXVI. Dr. Mussey made a collection of morbid bones in Paris for about $100. Attend to this subject and to every valuable acquisition in anatomy. You may purchase one first-rate male skeleton. Be very particular to look up a fine, whole, perfect, intellectual cranium with high forehead and other characters of the most perfect European or Caucasian organization. Send this by first occasion.

XXXVII. While abroad take every opportunity of establishing permanent correspondence with medical and scientific men. To increase useful acquaintances, join such societies as are open to you.

XXXVIII. In France your first business is to acquire the language; your next to guard against those impositions which are thought legitimate towards strangers. Never be angry when they try to impose upon you, but look out the more keenly.

These thoughts I have set down as they occurred to me, without much method. I might have added many and perhaps more valuable hints than are here contained; but if I had much increased the number, the burden of recollection would have been increased. If you observe what is written and keep it, you will, I trust and believe, by the aid of the Author of all good, lead a prosperous and happy life.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN C. WARREN.

MARCH 24, 1832.

Deus, a quo sancta desideria, recta consilia et justa sunt opera, da servis illam quam mundus non potest, pacem; ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis dedita, et hostium sublata formidine, tempora sint tua protectione tranquilla. Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum filium tuum, qui tecum vivit in secula seculorum. Amen.

B.

THOUGH the house No. 2 Park Street, formerly the home of Dr. John C. Warren and his descendants, has now disappeared from view, the interesting memories which it must long continue to awaken in the minds of many will, it is hoped, be deemed a sufficient excuse for the minute description thereof here given. The mere name and position of its occupants during the seventy-two years of its existence gradually acquired for it a semi-historical distinction, while in the community at large it never ceased to enjoy a certain fame for the abundant and refined hospitality dispensed within its walls. To the members of the Warren family now living and their numerous connections it is, of course, still more closely endeared as the scene of so many events, either joyful or melancholy, which have served as epochs to mark their onward progress in life.

This house — in which Dr. Jonathan Mason Warren was born and in which he died — was situated on land that in old times was a portion of the Common, which was originally bounded on the north and east by the present line of Beacon Street, and extended to the salt marshes at its foot. Though this avenue was continued from the head of the present Somerset Street to the water in 1733, it could not have been well known or highly esteemed, since it is described simply as "the lane or street leading from School Street to the almshouse,"[1] in a deed dated April 11, 1750, by which, for the sum of £380, — John Sale, executor, conveyed to Samuel Sturgis the lot, "measuring 150 feet on said lane and 70 feet on Tremont Street," on which the Albion now stands. As far back as 1662 the town had decided to use for the site of an almshouse the lot at the corner of Beacon and Park Streets as at present defined, which is now occupied by the Ticknor Building and the edifice adjoining (lately converted into stores and offices), and from that time all the slope from thence to Tremont Street along the present line of Park Street was gradually appropriated to civic

[1] This description fails to confirm the statement in the Report of the Joint Standing Committee on Ordinances on the Nomenclature of Streets, dated Dec. 26, 1879, that in 1708 the present Beacon Street bore the name of School Street "to the head of the present Somerset Street."

uses, until the last remaining space was devoted to a public granary, which was erected in 1737 where Park Street Church now stands. The territory between the two structures just mentioned was covered by a workhouse, a bridewell or house of correction, and a pound, the latter being nearest to the granary and located on the land on which the Quincy family lately resided. The Granary Burying-ground was in the rear of these buildings, which fronted on the Common and were barely separated therefrom by a narrow and ill-defined way, upon which in 1784 had been conferred the name of Centry Street, from the fact that it led up to Centry Hill, as the top of Beacon Hill was then termed.

On the 25th of May, 1795, the town passed a vote that the public land on Centry Street and the buildings upon it should be sold at public auction. To this they were moved by various considerations, not the least being the fact that the Commonwealth had decided to begin the erection of a new State House, worthy of its distinguished fame and dignity, near the head of that street; and it was by no means becoming that the splendor of such an edifice should look down upon the collected sin, poverty, and misery of the town within a few feet of its entrance. At the same time it was decided to grade Centry Street and widen it by taking another portion of land from the Common, and thus transform it into a broad and handsome approach to the rising Capitol, and to the mansions of various wealthy citizens who lived in that vicinity. In the month of November of the year last named, the first sale was made under the authority of the above vote; and the lot then covered by the granary, bounding 118 feet on Centry Street, and thence running to the burying-ground, was conveyed to Henry Jackson by deed dated November 10, for the sum of $8,366, subject to the condition "that all buildings to be erected on said premises shall be regular and uniform with the other buildings that may be erected on the other lots in the parcel of land of which the premises are a part, as aforesaid, and that they be of brick or stone, and covered with slate or tile, or some other materials that will resist fire." This proviso, of course, put it in the power of the first builder on any one of these lots, the deeds of which all contained the same clause, to dictate to all succeeding purchasers who built after him the type they were to

follow. It was the first attempt on the part of the town to secure uniformity of plan and material for its street architecture from any of its grantees. Oddly enough, as the Park Street Church was not begun till the year 1809, the society was obliged to adapt its style to that of the houses which had already been built on the adjoining lots. This was done so far as possible, though the edifice resembled these formerly more than it does now, as it was afterwards raised one story in order to provide a vestry and other necessary accommodations.

The second sale of the Park Street land by the town was in 1801, when, by deed dated March 24, the lot next to the granary, running seventy-eight feet on Centry Street, and bounded in the rear by the graveyard, was sold, subject to the above restrictions, for $6,100, to General Arnold Welles, who was, as has been already stated, a near friend and connection of the Warren family, having married Elizabeth, the oldest daughter and third child of General Joseph Warren. On the southeasterly half of his purchase, General Welles soon reared a substantial dwelling, three stories high and thirty-nine feet wide, of very plain design both without and within, which now (A. D. 1886) remains pretty much as he built it. About the same time he contracted to sell the other half of his lot to Isaac P. Davis, who had made a fortune in the rope business, on condition that said Davis should proceed forthwith to erect thereon a house of the same model as his own. This was done, and Mr. Davis became the owner of the land by deed dated Aug. 5, 1805, in consideration of the sum of $5,000. These two houses and three others adjoining formed the fifth block of continuous brick residences up to that date constructed in Boston, and they were all completed at nearly the same time. For that period they were really stately and admirable in their features and appointments, and from their impressive aspect well deserved to be styled mansions.

The house built by Mr. Davis, however, remained but a very short time in his possession, as he was obliged to dispose of it in consequence of reverses in business. By a deed dated Sept. 27, 1805, he conveyed the premises "situated in Park Place, so called," — though in the same document it is described as bounding "thirty-nine feet on Centry Street" — to Jonathan Mason, whose daughter Dr. John C. Warren had married Nov. 17, 1803. The new owner at once allowed the young couple to

occupy it, and thither they removed in the month of October, 1805. There they continued to dwell till Mr. Mason's death, when it was found that he had left it to his daughter Mrs. Warren. After the decease of the latter it came to her children by descent, as she left no will; and Dr. Warren, their father, bought their respective interests therein, thus becoming the owner thereof absolutely. At his death he bequeathed this "mansion house in Park Street, valued at $40,000," to his son Mason in fee simple, from whom it ultimately passed by his will to Mrs. Warren for life, with remainder to his children.

The Warren mansion from the first took high rank among the Boston residences, and there were few that surpassed or even equalled it in size and pretensions. The front, though plain and void of the least ornament, was broad and ample in outline, with large windows. The interior was spacious, but afforded from every point of view the strongest possible contrast to the elaborate elegance and luxury of the present day, and to that form of dwelling now in vogue, which not only exhausts all the resources of art and taste, but economizes every inch of available room in the attempt to increase the general effect. A modern architect would have been in despair at the arrangement of the interior of the Warren house, so plentiful was the room and so little account was made thereof, so abundant were the opportunities presented and so coolly were they ignored. The plan, if so it could justly be termed, was rambling and incongruous, and there were few pretences to architectural character or harmony of detail. Both style and convenience were conspicuous for their absence. Clumsy and useless nooks, lumbering projections and incongruities, heavy mouldings, awkward turnings, and "passages that led to nothing," were its prominent features. The partition walls were absurdly thick, the ceilings low, and all the apartments dark, except those in front. The quantity and solidity of the material employed in the structure might well lead one to believe that the designer had planned quite as much for posterity as for his more immediate patrons, or perhaps had in mind one of those "eternal abodes" which the ancient Egyptians were wont to prepare for their dead. On the left of the main entrance was a room of goodly size with an air of ancient and prosperous dignity which Dr. Warren used as a study, while on the

opposite side his waiting patients were impounded in a long and narrow alcove, where they awaited their doom, — a sort of "cave of Adullam." Under the study was formerly a retreat for the use of the students, where prescriptions were prepared and various medical and surgical work was done. Behind the study extended the kitchen and other domestic appurtenances. From the back windows of the house one overlooked the Granary Burying-ground, and the rears of all the other dwellings around it, which gave the impression that they had turned their backs upon the cemetery, and were doing their best to flee from it as fast as possible. The prospect was but dismal under any aspect, and was hardly enlivened by the granite shaft in the centre, though it bore the name of Boston's advanced liberal and patriotic pioneer, Franklin. From the dining-room of Dr. John C. Warren, which at a later date was used also as a library, could likewise be seen the tombs of Governor Hancock and Governor Bellingham, of Judge Sewall and Jeremy Belknap, of Phillipses and Quincys, of Cabots and Amorys, and the last earthly resting-places of hundreds of other worthies, clerical or medical, political or social, who had here returned to the bosom of that mother from which they came. Last, but not least among them, ranked that final home of the Minots, almost touching the wall of Dr. Warren's house, in which were placed the remains of General Joseph Warren immediately after their removal from Bunker Hill in the spring of 1776, and in which they rested till 1824. Thus the Doctor's guests did not meet at his table without the presence of a perpetual *memento mori* which, like the coffin placed by Nelson at the head of his cabin, kept their common mortality forever in mind, and, if it failed to serve any other purpose, might at least recall the possible consequences of an over-indulgence.

Passing to the front of the edifice, one was impressed with a prompt and striking contrast. The parlors at the head of one flight of stairs and the two chambers above them overlooked the Common, sloping in a gentle and verdurous expanse to the water that then lapped its lower boundary. For a long time after Dr. John C. Warren began to occupy the site there were but three trees on Park Street, the present mall having been first planted in 1826 by Mayor Quincy; nor do the elms he then set out hold by any means the lowest place among the numerous benefactions

with which his far-sighted public spirit enriched his native town. Thus the view from Dr. Warren's windows towards the west was impeded by nothing but the Great Elm, the flagstaff-hill, and the monotonous continuity of the half-dozen rope-walks on piles in the marshes, till it crossed the glittering water and reached the Blue Hills of Milton. On the afternoons of winter and the early spring, the setting sun presented to the spectator a prospect seldom equalled, as its changing splendors liveried the whole west, and added new and untold beauties to the features of a landscape so enchanting.

In addition to these advantages it should be stated that the situation of the structure was excellent from every sanitary aspect, and peculiarly good, professionally speaking, as it was both central and accessible, and during the life of Dr. John Warren, who lived on School Street, had the further benefit of his vicinity.

The house retained all its original features unaltered until the spring of 1877, when it was demolished to make room for the present "Warren Building." It came into the hands of Dr. Mason Warren after his father's death in 1856, when he removed to it from the dwelling he was then occupying at No. 6 on the same street. It is almost superfluous to say how much he liked it; how deeply he felt the pride of its possession, and how strong was his attachment to the very bricks of which it was built. While he owned it he desired that everything should remain as his father left it, and nothing disturbed from its original plan and condition. The busts and pictures even were not to be moved from the places they were wont to hold, and which habit had so much endeared to his eyes. As it had been to his father, so it should be to him; and in his will he requested that all things should continue as they were, so long as the house was tenanted by the family. Even when death had given him his final summons he rallied sufficiently to walk with some help to the window and gaze, as his father had done before him, with unutterable and regretful longing on the prospect which he was never to see again, and which he felt the keenest distress to leave, even though the departing sun seemed already to be marshalling his way to the bright glories and celestial happiness of another world.

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Some pains has been taken to make the following list accurate and complete. Owing to the social and professional position of Dr. Warren, he was brought into relations more or less intimate with many persons well known to fame in various ways, both at home and abroad, whose names have been mentioned, though often but cursorily, in the foregoing memoir. Of these some have been partly, others almost wholly forgotten, while the remembrance of all has been somewhat dimmed by the mists of time. In thus seeking to identify them and summon them back to the present, it has been thought that at least a momentary and contingent interest may be excited in the minds of those who like to repeople their memories with the shadows of the past.

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